AUTOBIOGRAPHIC MEMOIRS

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AUTOBIOGRAPHIC MEMOIRS

BY

FREDERIC HARRISON

D.C.L., LITT.D., LL.D.

HONORARY FELLOW OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD

VOL. I

(1831–1870)

Vivre au grand jour

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TO

MY WIFE

ON OUR FORTIETH WEDDING-DAY

(17TH AUGUST 1910)

Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore

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INTRODUCTORY

ONE who is entering on the eightieth year of life, but retains a clear memory of the events and habits in four reigns during a momentous epoch in English history, is prone to regard himself almost as among the ancestors of the young to-day, to fancy that they may care to hear what he remembers of the past, what he anticipates as the issue of the vast changes he has witnessed in life and in thought.

The record even of a perfectly simple life, of one sufficiently in touch with the men and the things of the time to note their effect and to understand their meaning, may be useful as what is called a human document, if it be frankly open and unaffectedly told.

It happens that I have known some men of mark in the Victorian age, and have been stirred by the great revolution in ideas which set in after the passing away of the Fourth George, just eighty years ago. How did ordinary people live when there were no railways, no telegraphs, no penny postage nor cheap press—in the days of dear bread, of wooden sailing-ships and muzzle-loading guns? What was the Empire when it needed three weeks' sail to reach Halifax and three months' sail to reach Calcutta? What were politics in the era of Wellington and Peel, when Parliament, Universities, and Corporations were hedged in

with limitations and tests? What did we read when newspapers cost 5d. and sold less than 10,000 copies; when the three-volume novel cost a guinea and a half? I have thought that the story of a plain man who had been through all this might have its lessons or its interest to-day.

I have never been able to cure myself of the habit of putting down on paper what I thought and what I saw. My parents, who were patterns of carefulness and method, kept letters, accounts, notes, and memoranda which go back to my boyhood; and they taught me to do the same. And, though I made no regular diaries, from time to time I amused myself with writing recollections of my early life, of my education, my travels and experiences of men and the world, my political and literary ventures. As these were jotted down to be left as posthumous records for my children or descendants, I felt no difficulty in making them quite egoistic and frankly unreserved, since I thought that they never would be seen by any one in my lifetime.

Anything in the nature of an Autobiography is idle if it be not egoistic in the proper sense. It has to tell what the writer himself saw, felt, or thought. If he be too shy to tell the truth, he deceives himself in trying to deceive his readers by keeping back from them any typical fact, however trivial or personal it may seem. A man who is bold enough to stand up as a witness to his own life must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But now, in the quiet retirement of my old age, I feel myself so completely to belong to the majority of the generations past, and to have so little part in the busy life of to-day, that I see no reason to lock up my confessions and my memories any longer, for I am now fairly beyond

the time when either criticism or neglect could give me any concern.

As I was born before the Reform Act of 1832, my life covers the era of political, legal, and social change which followed in the next decade. I recall William IV. and the Coronation of Queen Victoria—the "Hungry 'Forties," the Irish Famine, the great struggle over Protection and Free Trade. I was deeply stirred at school and college by the religious excitement of the Oxford Movement, the secessions to Rome, the wane of Evangelical Protestantism, and the revival of Catholic activity. Later on, I was in the thick of the agitation over the Neo-Christian development in the Churches, and the scientific triumph of the doctrines of evolution.

Throughout the last fifty years I have had something to do with the course of Labour Legislation and the political emancipation of working men. I have had personal relations with many of the leading politicians and most of the eminent writers of the same period, both those at home and those abroad. During my own lifetime the population of these islands has nearly doubled. London has become a dense county rather than a mere city, and the area of the Empire has expanded to incredible volume. I have keenly watched the sudden expansion of both, with a sense of the tremendous responsibilities and perils which all this involves.

Since 1840 I remember the stirring of heart caused by the long succession of our wars in India, in China, in Japan, in Africa, and in Australasia; by the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny; and again by the wars in Europe wherein England has been a deeply interested spectator. On many of these wars and rumours of wars, *ententes,* and alliances I have expressed opinions in the Press, in

addresses, or in books, and I have sought to make my voice reach the conscience of statesmen and the public.

From the time of the Fenian troubles in 1865 I have taken some public part in the ever-recurrent problem of Irish Nationality; and I have been in close touch with the leaders of the Home Rule movement, whether British or Irish. On the only occasion when I was a candidate for Parliament, it was to assert the principle of Mr. Gladstone's Bills at the University of London.

But there is another ground on which I have felt it a duty to give some account of myself, either in my own lifetime or to leave it for ultimate judgment when I am gone. It is now fifty years since I first made public profession of a religious faith and a moral ideal which at the time were new in England and were widely condemned. I have lived to see a profound revulsion of popular feeling in the way that new ideas in belief are judged and received. And when others came round me and compelled me to be responsible for a new development of religious thought and social fellowship, I made it the business of my life to accept the task.

To take a part, however humble and subordinate, in a new religious Reformation is far the most responsible duty in which any man can embark. And I feel that I owe it to those who have trusted me, as well as to the public at large, to put on record the circumstances on which I acted, and the gradual growth of the convictions which have made my life what it has been.

Whatever may be to-day the position of our faith, I abide with unshaken confidence in the sure hope that it is destined to prevail in the near future. And I trust that in my last hour I may be able to feel that my life has not been

given up to a vain hope or an illusive vision. In any case, I have nothing therein to modify or regret—nothing wherewith to reproach myself or to wish undone.

It is the plain story, ordinary enough under the actual conditions, and normal enough in its unbroken course, but liable, I fear, to be misinterpreted even by generous and friendly spirits, if it be not freely explained. And I think that I am more able to tell it truthfully than any one who should attempt to do it on my behalf when I myself should be no more.

> . . . servetur ad imum,
> Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

Note.—*It will be remembered that large passages in this book—from diaries, letters, or programmes—were written at widely different periods during the last sixty years. Some discrepancies, both in form and in substance, may be observed—and it is hoped that any inevitable repetition may be forgiven. These passages were strictly confidential, and were not intended for publication. They are inserted as they were written at the time and without correction. In preparing them for the Press, a few phrases of later date may have slipped in without being specially noted.*

Hawkhurst, 1910.

CHAPTER I

JOTTINGS FROM MY OLD DIARY

Childhood

THOMAS À KEMPIS, 94.

STE. ADRESSE, NORMANDY,
August 7, 1882.
ANN. ÆTAT. 50.

I HAVE now reached that time of life when memory offers a far wider range of incidents to recall than those which I can yet hope to see. I happen to have met some men and women famous in various ways, and to have enjoyed the friendship or intimacy of not a few of these. And there are amongst the movements of the past generation some with which I have had a close acquaintance. My boys are growing up around me; and I cherish the hope that they may prolong these friendships and relations, and perhaps may carry these memories far into the twentieth century. I shall devote the short leisure of my holiday abroad to recounting my recollections for them. If they reach my age to-day, it may instruct or amuse them and their children to read the experiences of some two or three generations preceding. I shall write for my family, not for the public. These unconsidered jottings of my memory have no literary purpose, and will certainly aim at no studied form. And when I am gone they will have little interest for any outside my family and my friends.

My earliest recollections for the first years of my life are entirely those of the country, and of a very beautiful country—green, shady, and smoke-less, although within reach of the city, and now quite engulphed in the advancing suburbs of London. We lived in a pretty cottage, on the crest of the Muswell Hill, just opposite the big pond which stood in the square at the three cross-ways. The spot, now a mere suburb of the great City, in the 'thirties was a beautiful and peaceful village, knowing none but rustic sights and sounds, and keeping the ways and notions of the countryside. My memory as a child is fragrant with the quiet sleepy strolls of babies and nurses, innocent happily of perambulators and modern toys, through flowery meadows and shady copses. How well I can remember the limpid stillness of the Muswell, and the knolls where the cowslip and violet grew under the oaks on the region now covered by the Alexandra Palace and its grounds. We would wander there all day and meet no one but a carter or a milkmaid. Hornsey village and Highgate were the utmost limits of our excursions, and our principal experience of town life.

It seems to me but yesterday that I stood gazing intently into the pellucid spring of the Muswell—wondering whence its waters rose, what could be its mysterious power, and whether it was fairy or saint who had blessed it. No one knew, and I looked into its depths in vain. Nothing ever came out. All that I ever found out about our Muswell is quoted from Norden in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who says: "At Muswell Hill there was sometime a chapel bearing the name of our Lady of Muswell, of whom there had been an image whereunto was a continual resort in the way of pilgrimage from a miraculous cure performed on a king of Scots by the waters of the spring."

Lysons says it is not famed for any extraordinary virtues. Of our Lady of Muswell and the king of Scots our nurses knew nothing. But there was a faint uncanny tradition about the well.

On our Muswell Hill we knew the story and the ailments of every villager; and I well recall the Quaker family of a small baker opposite, and how their wisdom was called in for remedies and suggestions, when one of my brothers scalded his chest with a mug of hot gruel, and when another was thought to have swallowed a copper penny. There was no doctor within easy call, and the village community was its own apothecary and nurse. A few inhabitants, who, like my father, had daily business in the city, went and came in the four-horse coach, the departure and arrival of which was the stirring incident in the life of the Muswell village. I can recall now, when our dear Nurse Naylor first came to us on the birth of my brother Robert in 1837, how Lawrence and I led her to the lawn to behold from afar the towers and smoke of London gathered round the dome of St. Paul's, as of some mighty and mystic world which it was our privilege to gaze upon and wonder at. An early recollection of mine is a narrow lane, down which we children were forbidden to stroll. The terror was lest we should meet a savage bull, owned by a dairy farmer of that country. He was the grandfather of Cecil Rhodes. So early did the great Empire-builder's ancestor inspire me with fear.

It is very sad to reflect on that huge, but inevitable, growth of the greatest of all cities, such as my own memory can recall it. I have myself lived to see a belt of suburbs and connected streets thrown round London, some four or even five miles wide. Finchley, Hornsey, Highgate, Holloway, were rustic villages when I first knew them; and continuous streets ceased, almost everywhere, at two

or three miles from St. Paul's Churchyard. I remember the site of Paddington Station as a market garden. I have played cricket on the site of Westbourne Terrace, and I used to try to fish in the open West-bourne. My father once skated on the site of Belgrave Square when flooded in winter. A Londoner in my boyhood could always take a morning's walk into the country; and half an hour's drive would carry him from the Exchange to a sweet and quiet village. I have seen the enormous mass of city built which now stretches westward and north from the Marylebone Road and southwards from Bermondsey and Vauxhall. The east of London beyond the Tower I have never yet seen. [1882—*Ignorance remedied in my County Council Experience of* 1890.]

It is one of the most portentous facts in modern civilisation—this blind accumulation of contiguous homes which has made the life of London what the town life of man never before was—a prison wherein, from the infinite amassing of brick and pavement, the indweller can never by natural means breathe the air of the country, or see its freshness. He can have this experience only at the cost of a railway journey. And still it goes on. Surely this is one of those hopeless problems of existence out of which there seems no tolerable issue.

Country Life in the 'Thirties

The first years of my life, as I say, were passed in the delicious quiet of a country village, in a really lovely country (who would now believe it of Muswell Hill?), in the easy gliding life of a well-to-do family of many children. Our two daily walks, the great "North road" at Highgate, which to us was a sort of gateway to the big and distant world, the donkey I used to ride, the daily

excitement of the four-horse coach into town; the chats with the neighbouring nurses, children, and villagers; the little gardens of our own we each laid out with trees, terraces, and artificial lakes, which would never hold the water we poured in; the linnet, the rabbit, the butterfly catching and the wild-flower gathering, the peaches and the nutting, the grape-house and the clematis; the wonderful narratives of men and things that I had from my father, the daily lessons with my mother —these filled up the even tenor of my childish years.

My father's two passions, when free from his daily work in Threadneedle Street, were Art and Gardening. He had been trained in youth as an architect in the office of his elder brothers, and down to the age of eighty he made finished plans and designs for house decoration. In fact, the restoration of the old terra-cotta mullions to the south windows of Sutton Place was executed from his own drawings at that age. We had a pretty garden and conservatory at Muswell Hill, at which my father worked enthusiastically in spring and summer. But I was seldom allowed to do more than carry the water-can, and that spoiled my taste for gardening until I was stricken in years. My mother devoted herself to the education of her boys, having no girl. And in history, French, and Latin I learned from her all the essential rudiments down to my tenth year.

My childhood was passed, be it remembered, in the later years of William IV. and the first years of the Queen, an age when railways and telegraphs, penny post, and steam-boats were in the stage of project and attempt. I can remember how an M.P., and even an ex-M.P.'s widow, would give us "franks" for a letter by writing his name on the outside. I can distinctly remember going down to Brighton by road before the railway was made.

Once I drove down in my uncle's carriage in two days, sleeping at Horley, and once I can remember going in the famous stage-coach, in which we achieved the journey in five hours. I remember the wild excitement of the family when my mother and two nurses took us by rail to Brighton, before the line was fully opened, how the baby bore the tunnels, which are the terror of children, and how we had to drive in coaches from Hassock's Gate to Brighton. I can remember, too, the first steam road-engine along the (now) Marylebone Road, the "Accelerator," or new Post Office omnibus, the introduction of omnibuses, modern cabs, and ocean-going steamers.

My childish books were not the profuse and graceful things which our boys possess; but I had Peter Parley and such like; and every Sunday morning I went out to buy the *Penny Magazine* of an itinerant salesman; and it took me half the week to get it all into my head. I doubt if any illustrated serial now has such high aim and quality. The noble (and lost) art of wood engraving was then at its zenith, and I recall with delight and sorrow Jackson's woodcuts after Raffaelle and the great classical painters. And our Bible was profusely illustrated with excellent wood engravings. My early ideas of history, art, geography, and literature were nearly all bound up closely with those simple woodcuts, almost every one of which I can vividly recall to this day, which I certainly would try to draw or paint on the wet afternoons and dark winter evenings. Besides the Bible, Peter Parley, and the *Penny* and *Saturday Magazines*, I can remember intensely the *Traveller*, a volume of stirring voyages, Mrs. Barbauld's books, *Evenings at Home*, *Sandford and Merton*, Miss Edgeworth's *Tales*, and three pictorial sheets published by Dalton of St. Paul's Churchyard—containing each

some hundred pictures, with letterpress of the history of Greece, of Rome, and England. Every one of those pictures is engraven on my memory to this day, and they still form the basis of all my fixed ideas on History. I firmly believed in Leonidas and Miltiades, in Romulus and Remus, in Horatius, Cincinnatus, Scaevola, and Camillus, Julius Caesar landing in Britain, and Alfred's cakes —and in a sense I believe in them still.

From the strong interest of my father in Art I was naturally directed to continual observation in all artistic matters, and I heard his daily remarks on them all. I can well remember how he took me to the National Gallery and the Royal Academy. I can distinctly recall on the Academy walls the pictures of Turner in 1842-1844, such as "Wilkie's Burial at Sea," "Venice," and "Rain, Steam, and Speed," now in the National Galleries, and the great impression they produced on me. When I was driven up to London to visit the dentist, I was consoled by being taken to the Royal Academy Show, then held in Trafalgar Square. A new Turner was supposed to be ample compensation to me for the loss of a double tooth. My father was a keen defender of the genius of Turner, in spite of the *Athenaeum*, which he read, and quite apart from Ruskin, whom he did not know. I early imbibed his zeal for the new power in painting. From the *Penny Magazine* I gathered a very distinct idea of the great styles of architecture and painting, and the principal types of the best periods. My especial leaning was to sculpture, and as a small boy I had very firm notions of the respective merits of the "Theseus," the "Ilissus," the "Laocoon," and the "Apollo Belvedere." I should think that at ten I knew pretty accurately the parts and arrangements of the "Parthenon," and could have given a fair description of the

"Cartoons" and their designs, and of the principal statues of the ancient world.

My father was also, or rather had been in younger days, a devoted student of the drama, had seen Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and all the great players of the age of Edmund Kean, and knew by heart some of their great scenes. He would read Shakespeare to us boys with a vigour, clearness, and grace which I have never heard surpassed. My mother, too, read beautifully. This admirable art of reading seems extinct. I know no one who can read well but my wife; and I confess that I never could read even decently myself. My mother had a charming voice, and I can well remember her fine singing and the pleasure it gave us. She had heard Malibran, Pasta, Catalani, and all the great opera singers of the 'twenties and 'thirties. In 1825 my mother, a young girl, lived in Euston Square, where Malibran, who had just appeared on the Opera, also lived, and she sang to the girls in the Square garden. Strangely enough, our mother never made any attempt to teach us music or singing, and even allowed us to remain under the idea that it was not a manly occupation, one which we need never indulge.

The result was, that we all grew up in the belief that we were utterly indifferent to music, as an accomplishment only fit for girls. And it was not until I was sixteen, and listened to the symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart, and heard Sivori and Ernst play, that I began to know that I could find in music an intense and profound enjoyment. In my early schooldays we had very good quartette musical parties at our house, from which, as a young scholar busy with his books, I was supposed to be excluded. But soon, in listening to some really competent string performances of classical pieces, I began to feel that I was not insensible to

that art. I induced my mother to take me to some of the Philharmonic concerts, then held in the old Hanover Square Rooms. I heard the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, Mozart's Symphony in D, the great Beethoven Mass in C, and all the great violinists of the 'forties. I also heard pieces of Mendelssohn, he himself conducting the orchestra, in 1847. On other occasions I heard the *Stabat Mater* sung by Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, and Alboni, who was then appearing for the first time in England in 1847. From that hour I began to enjoy great music, which I have followed all my life at the Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Monday concerts. I have heard Grisi and Mario in their prime; Jenny Lind, Alboni, Giuglini, Persiani, Sontag, Lablache, and the *début* of Patti, in 1861. The most marvellous voices were those of Alboni and Lablache; the most perfect singers were Grisi and Patti.

My mother had herself acquired an excellent and thorough education at a great school in London. She and my father studied with great care the principles of education, and were never weary of inviting and comparing the views of all capable persons whom they knew. They strongly adopted the ideas of "*Home Education*," expounded by Isaac Taylor, and they steadily set themselves to carry out this scheme. I think my real education as a boy was the Gospel of domestic life expounded by Isaac Taylor, for whose moral and religious thoughts my parents were enthusiasts. It was the age of the Mrs. Barbaulds, Mrs. Markhams, and Harriet Martineaus; and I fear that the sterner and duller idea of education was the one that principally attracted them. At any rate, for some reason or other, we had, so far as I remember, very little poetry and fiction in our ordinary reading. Strangely enough, I never learned, or even heard

of, the ordinary nursery rhymes, songs, and tales. My early memory is a blank as to Bluebeard, ogres, fairies, and so forth. No Andersen or Grimm, no *Baby's Opera*, no *Goody Two-Shoes*, and even no *Arabian Nights* for us. I never heard of Cinderella, or Jack the Giant-Killer; nor did I ever sing the Queen of Hearts, or hear of the Three Bears. Perhaps I forgot them; but I know that when my children were first initiated into this mystery world, it was a revelation to me, as if it were the literature of an unknown language. When I reached the age of nine or ten I read Cowper's and Pope's *Homer*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Macaulay's *Ancient Lays*, Lockhart's and Dennis's *Spanish Ballads*, Hymns, Wilberforce's *Agathos*, and the *Nibelungen Lied*. But the *Arabian Nights*, the child fairy tales, the Scandinavian and the German mythology, which is now the mental food of all children, I never knew till I had children of my own. This melancholy defect in my education must, I fear, be accountable for the prosaic insensibility to the mystical with which I am so often and so justly charged.

I have written down all this because it seems to me to illustrate what I have long believed,—that the multiplicity of books and tales for children perplexes and wearies their little minds rather than strengthens them. The equipment of a boy's literature that we had was rare and scanty compared with what now exists; but I incline to think that we got a more vivid and tenacious grip on the things we learned than boys do now.

And here a general observation occurs to me which applies to very much in my early recollections. My childish years were passed in the 'thirties, when the railway system, and the postage system, and the steam-boats, and the telegraphs, and the thousand habits of modern life were in their in-

fancy; when London had not one-fifth of its present area, and the books, and libraries, museums, movements, and opportunities of to-day were hardly one-hundredth part of what they are. Ours was a very modest household of a "late Georgian" and an "early Victorian" citizen in the suburbs, with a carefully husbanded income, and hardly any social opportunities or ambitions. I have since lived to be familiar with all that life, with adequate means and wide connections in the world, can give. And yet, though the material appliances of existence are increased, it would seem a hundredfold, the ways of a quiet family in the 'eighties are pretty much what they were in the 'thirties. The difference is rather one of *quantity* and *frequency*, not one of quality or contrast. We lived much in the same way, but much less swiftly; we did much the same things, only we did not do them so often; we learned, and played, and travelled, and saw the world much as we do now, though our tools were fewer and more rough, and our pace far more deliberate.

Early Victorian Times—Boyhood

A quiet, middle-class family in the 'thirties, living in a suburban cottage on much less than a thousand a year, lived as it would do now, except that its life was passed in a more leisurely style. In the autumn each year, and sometimes in the spring, the whole household was taken to the sea-side—to Brighton constantly, to Margate, Ramsgate, Southsea, or the like. It took us rather longer to go, and we did not run to the coast and back before dinner. But the sea-breeze was as full of life then as it is now, and the waves rolled in as triumphantly on the beach. Nor were we at all debarred from foreign travel. As boys we passed

two summers at Boulogne, two in Normandy, at Caen and at Trouville, and one in the Highlands of Scotland. Though it was distinctly a carriage journey to get from Muswell Hill to London, my father and mother would go up occasionally to a picture gallery, or an opera, or dinner party.

So far as I can remember, a dinner party then was very much what it is now,—except that the host carved his joint,—the dishes, and the wines, and the plate, and the gowns, and the talk, which I can remember as a child, when I came in with the dessert to eat strawberries at my mother's side, were curiously like what I see and hear when I dine with any quiet family in St. John's Wood now. I remember how the merits of the new singer, or actor, or painter were debated; how the wonderful achievement of the "Rocket" coach was celebrated; and how the gigantic growth of London was denounced by the elders. I recall these trifles, as they show that the life was practically the same. People did not run about the town or the land as we do; but they saw a good deal of what there was to be seen. They travelled less often, wrote fewer letters, did not get the news from Calcutta or Australia for several months, and did not have Mudie's cart at their doors twice a week. But the difference after all was mainly one of quantity. I am amazed when I reflect how small a substantial change has been introduced, even into the superficial details of life, by the gigantic material improvements and accumulated forces of the fifty years which separate 1832 from 1882. [*And I say the same in* 1910 *with a much deepened conviction.*]

I dwell upon the early recollections of my country life as a child because I know that I owe to it so much of health and happiness; and I hold it to be vital that children should know all that

it is possible to give them of country life and the charm of the fields. The aroma of these baby memories lasts through life, and especially comes back to us strong and soothing in the waning energies of old age. Even to those whose lives have to be passed in cities, it is a priceless boon that in childhood they should at least have tasted a whiff of country air and rural peace.

Personally, I have enjoyed not only this chance of living entirely in a quiet country both in my early years and also in my latter years, but I have been able all through my life to pass about half of each year away from towns. I have done all I could to give my own children the same inestimable boon for their early years; and I trust that it may ensure to them what it has given me—unbroken health and an unfailing sense of tranquil contentment in old age.

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint—they who can make their home in a real countryside, if it only be for a part of their lives. The roar, the hustling, the kinematographic whirl of modern existence is a veritable disease of mind and soul. The life of cities has grown to be one endless revolving *bioscope* of passing scenes, which rattle on with hardly any trace or effect on the progress of humanity to a higher type. It is a stage wherein everything is unstable and destined to fade away next day as obsolete and worthless; wherein the young are ever jostling their elders aside in the race, and what they learn or gain to-day they forget and cast away to-morrow. The "modernity" of present life is undermining our health, our sanity, and our civilisation.

The silly ones brag of being "up-to-date," as if it were a merit, or a distinction. On the contrary, it is a disease, a degeneration—where the only thing gained is *change*, not improvement. They glorify

Change as an end, justifying its nobility by the mere quality of being *new*. Socially speaking, I am, and always was, a stout Conservative. Every change in manners and fashions to me is a change for the worse. We only save ourselves from the infection of these trumpery new "notions" and habits, we who can withdraw from time to time into the only "rest-cure," the true spiritual "retreat"—a quiet countryside. In old age I return to it wholly, as I never have entirely forsaken it in any part of my life. And again I renew the magical inspiration it gave me as a child.

Politics in the 'Forties

Though my early life was entirely spent in a quiet country, I am one of the many millions of men whom Carlyle denounced as necessarily "stunted from birth," for I was born in London on 18th October 1831. It amuses me to tell the children that it was the same day of the same year that Frederick (the late German Emperor) was born, though certainly my father named me not after the Prince, of whom of course he had never heard, but with his own name, dropping the final *k* to distinguish us. I was not only one of Carlyle's "stunted" ones, a Cockney from the cradle, but a child of the revolution and rebellion,—stout Conservative as I am. The year 1831 was a black epoch of riot, confusion, and revolution. The Old Monarchy had just been swept away with bloodshed in France. The Reform agitation was at its height. "The year opened gloomily," writes Miss Martineau in her excellent *History of the Thirty Years' Peace*. "Revolution was in the air"—with furious riots in Edinburgh, Bristol, Bath, and Nottingham, where the famous Castle was burnt down, and Byron's Mrs. Chaworth-Musters was

terrified to death. The Duke of Wellington was stoned in the streets. William IV. was crowned amidst popular threats and discontent.[1]

Of all this political and social disturbance hardly a thought or a reminiscence touched my childish years, except that it had made my father and his friends convinced Conservatives. I am sure that I did not imbibe anarchical poison or insurgent tendencies with my mother's milk. All I remember of this "melancholy year" of my birth, or of contested elections in the old days of "hustings" and open polls, is that some Whig "lambs" with buff colours tried to tear off my hat the Tory blue rosette. Thus early did I begin to suffer for my political opinions. It is only from books that I have learned anything of the stirring times of which my boyhood was but faintly conscious. Slavery still existed within the King's dominions; and I have often heard at my father's table bitter denunciations of Abolitionists from the family of Sir William Struth, a West India proprietor who had suffered heavy loss. On this question my father rather shared the opinions of Mr. Gladstone in 1833 (see Morley's *Life* for that year).

Felonies were then punished with death, and I was familiar with ghastly stories of skeletons which still hung in chains. Perhaps it is this which makes me admire Tennyson's *Rizpah* as one of his grandest conceptions. Familiar as I was with old stories of the sea, I remember eagerly watching to see the bones of pirates on gibbets along the Thames shore on my first voyage to the Nore. A partner of my father's had made a fine fortune in the China and East India trade, which was then a commercial

[1] Lord Broughton in his *Memoirs*, vol. iv., entered in his Diary (January 1, 1832): "I am glad the last melancholy year is over, although the present commences with no very favourable auspices." In August 1832 he saw the King return from the prorogation of Parliament. "It was like a funeral procession; scarcely a hat taken off, and positively no cheering. I never saw anything like it before."

monopoly of the Company. He had been captain of an East Indiaman, and he used to procure us rare chests of choice pekoe tea. Of course far into my boyhood London was supplied in part from wells; and fires were attacked only by the old-fashioned hand-pumps. I well remember the thrill which went through the business world when the Royal Exchange was burnt down in January 1838. I remember it as a day when out for a walk I howled from pain of the cold in my hands, and was violently cuffed by my good nurse for so disgracing the family.

There were then no main sewers, and plenty of old cesspools. I can remember the wooden semaphore whirling its huge arms like a windmill from the top of the Admiralty, just as it did when it told of old naval victories. Post-boys, hackney-coaches, "Jarvies," or watchmen, were not extinct. And from my uncle's house in Connaught Square I used to watch the funerals in St. George's burial-ground in the Bayswater Road, for intramural burial existed till I was a man. How we survived these horrors I know not. Certain it is that the death-rate, as well as the birth-rate, was immensely greater than to-day. At Hornsey churchyard and at the beautiful burial-ground of Highgate, I imbibed as a child a lively and perfectly healthy love of a cemetery, as a tranquil retreat dedicated to memory and to peace. The sentiment has lasted to me through life.

In my boyhood it needed three weeks in sailing-ships to get any news from America, and three or four months to receive it from India or China. The army was equipped with the old Brown Bess, which could hardly hit a horse at 100 yards off. The navy depended on sails, and had muzzle-loading cannon, with which a 74 line of battleship discharged solid iron balls. Often have I wondered at the

magnificent sight of an old three-decker in full trim; and a naval review at Spithead was indeed a glorious vision, that Turner only recalls to the present generation of hideous steel monsters. How a Jack Tar used to stand on the truck of a main-mast 150 feet above the sea-level, and there with both hands wave two Union Jack flags! How we boys revelled in a visit to Nelson's own "Victory," or in climbing about the hulls of wooden ships building in Woolwich dockyards!

I well remember the intense anxiety with which we waited for news during the first Afghan War of 1842. It was then a matter of six months to get full information from Calcutta and to place reinforcements in the field at Cabul and Lahore. [*And yet we were not so uneasy as some people are in* 1910.]

I was taken to see the Eton Montem of 1844—the last that was held, for Dr. Hodgson saw, in 1847, that this ancient mummery must be abandoned. Child as I was, little more than twelve, I thought the theatrical costumes of big schoolboys dressed up like Odd Fellows playing at Robin Hood very silly, and their begging in the high-road for "Salt" exceedingly vulgar. It made me feel that I never wished to be an Eton boy. We travelled down in the same carriage with the fifth Duke of Newcastle—Gladstone's friend and contemporary—then Lord Lincoln. I remember him as a handsome and pleasant gentleman—it was before his domestic and ministerial failures,—and the talk ran on railway accidents. The Great Western Railway had only been open to Bristol a year or two before, and not very long earlier there occurred the horrible accident at Versailles, in which my own cousin had been, wherein thirty-three people were burned to death. Lord Lincoln denounced the practice of locking passengers in

the cars, and he rather scandalised me by saying that nothing would be done to stop it "until a Bishop had been burned." I thought the remedy extreme, and wanting in proper respect for the Church—young ass that I was.

At the time of my infancy the population of London was under one million and a half. No other city in the kingdom had a population of even one quarter of a million. And the total population of these islands was only twenty-four millions. The only passenger railroad was from Liverpool to Manchester, opened in 1830, which earned in that year just £30,000, and killed Mr. Huskisson. There was no long railroad out of London until I was a schoolboy; and I remember travelling twice in my life to Brighton with horses by road, in the absence of the railroad, which was not opened until 1841. We used tinder boxes to light our fires, rushlights or tallow dips with snuffers. We had no envelopes, but sealed our quarto-sized letters with wax or wafers; and, until 1840, they cost us 2d., 4d., or even to Scotland, 8d., and were occasionally snowed up in drifts, and delayed for days together.

[I mention these trifles because they point a moral. As I look back over seventy years of change,—in mechanical things the greatest and the most rapid that has ever happened in the history of mankind,—as I compare my memory with things of the day, I am amazed to observe how little on the whole human life differs in 1910 from what it was in 1839. Railways, motors, photographs, telegraphs, telephones, electric trams, taxi-cabs, bicycles, perambulators, lucifers, fountain pens, typing machines, cheap postage,—all bring in their own worries and confusions. We are whirled about, and hooted around, and rung up as if we were all parcels, booking clerks, or office boys. It

is true that we can travel three or four times as fast as we used, but then we have to live three or four times farther from our work; and our business life is passed as much farther from our homes. 1910.]

When I was a child, in every city of the kingdom, and even in most parts of London, an easy walk would take a man into quiet fields and pure air. We did not live in a pall of smoke and yellow fog; and we did not hurry to catch trains, nor struggle to save our lives from motors when we crossed a street. Our nurses carried infants warmly nestled in their arms; they never left babies alone in crowded streets in chilly and rickety machines. Letters took far longer to write, and to deliver, but we wrote one instead of ten in a morning, and it was a *letter*—not an illegible scrawl. And if letters cost us four times as much, we now have to pay ten times as much in postage per diem. On the whole, I am sure that the modern inventions, of which we are so proud, bring with them an almost equivalent measure of discomfort and fatigue. And as Disraeli said of Lothair's army of footmen, "they impede the convenience they were destined to promote."

There is one great change for the better that I have witnessed—the reduction of crime and savage punishments. Up to my childhood, crime was double and treble its present rate. Capital punishments in the kingdom averaged from 60 to 80 a year. Transportation existed till I was of age. And up to my eleventh year I used to watch the climbing boys—"sweeps"—little children who were sent up chimneys to sweep them and rattle outside the pots. They roused memories of weird stories, and we looked on them with a strange compound of wonder, pity, and horror. When the "climbing boys" were done away with by the Act of 1840—to the despair of many a careful

housewife—I remember that an under-sized man, a dwarf, would be sent up, especially after a chimney had caught fire.

Though ours was by no means a political family, I recall the excitement caused by sundry public doings even in a quiet household at Muswell Hill —the first China War of 1839-40-41, the first Afghan War of 1839, the Scinde and the Sikh Wars of 1843 and 1845. What a long chain of campaigns in these seventy years!—*quae caret ora cruore nostro?* The deaths of Sir Walter Scott, of Goethe, and of Coleridge did not impress my infant mind; nor did the abolition of slavery in 1834, nor the reform of municipal corporations in 1835. But the penny postage of 1840 did, and so did the marriage of Victoria to Prince Albert, and especially the attempts on the Queen's life by Oxford, Francis, Bean (1840-1842), and the rest. That came home to us, and we went to examine the spot where the would-be assassins fired.

But the thing of which I heard most was Sir Robert Peel's re-introduction of the Income Tax (7d.) in 1842, which naturally was warmly debated in the house of a City man. My father was then and all through his life a keen advocate of a graduated Income Tax proportioned to unearned revenues. I have thus watched with vivid interest the fluctuations of this central tax, with all its great fiscal consequences, for sixty-eight years—its variations make a history of social economy.

I recall the deep feeling of the people in 1841 on the birth of Edward VII., whose funeral I witnessed sixty-nine years afterwards, and the visit of the King of Prussia in 1842. But far more was the excitement over the visit of the Czar Nicholas of Russia in 1844. I saw him at Ascot races, when he founded the Emperor's Cup, and a truly magnificent figure he looked. To have seen

the man himself added to our interest in the Crimean War, down to Tenniel's wonderful cartoon in *Punch* — "General Février turned traitor." Louis Philippe's visit in 1844 was a much more *bourgeois* affair, and its political effect was wiped out two years later by the Spanish Marriages affair, which filled us with suspicion and contempt of Louis Philippe. Our sorry estimate of that *rusé* veteran had been roused when he sent the Prince de Joinville, in 1840, to fetch to Paris the body of Napoleon from St. Helena. Though I was but just nine, I quite entered into my father's belief that it prepared, as it did, the fall of the Orleans dynasty. There never had been, and perhaps until 1910 there never was, any such pompous funeral. My grandmother was present at it, and brought back to us pictures of the procession, which I eagerly studied, and entirely realised the scene in my mind's eye. I began early to know Paris and its people.

Books in the 'Forties

In matters of literature and thought my infancy dates from the last years of the "revolutionary age" of Byron, Shelley, Cobbett, and Leigh Hunt. Scott and Goethe were not yet dead, though both were in the last flicker of declining life. Would that I could have shared the experiences of Lady Pollock, the widow, I mean, of the second baronet, who was fond of telling how Scott had taken her as a child on his knee and had told her stories of romance and fairies. Coleridge, Bulwer, Campbell, Southey, and Lamb were still living; and Southey, as laureate, was still perhaps the literary dictator of the age. Macaulay, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray were little known, and certainly they never reached me till I began to be a regular student of books.

On the whole, as I look back on the education

and the literature in vogue in the 'forties and the 'fifties, and compare it with that of the 'eighties and the 'nineties, when I had to superintend the training of young persons of my own family, or even when I compare it with the education and the literature in vogue in the twentieth century, I cannot honestly see to-day any real improvement. In some things we are better off now—in some things worse. Current poetry is now far purer in form and infinitely more subtle in thought. And yet the lovely music of Tennyson and Swinburne, the psychologic analyses of Browning and Meredith, the realism and truth of Hardy and Watson have created a somewhat "precious" ideal, if not a morbid taste for new-minted phrase-mongering and psychologic conundrums. This, I fear, has spoiled us for enjoying the imaginative improvisation of Byron, the echoes of a wild minstrelsy in Scott, and it has even somewhat dulled our familiarity with Shakespeare and with Milton. The current poetry of to-day is of a higher quality than it was at any epoch since the sixteenth century. Our critical judgment as to poetry is far sounder. And yet I doubt if Shakespeare and Milton, to say nothing of Byron, Campbell, Cowper, and Pope, are to the schoolboys and undergraduates of to-day all that they were to us in the 'forties and the 'fifties.

Historical study to-day is far more scientific, and is grouped and classified into elaborate sections, periods, and nations. But like almost every other study, it is overwhelmed with its infinite details, and its unity is lost in interminable special subdivisions, "periods," and subsidiary "ologies." Girls and lads in their teens are so deep in "diplomatics," numismatics, and the Manor system, that they are too learned to know anything of common things like the Punic Wars or the French Revolu-

tion. Science, too, suffers from the incoherent specialisation which is bound up with modern research. The study of science, of course, must be said to be far more widely popularised to-day, and to be of a much higher order of thought. But biography, the typical literature of our age, feels the reaction of the ceaseless multiplication of lives to record, until the best and greatest lives are too often overwhelmed in the flow of the obscure and the commonplace. But about this it is not for me to say more, for I am conscious of "giving myself away."

Fiction, of course, has developed portentously in the half-century—but in volume rather than in quality. Would that the young of to-day could know the rapture we used to feel over the monthly parts of an early novel of Dickens or of Thackeray —*David Copperfield*, or *Vanity Fair*, in their paper covers, or over *Jane Eyre*, *Alton Locke*, *The Last of the Barons*, and *The Caxtons*. We can all see the staginess and the pomposity of Bulwer at his worst, but we cannot forget the charm of Bulwer at his best. Scott to-day has lost the Shakespearean dominion he enjoyed in prose in the 'forties. And with all its subtle metaphysics, its photographic realism, and its passion for novelty, the current novel of our age wearies me by its eternal modernity, its literal transcript of the man in the street and the woman "with a morbid past," or an erotic mania. Literature, like clothes, manners, and art, is cramped by conformity to the regulation type—a type made dominant by the pressure of numbers, and popularised by the incessant beating of the advertising drum.

I do not hold with Ruskin that the art of printing has grown to be one of the curses of civilisation. But I do see all the injury to the higher literature inflicted by the torrential multiplication of printed

stuff coinciding with the legal enforcement of mechanical reading—absurdly misnamed *Education.* To teach boys and girls to read print, whilst leaving them sunk in the materialised state of mind and morals typical of modern anarchy, without beliefs, or ideals, or principles, or duties—this is to inaugurate a millennium of vapid commonplace and vulgar realism. As I start on a railway journey, I sometimes turn to the bookstall to see if I could find anything which would occupy me for an idle hour. I see one hundred "short stories," sixpenny shockers, drivellers, chatterers by the gross; I see fifty monthlies or weeklies at one shilling, sixpence, or fourpence-halfpenny; but I see not one page that can be called literature.

Coronation of Queen Victoria (1838)

One of my earliest recollections is the death of King William IV., which occurred when I was five and a half, and I was indignant to learn that the King was to be succeeded by a girl; but a profound impression was left on my mind by the coronation of the Queen, which we were taken to see.[1] My mother and grandmother had seats in the Abbey; and my father took us boys to London and placed us in a gallery outside a house in Great George Street, facing the Abbey, Palace Yard, and Westminster Bridge. He was with us himself the greater part of the day, taking us about on foot in the crowd in the intervals of the procession, to see the soldiers, carriages, and other sights. It must have been in his frugal eyes a formidable expense to take us up to London in a carriage, purchase such excellent seats in so central a spot, and move his whole family, for Charles and the baby were, I think, left in Berkeley Street, and we

[1] June 8, 1838, when I was six and a half.

all went at night to see the illuminations. But his generous sacrifices were not thrown away. Every vision of that long day filled me with ideas which have left an indelible trace on my mind.

The sense of vastness of the city and people, the intense concentration of all minds on the public festival, the civic enthusiasm (one can hardly call it loyalty) for a charming girl who succeeded to three commonplace old men, the ambassadors and their trains, the Abbey and its associations, the splendid shows in the procession, the soldiers, and the horses, and the martial music; the hum of the huge crowd, and the expectation of all men; the glow, and discipline, and breadth of the vast sight—these things live in my memory with a vivid light. A child, bred in a quiet country, in the simplest of domestic lives, I saw and recognised the meaning of the world without, and the concerns of the mighty public. I can recall now my awe and wonder when we came up to, and actually engaged in conversation with, a gigantic life-guardsman. What a glorious and mighty being he seemed to me! It was then little more than twenty years since the battle of Waterloo and the great settlement of Europe, and the victor of Waterloo was the head of the army still. My boyish days, devoted to Peter Parley, were full of tales of the military prowess of the British, the superiority of one English tar to three frog-eating Frenchmen, and the reverberations of the gross prejudices and passions of the great war. Marshal Soult, Wellington's opponent in the Peninsula, was the special envoy of France at the Coronation; Prince Esterhazy, in his diamond suit, was the Ambassador of Austria; and the procession contained crowds of men who had fought in the long wars or taken part in the great historic events of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century.

Nor of these did I ever have anything but a casual look in the street. Soult, and Anglesey, and Hill I just saw in the procession, and, in later years, I have at times seen Wellington riding along the streets. Wellington was exactly drawn by the innumerable portraits. The picture by Landseer as he rode in the park is a perfect likeness, so were the H. B. and the *Punch* sketches. Late in life his appearance was shockingly infirm; he seemed to ride like a man asleep, reeling from side to side, and in imminent danger of falling. It was striking to see him ride down Piccadilly, like a phantom, hardly a living man, and the passers quietly raising their hats, apparently as much in awe as in respect. Towards the close of his life he became a sort of legend rather than a living man, much as Garibaldi was in his last days. Many of the famous anecdotes about Wellington were current in my boyhood, and I believe most of them to be perfectly genuine. He became a sort of ultimate arbiter; and discussions usually were closed by—"the Duke agrees to it"! "the Duke will see to it"! "the Duke says it must be done"!

The Coronation was the grandest, but not the only occasion of visit that I made to London. I think I had seen the Tower, St. Paul's, and the Abbey, the Picture Galleries, the British Museum in old Montagu House, and the Parks before I came to live in London. Though I enjoyed a country life, and my mother was kindness itself, and all about me were perfectly kind, my impression of these early years is still one of much weariness and frequent grief. There is much that has to be thought out yet as to the intense mental suffering which so many children endure. I do not think that I was different from the average child; I was perfectly healthy, and believe myself, at any rate now, to be of a cheerful disposition and

contented spirit, in spite of the "melancholy year" in which I was born. I was perhaps a little "reserved," and a little meditative,—at least I used to be told so, and that produced these qualities if I had not them by nature. But certain it is, that I suffered hours, days, weeks of acute pain and utter despair. I think that the most agonising days I have ever passed in my life were those when my nurse told me I had committed the unforgivable "sin against the Holy Ghost." In a fit of passion I had uttered the word "*damn.*"

It was sometimes mental lassitude, at times disappointment, now an exaggerated sense of some rebuke or punishment, again it was the shame of something that I felt to be, or fancied to be, ridiculous or humiliating in my appearance, dress, conduct, or habits. I do not think that I was particularly vain; but I had an Irish gift for feeling humiliation or a rebuff, and dreaming of things which could never be mine. Certain it is that I suffered horribly, and my suffering was invariably increased by the curious insensibility of all about me or their clumsy attempts to relieve me. I have never been able to perceive that my own boys suffer in this way; but I am sure that many children do. And after all my early self-consciousness, I have managed to grow up into that hardened indifferentism which my critics tell me is the result of a seared conscience, but which has enabled me to bear the blows of many a hostile judgment.

London in 1840—*A Day School*

In the year 1840, when I was nearly nine, we left the country and came to live in London in a house which my father had built for himself with great skill and forethought. It was No. 22 Oxford Square, Hyde Park; and it was my home for some

twenty years, till we removed to 10 Lancaster Gate, which was my home till I married in 1870. On removing to London my education became regular, and it was most admirably and patiently conducted by my dear mother herself and some occasional teachers. My mother taught me to read and write, geography, history, and the elements of Latin. When I realise now (having children of my own) all the patience and sacrifices required for conducting education at home, I am filled with gratitude and love towards my mother and my father, who so steadily and soundly carried out their resolves.

In February of the year 1841 (I was just nine) I was placed at the day school of Mr. Joseph King, at 9 Northwick Terrace, St. John's Wood,—the house next to the chapel. This was at the advice of the late Lord Westbury, then Mr. Bethell, an old friend of my father's and of my mother's family, who sent two of his sons there. I remember my father and mother paying their first visit to Mr. King before I was placed in his care; and I recall now their delight and confidence after a long talk with him over education. He was the ideal schoolmaster whom they had sought. Nor were they mistaken.

In truth he was an ideal schoolmaster; and when I look back after seventy years, and after seeing so much as I have seen of teachers and teaching, he still lives in the deepest recess of my memory as the type of all that a teacher should be. Genial, learned, childlike, earnest, and unwearying, his whole mind was with his boys, and his nature was as pure and hearty as his mind was alert. He had thoroughly saturated himself with the new school of German philology as it existed in 1840, and he taught on a plan entirely his own. His two daughters, who were thorough Greek and Latin

scholars, were his only assistants, besides a young mathematical tutor. He taught on the crude form system, afterwards popularised in Key's *Latin Grammar*. We dealt with each noun and verb in its root form, and then we were taught the case, or tense, variation, on a scientific scheme which included Greek as well as Latin.

We thus came from the first to realise what cases and tense-ending meant; and we learned how they grew up, and the process of development through which the final form emerged. Thus alongside of the *mensa, mensae,* which I suppose we committed to memory, we never forgot that *mensae* was *mensa-e*—which was first *mensa-i* and had been *mensa-i-s,* and that *mensae* was only accidentally different in its ending from *pat*(*e*)*r-i-s,* and was substantially the same as πατερ-ο-ς, μουση(ι)ς, πολεμο-ι-ο. I never can remember feeling any difficulty about cases and tenses and declensions. The effort of explanation and the act of memory aided each other. In grammar our rules were given us always verbally, and in the way of understanding. We would say that any verb meaning to put to a man or thing any good or any ill would cause the noun of the thing so treated to be in the dative case, and so on. The whole grammar teaching was given us *viva voce* by the teacher, using a blackboard, without any book or formal words. We never saw or had a book of Latin or Greek grammar; nor did we learn any rule by any mechanical formula. When I went to King's College School after two years of this system I could read Homer and Virgil, Herodotus and Livy accurately, and was completely and correctly grounded in all the ordinary rules of grammar involved.

I think I was usually at the top of my class of six or eight; but I am certain that four or five

others knew these rules perfectly, and I cannot pretend that there was any particular gift for them on my side. I went into King's College School, entering the Sixth form, where the rules of grammar were supposed to have been learned. The result was that I went through my school and college career without ever having studied, and even without ever reading, the ordinary rules of the stock grammar, and to this day, after a great deal of teaching and reading of scholarship, I could only state the rule that certain "verbs govern a dative," in general words to explain the logical process. The process was this: The scientific analysis of the Latin and Greek languages, as stated by the best modern philologers, was verbally explained to the pupils, and steadily impressed on their minds by words and the blackboard. Our progress was rapid. We seemed to skip the ordinary painful process of the grammars. I can distinctly remember beginning Greek. After about a week or ten days of the letters and a few simple case and tense endings, we began the *Iliad.* The first day we did the first two lines. I shall never forget our pride and pleasure in making out *μῆνιν ἄειδε θεά.* In less than two years, at the age of twelve, I could read a Greek play, the *Odyssey,* and Herodotus, and was master of the Greek accidence and syntax, though never having seen any Greek grammar.

Our lessons were a thorough pleasure. I can recall no sense of lassitude or disgust in the day's work. It was enlivened with anecdotes, illustrations, and pieces of poetry, drawings and the like. King drew well, and particularly encouraged drawing. Two of my form fellows were C. Landseer, nephew of Sir Edwin and son of Thomas Landseer, and himself eventually a painter, and Lane, son of the eminent engraver and nephew of the Arabic

scholar. Both were trained draughtsmen, and I remember that in our examination papers in Virgil and Homer there would be a sketch to be drawn, by which the painter boys recovered some of the marks which their idleness had lost them. I shall never forget my picture of the storm in the second *Aeneid*. Every detail described by the poet was drawn with exact literalness. The sea put out the stars, and laid bare the bottom, the ships rattled about like orange peel in a gutter; and in the midst, Neptune's placid head appeared coming out of the waves as if it were through a trap-door. In spite of all my early nurture in a world of art, such was the indelibly prosaic substance of my mind that I could only follow *verbatim* the words of Virgil.

After dinner, King would often merrily call for a song, which was usually sung by Cattermole, the son of the artist, or he would ask young Macready, the son of the famous actor, to recite a piece from Addison's *Cato*, or he would have us repeat one of Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, or the like, or he would jump up and vow the day was too fine for the house, and start for Primrose Hill or Finchley, then a delicious wild country of lanes and common. King, though genial and indulgent, was by no means a soft master; he had a terrible temper when drawn by the incorrigible. He thrashed the idle ones with an old rope he kept in his study drawer; and though he never flogged me, we were all rather afraid of him. King was an intimate friend of Macready the actor, and had a boy of his there; also I think a son of Charles Dickens, as well as two sons of Richard Bethell—first Lord Westbury. He was a friend of Keightley, the historian of Rome, whom I remember to have seen when he heard one of our Latin lessons. We were all thoroughly happy, healthy, and active all the time we were there. When I left Joseph King I had

read Caesar, the *Metamorphoses*, the first six books of the *Aeneid*, some Livy; several books of the *Iliad*, the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, and some plays of Euripides, three or four books of Euclid, and some algebra.[1]

King's College School in 1843-1849

In April 1843, at the age of eleven and a half, I was removed to King's College School, then under Dr. J. R. Major, and was placed in the Lower Sixth form under the Rev. William Hayes. Hayes was an excellent teacher, a man of general cultivation, energy, and acumen. He much impressed me, and he took a fancy to me, which usually showed itself in sarcasms or jests, of which I understood but the smaller part. I made excellent way, and was soon at the top of the Lower Sixth. Dr. Major was in many ways an excellent teacher; laborious, careful, conscientious. He gave us everything he had. But he was a very moderate scholar of the old school, with hardly a tincture of modern philology, and but a poor master of Greek and Latin composition. He was, moreover, old, slow, and curiously inattentive to boys' ways and desires. We did what we liked, read novels and poetry during the lessons, and covered our idleness and our wilfulness with any transparent pretext. I worked well, and with great enjoyment, but much in my own way. I

[1] When my old schoolmaster heard of my place in the Oxford Class List, he wrote my father a letter which I fondly cherish and possess. It is signed, "Ever your obliged and faithful servant, Joseph Charles King," and is dated from "9 Northwick Terrace, 30 April 1853." It is written in King's magnificent handwriting, the finest I ever saw, and perhaps it was thus early that I got my love of beautiful calligraphy. Unblushing as I am myself, I dare not transcribe his letter—at least more than the sentence: "I consider it a great happiness to have been early instrumental to the development of his powers and to have been judged by you not to have failed in my duty." Dear, large-souled, wise old Master!

learned to write Latin and Greek, both prose and verse, very fairly, but on a thoroughly wrong method. I discarded the least attempt to render exactly, and substituted locutions of my own, usually modern in spirit and rather English than Latin or Greek. I remember constructing long poems in Latin verse which were simply modern verses in the Swinburnian vein, put into Latin words that scanned, but without lines that smacked of the rhythm of Ovid or Tibullus.

Latin Versification

Hence, with a real passion for Latin composition and some gift for it, I never succeeded in becoming a scholar in the modern sense, nor could I get a place in the Oxford University scholarships, for which I competed in a very indifferent spirit. I had been brought up on a thoroughly vicious style of scholarship, and never could bring myself to look on composition as an effort of mere imitation. Much of what is known as fine scholarship—especially all that part of it which is called *composition*, is really a trick of mimicry, consisting in catching the rhythm or the wording of classical language. It is that art in which the Hindoo babu excels all mankind. To be proficient in this small gift one has to cease to think, to suppress spontaneous expression, and to copy verbal turns. So that many brilliant "scholars" turn out to be ignorant and mindless men. A vigorous mind cannot leap out of its own individuality, and rarely makes an adept at "longs and shorts" or Ciceronian prose.

The history and the antiquities were thoroughly well done at King's College School; and by a system of weekly examinations, in which marks were awarded, a strong stimulus was given to work, and we all acquired a fatal facility for

answering questions on paper. Almost the whole of the Upper Sixth obtained open scholarships at the Universities; and I suppose that the number of academic honours of one sort or another gained by the school about this time was as high as that of any school of the period. By virtue of my excellent teaching under King, I was placed in King's College School amongst boys much older than myself. I attribute my early promotion entirely to King, for I certainly had no special turn for Latin or Greek. I was in the Sixth at the age of twelve,—the lads in the form being all from fourteen to eighteen. In the summer of 1844, being then twelve, I obtained, much to my own surprise, the first prize in the school for Latin verses—they were some Alcaics on the song in *Marmion*, "Where shall the lover rest?" and, as far as I can remember, were indifferent enough,—such as would be marked "poor" to-day. At that time I was amongst the first lot, and I don't think I ever learnt much Latin and Greek afterwards. I never became a real classical scholar, and I feel now that nothing could ever have made me a scholar.

School Life in London

The consequences of placing a very young boy amongst much older ones are certainly very serious, and are probably beyond any control or check whatever. I was happily unconscious of its evil side; and for my part only carried on a furious resistance to the kind of inconvenient petting to which, as a little boy amongst grown men, I was naturally subject. I struggled desperately for a time against the girl's name which was imposed on me; but a hundred voices against one were too strong. I had to submit, and for some two or three years I never heard myself spoken of in school, nor

was I ever addressed, even seriously, and with the most friendly intentions, except as "Fan." Although I was strong, active, very keen at all sports, passionate, and quarrelsome, I remember that I was habitually treated as a girl. A boy who struck me in earnest would have been pounded by a dozen fists; the first place or the first choice was usually allowed me, as a matter of course; if I called for help, half a dozen fellows would come to orders, and in a half-joking way do what they were told. I hardly know how it was, for I was violent enough myself; and in many a scrimmage where the petting grew intolerable, I would strike, kick, and even bite like a dog. It was all to no purpose; I never could get myself seriously accepted as an equal; the four or five years of my companions' age at that time of life were all-decisive; and for years I ran great risk of being the spoiled pet of the Sixth form. Looking back now, I cannot honestly say that I took any harm by it. What harm there was in the place, I was fortunately unconscious of. The universal acceptance of my position, perhaps, took away from its danger. I took no harm, though I was worried and irritated by a constant system of *agacerie* and petting, which seemed to me very little warranted by the fact of my youth. I might easily have been made by it a spoiled puppy; and at this distance of time, I should certainly beware of putting a boy into a form with much disparity of years. Of course, all this came to an end when in my fifteenth year I was near the head of the school.

Some of my schoolfellows have been distinguished as scholars, lawyers, and men of letters. Francis Bacon has become the popular County Court Judge. Alfred Bailey was Student of Christ Church and a leading conveyancer. W. Stebbing became a well-known writer and journalist.

W. Shepard was a Master at St. Paul's, and did much for its high reputation. Frederick Fleay was the eminent Shakespearean student and analyst. One of the best known was Canon Liddon, who for some two years sat next me in form. He was industrious and exemplary, but not very brilliant as a scholar; as much of a High Churchman as he ever was, talking entirely of Dr. Pusey and the *Tracts for the Times*, and giving all his thoughts to theology, not to Greek. As a boy his strong moral character impressed and influenced his schoolfellows. His manner, his opinions, his position were then just what they always were. He was a priest among boys; it would have been held the height of cowardice to strike one who was understood never to strike others. He did not disguise from us that he looked upon us as people of this world, nor did he hesitate to claim for himself a priestly privilege of counsel and reproof. I remember a certain rebellion in the house where he lived, that was said to have been quelled by his remonstrances. Me he treated, I should say, with affectionate condescension,—not only as a child but as a worldling. His influence amongst us was good and real; it might have been even greater if he had been at all one of us, and had shown more interest in the studies and occupations of his schoolfellows.

For the last two years I was one of the two monitors of the school, my senior colleague being Martin Howy, only son of the famous Edward Irving, and since Head of the College of Melbourne. I visited Mrs. Irving and the family, and though we were on quite friendly terms no reference to the life and career of Edward Irving ever passed between us. Martin Irving was a fellow of extraordinary energy, physical and mental; acute, clear, and self-reliant, perhaps of no great original genius, and as utterly unlike his brilliant father as it was

possible to be. His singular powers of work enabled him, even as a boy, to sit up all night preparing for an examination, and to come in fresh to the papers in the morning. Though without any very special gift either for athletics or for scholarship, he succeeded, by dint of energy and skill, in becoming one of the finest oarsmen and the best scholars in the University. He was Senior Scholar of Balliol and was seven in the boat behind Joe Chitty, then at the head of the river.

My intimate friend at school was Charles A. Cookson, long Consul at Alexandria, where he was nearly murdered in the riots of 1882. He was three years my senior, and, having elder brothers and many friends in the Universities and Services, he had a knowledge of men and things, and the world of literature and politics, which was quite unknown to me. I owe him very much. It was he who at last freed me from my troublesome nickname, and all its absurd associations; his influence in forming a high and pure moral standard of duty and religion, his zeal for poetry, art, and literature all roused in me a fresh sense of life. He was never a very successful scholar. His whole energy was absorbed in questions of religion, philosophy, and literature. Along with a lad of real genius (who died suddenly at eighteen)—an albino named James Rolfe—we formed a literary and philosophical fraternity. Our whole time was given to discussing poetry, drama, and literature, questions of casuistry in morals, religion, and manners, schools of architecture and political parties.

Cookson had a passion for Wordsworth, with whose family he was connected, and whose prose and verse he almost knew by heart. Rolfe was a Byron enthusiast, and made verses in imitation of his. I knew little but Pope and Dryden; and, half in jest, I maintained that theirs was the only

school. In politics Rolfe was a Radical, Cookson a divine-right Tory, and I a high and dry Conservative; in religion Rolfe was a sceptic, Cookson a fervent Churchman of the school of Christopher Wordsworth, and I a moderate Churchman of the school of Paley. I was much younger than either of my friends; and I cannot say that my opinions on literature, religion, or politics were very deeply grounded or firmly held. I was in those days essentially in the mood to observe and to consider rather than to decide. I shall never forget the passionate zeal with which Charles Cookson laboured to make his young friend a zealot for Shakespeare and Wordsworth, for the Church, and the ideal standard of a gentleman. He had these things on his lips all day. Rolfe would scoff at them all except Shakespeare, whom he admitted to be above Byron. We started a literary Magazine, wrote poems, parodies, and essays, which we seriously criticised with each other, debating hotly in the School Debating Society on the character of Mary Stuart, and the good or evil of Monarchy and Republic. We fought over the *Tracts for the Times* and the great clerical secession of 1845, or the relative value of Greek sculpture and Pointed architecture. My father became seriously uneasy when he found that I was about to attend divine service at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, then the Mecca of London Puseyism.

First Religious Opinions

With respect to religion, it is always difficult to recall exactly one's state of mind at a distant period, but I think my experience was this. My father and mother were both sincerely and simply Christian, without any kind of affectation in their devotion, and with little interest in sectarian ques-

tions. From Robert Hichens and his world my father had imbibed a quiet and guarded leaning towards the High Church theory, with an active dislike of Popery, Puseyism, and Dissent. He would read family prayers of a morning with honest and manly sincerity; but neither he nor my mother ever sought to impress on us the spirit of personal devotion, except by example and by constantly forming the habit of prayer and attention to public worship. My godfather, Robert Hichens, the senior partner of my father's firm, was rather a partisan than a devout man, and he did little for me but send me theological volumes of Bishop Wilberforce or Christopher Wordsworth, and now and then inveigh against the Dissenters and the Whig government. At school our instruction in divinity was of a purely scholastic sort. The Bible history was thoroughly and industriously taught us in the whole of its external side. Before I left school I knew the whole Commentaries of D'Oyly and Mant to the Old and New Testament by heart, the dates, genealogies, allusions, geography, and other external parts of the Bible, the first three centuries of Church History, the Catechism, Thirty-nine Articles, Creeds, and so forth, with a perfect armoury of "proofs" or Bible citations, and such books as those of Paley, Burton, and Bishop Newton. The Bible, at least in its historical and expository side, was more familiar to me than any other book. And all through life it has still remained to me as much "The Book," as it is to believers. To this day I seldom write a paragraph or a page without a scriptural phrase or allusion dropping off my pen, or heard in some echo of old memories.

In belief, I had a sincere trust in the Christian faith, as interpreted by the moderate Churchmen of the first half century (1800-1850). I read and believed in Bishop Wilberforce's *Eucharistica*,

prayed honestly and fervently, not only every day, but at every minute that called for prayer. I constantly believed myself to be in the immediate presence of an omnipotent God, and had no doubt whatever of receiving the Holy Ghost if I asked for it with sufficient fervour. My sins—such as they were—I constantly and readily confessed to God, and after such confession I seemed to be conscious of actually receiving the gift of the Spirit. I was confirmed at the usual age by Bishop Blomfield, and most undoubtedly at my first communion I did literally believe in transubstantiation, nor had I any doubt that I received in my lips and drank the body and blood of Christ.

This belief, in a less vivid way, lasted till the age of eighteen or nineteen; by which time it had slowly and imperceptibly disappeared. But, speaking generally, from my earliest days, at least till the age of twenty to twenty-four, I certainly was a perfectly sincere believer in the Christian faith, having no doubts, and satisfied with the Creed, praying morning and evening, regularly attending worship, and taking the Sacrament with joy and trust; but living in the constant habit of meditation on God, prayer to Him, and confession, and feeling entire confidence and happiness in this intercourse with God. I can hardly say how, or when, this habit of mind disappeared: certainly by no sudden event, or definite change of view; it was rather, I think, on moral grounds than on intellectual that I outgrew the practice. Looking back on it all now without prejudice or irritation, I think, on the whole, the habit was rather bad than good, weakening rather than strengthening. I cannot see that the sense of living and acting always under the immediate eye of a perfect God (whose moral standard was entirely a matter of my own imagination) made me

more careful not to sin than I am now, when every vestige of such idea has long departed. Rather, I fear, the contrary. The sense of confessing to God is practically the same as confessing to one's own conscience. The habit of prayer with me, at any rate, invariably tended to asking for myself some special advantage, and so, I cannot doubt it, to egotism and personal ambition.

I prayed continually for the most purely personal and even trivial things, and habitually attributed my success to the direct answer of the Almighty. If I failed to gain a prize in the examination, or to get a score in a cricket match, if I was shy and miserable at a party, or a holiday was spoiled by a storm, I instantly attributed it to my having failed to pray with sufficient fervour and concentration. It is indeed a curious thing, which I cannot explain as a subjective fact, that I never can remember one of these disasters befalling me when I had prayed for success with sufficient directness and spirit. As I look back on all this with the composure of very different habits, I cannot doubt but that all this was essentially evil and degrading. I think that I was neither better nor worse than the ordinary adorer of Christ and God. I know that my own was a quite average and normal specimen of a fairly conscientious youth. It is the fashion now for theologians to protest against any supplication of God except for moral and spiritual ends. It may be that in very favourable natures, with strict external and internal discipline, such a result may be obtained. But of every million prayers that daily rise from earth, 999,999 are certainly for some personal and external advantage. The habit of confessing sin to a perfect Being relaxes, I think, instead of strengthening the moral sense and the energy of conscience—the sense of absolution by the blessed blood of a

Redeemer is luxurious but enervating, and the idea of being a constant receptacle of the Holy Ghost inclines to egoism and spiritual vanity. Such at least is my honest and innocent confession. And I am sure that ordinary persons, if they spoke out, would say the same.[1]

The essentially human and social evil caused by our bad acts is ignored when it becomes a personal matter between *self* and God. There are to some natures certain compensations in this spiritual extravagance. Morbid and irrational as it is in itself, it does far less injury to the moral nature than from its logical incongruity it might be supposed to do. And in favourable cases it stimulates the habit of self-reflection, and of personal self-reliance and energy. In such cases, this habit may be of service, in the absence of any definite means of forming habits of self-respect and energy. The effect of this sense of God's personal interposition in favour of the supplicant, witnessed by his own secret consciousness of communion with the divine spirit, produces in a strong and healthy nature that temper of perseverance and force which we see in its highest form in the Puritan or Mahometan warrior. But in those cases, its direct influence is towards pride, hardness, and selfishness. The world would be aghast at the amount of egoism and presumption fostered by prayer to God, were it not that its evil side is neutralised by the essential goodness of the human heart, and the silent working of humanity around us, for ever giving a social end to our foibles and our vices, and always tending to bring good out of evil.

[1] A large Christian Society has just sent me their *Record of Faith*, vol. iii. In it I find more than 10,000 cases of "answered prayer." The immense majority of these are cases of personal and material good: "a sister" is healed of a broken leg, of deafness, of fits. A man is cured of financial failures, of cigarettes, of non-employment. The prayers of the congregation are treated as if they were a *bonus* offered to members by a Mutual Benefit Club.

I cannot remember that I ever took a lively interest in the matter of a future life. I believed in it as a dogma; but I cannot say that it affected my thoughts or influenced my acts. I never had any fear of Hell, nor any lively sense of the Devil and his works. I do not think religion ever made me unhappy, or that I ever experienced spiritual terrors. I was never initiated in the bogey machinery of Calvinistic religion, and I took the darker side of the Biblical picture with much composure and unconcern. My own children, of course, have been brought up in complete freedom from this degrading *diablerie*; and I do not detect in them the slightest tendency to treat it seriously. Nor have I any doubt that the cruel system of terrorism inflicted on the young by Calvinistic religion is as completely artificial as it is certainly pernicious.

Though I was never seriously afflicted with spiritual despondency, I was at all times prone to melancholy reveries, and have passed days and weeks of profound though usually undefinable depression. Intensely active and sensitive, as I believe I was, as a boy, I suffered from constant fits of nervous reaction, and at times from physical exhaustion. My habits of meditating on life and morals had been rather early stimulated. I had lived all my life with persons much older than myself; at school I was a boy with men, and some of them very serious men. I had never left home, and my early school training left me free to give a large part of my time to miscellaneous reading and mere day-dreaming. At least half the time that I ostensibly gave to my studies was spent in aimless reverie, of which I could give little account, or even show beginning or end, and which usually closed in an intense but vague sense of despair. This was especially the case about the age of

sixteen, and had probably more to do with physical than intellectual causes, and would have been best remedied by more systematic work, more continuous exercise, and the bustle and society of a big boarding-school.

Poetry, philosophy, idleness, and puberty make a queer hash in a lad's spirit at that time of life, in which good and bad, good teaching and mere waste, jostle together, when the youth is especially in need of steady external discipline and the routine of a public life. With all my deep belief in the advantages of home education, I cannot deny that this is just the time when the ordinary system of a big public school tells to advantage the most. But this is only because it offers a discipline of some kind, rude as that discipline is. Home education, as ordinarily understood, simply offers none at all. From ignorance, shyness, want of sympathy, or simple carelessness, the parents who undertake the tremendous responsibility of home education forget that this implies a great deal more than board and lodging for their growing sons. The result is that home education is limited to attendance at a set of classes and tutors; and the lad, at the critical moment of entering manhood, is the prey of idleness or chance.

From the time that I can recollect, my thoughts used to run a good deal on the purpose of life and the true standards of duty and action. As a young boy, I was of course all for action and glory. I used to dream the usual boys' dreams of raising armies and conquering a kingdom in Asia or Africa. As the way is of most young fellows who win a few prizes and reach the top of their form, I was firmly resolved to be Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor. To the age of fourteen or so, I stoutly maintained glory to be the natural aim of man, and a successful career to mean public reputation. But

I found my interest in all this curiously abated by my new zest in social and moral questions. The world seemed to me a puzzle, and life a series of unsatisfied desires. One of the most definite changes of opinion which I can remember to have occurred in my life came on me about the age of fifteen, as the fruit, I well recollect, of the antithesis given in Paley's *Evidences* of the Christian and the pagan ideal of heroism. I deeply absorbed the idea, on which I meditated incessantly, working it out and completing it with the utmost distinctness and zest.

From that moment the pagan idea of heroism seemed to me narrow, unworthy, and puerile. The desire of fame, of power, and personal distinction lost for me any charm it might have had ; and the idea of duty and moral character entirely took the vacant place. What practical effect all this may have had on my own conduct and actions, I should find it difficult to say. I cannot honestly say that it made me better, or happier, or wiser. Nor did it do me any definite harm, unless that it has tended to make me through life a desultory and rather inefficient bystander in the great world of action.

I am sure that the new idea thoroughly saturated my mind and transformed my entire notions of right and wrong, good and bad life. The desire of fame, power, or place became an object of indifference and even of contempt. All their associations wearied and even disgusted me. The success of others in life created in me neither envy, admiration, nor emulation. I did not grudge it them, nor did I desire it for myself. It is very difficult to judge oneself even in a small point ; and in one so large as this it is almost impossible. I shall try, however, to state facts as I see them, and am far from pretending to any merit in the matter.

Certainly I am aware of having at least my fair share of vanity and self-love; and it would be ridiculous to deny but what the praise of men, and the fact of shining, in the small matters wherein this has fallen to me in life, has usually given me a distinct satisfaction. But the satisfaction, I think, is of a tepid and mental kind: the pleasure of avoiding manifest defeat. I doubt if it has ever risen to the point of being a serious motive of action. At school and college I took what came in my way, and was glad that my parents and friends were pleased. In trifles, I am conscious at times of wishing for success, and even striving for success. But in the main things of life I do not remember that success has ever been to me a dominant motive. I have done what I chose to do, and sought the ends which satisfied me; but I do not believe that I have striven to win for the sake of winning.

I am far from pretending that this is a virtue, or even a desirable temper of mind. I should perhaps have kept a healthier mind, and, it may be, have passed a more useful life, if I had cultivated ambition as it is usually understood. Possibly the effort to shake it off only ends in spiritual pride and self-sufficient impotence. Be this as it may, I must honestly set down that since I came to years of discretion I have had an ineradicable indifference to personal success and personal fame. This is possibly at least as injurious to the character, as good; a source of weakness, it may be, not of strength. It is no doubt the source of much lassitude and indecision in action. But I never could rouse myself to enter any serious competition. And this has now grown in and hardened itself within my inner self so that I habitually feel an almost morbid detestation of every form of competition, race, or struggle for prizes or place.

Life at Home and Abroad

Until my eighteenth birthday, when I went to Oxford in 1849, I had never lived away from home. Our hours at King's College School were from 9 till 3. We frequently stayed to play till 4 or 5. Football, rackets, rounders, prisoners' base, and a game at pelting each other with a solid india-rubber ball were the principal amusements of the winter. In summer we played cricket at Lord's, and had a respectable Eleven, and a fair boat on the river. There was, on the whole, no lack of outdoor games, and the early hour of the school day, three o'clock on five days of the week and noon on Saturday, enabled us to go far afield. London in 1844-1848 was not what it is in 1882; and from our house in Oxford Square in those days we could always walk in half an hour into a beautiful country. Besides the ordinary games of a school, I learned thoroughly to swim, to row, to ride, to skate, and to dance. The constant living in a family, and in a large city, unquestionably enabled us to acquire a general information, and to have resources of culture which are not often found in a boarding-school. We were taught to swim and to row on the sea, at Brighton, Ramsgate, and Southsea; we were taught to ride at the Knightsbridge Horse-Guards barracks and on the Brighton Downs.

By the time I was sixteen I had seen something of the Continent, could read and speak French; I had read a good deal of the ordinary English classics, had heard not a little classical music, and had seen most of the art and picture galleries. We had passed three summers in France. In 1845 and in 1846 we had a house in Boulogne, and our opportunities were very fairly used to get such a notion of French life as is open to an English family in a

watering-place. I became familiar with the accent. But in 1847 I had a far better insight into a foreign world. My father's friend, Mr. Lawrence, had married a French lady of the name of Dessaix, who, being left his widow with a very considerable fortune, returned to her family and lived in Normandy. My father was her sole trustee and adviser, and during the summer of 1847 we were all invited to spend some months with her at her house in Caen.

I can never forget my visit to Normandy. The Dessaix family was large and scattered round Caen, with several different occupations and in various social positions. The grandfather and grandmother were practically peasants, who had a very considerable landed estate—I think nearly 1000 acres; but they lived in a very simple cottage, with three rooms, a sanded floor, and one *bonne.* The old lady, scrupulously neat and well-dressed, wore the high cap and costume of a Norman peasant. They were treated by their numerous descendants with profound respect and deference. One of their daughters was the wife of M. Gervais, a leading barrister at the Court of Caen, himself a man of cultivation and skill, and finally Minister of Education. Another sister was the wife of an active *notaire,* a man of some position in Villars-Bocage; one of the sons was a farmer and landowner, and our hostess was a lady of very large fortune, who had seen much society in England, and kept carriages and horses, town and country house, and so forth. It struck me much to find the father and mother of all these people living apparently like the humblest peasants, and treated by their children and grandchildren with an awe (rather than deference) such as is hardly ever to be met with in England. My impression is that the young people did not sit down

in their presence. Living in a large French family, spread about in town and country, I saw the interior of life in the provinces as it existed in those days of Louis Philippe.

It was in the autumn both of 1845 and of 1846 that we visited Boulogne in August and September, living in the same house, 10 Rue de l'Écu, which is now unchanged except in name. I there began to speak French freely, and be at home in French life. We did much swimming, rowing on the Liane, picnicking and walking about the country. We learned dancing of the famous Delplanque, and saw something of French ways. The market-place then was indeed a picturesque sight, round the old Church of St. Nicolas, and the fisherman world was in its glory.

The year 1847 was the date of the great "Panic" in the City and mercantile failures, which my father foresaw as the inevitable result of the frantic railway mania. We had planned a visit to Normandy to Mrs. Lawrence. We stayed at Havre at the Hotel Frascati, and enjoyed the fun of landing and the scramble and yelling of the *commissionnaires.* Having been twice for six weeks at Boulogne in previous years, this did not seem so unexpected. Havre was then a picturesque old seventeenth-century city. How different it seemed when I saw it again, in 1855, when we went to Trouville, and still more in 1882, when we were at Sainte Adresse. Our visit to the Dessaix family was deeply interesting and instructive. It was in the age of Louis Philippe, before the railroads and the vast changes produced by the Empire and modern steam industry. Normandy was a real *province* — everything was essentially *local.* The costumes of the people (even in Caen) were antique—all women under the class of the thriving bourgeoise wore the *lace* caps, and the market of Caen would show many hundreds in

a morning. We used to go out marketing with old Marie, the cook, who took her basket and drove hard bargains. Madame's house in Caen was a comfortable old stone building.

M. Gervais, her brother-in-law, was one of the leading barristers at Caen, and had published historical works. He came of an evening, and read Molière and Racine to the family. There was a good garden, and the gardener was a bit of an artist. He drew admirably, and probably became a painter. We took out our cricket bats and balls and played cricket in the meadows, to the astonishment and contempt of the Caen youth. One young Englishman at the College joined in, and we soon taught the gardener to play cricket. He was strong, very active, and had a wonderful eye. I remember now my surprise and disgust when he cut my round-arm "bailers" to square leg!

We attended the Prize-day at the College, and were amused and scandalised to see big boys accept honorary *wreaths* of bay as rewards! It seemed to us rather a humbugging and formal business. We were taught to dive in the river (Oise) by a brutal master, who made us jump feet foremost stiff and upright off a plank at least ten feet above the river. The sensation was one of real choking. We felt as if we *never* should come to the surface again. But it made us cease to fear being under water. Madame had a country house near the coast about twelve miles off, which was rather a chilly place, where we occasionally drove and ate oysters.

After leaving Caen we went to stay at Villars-Bocage, visited Bayeux and Château d'Harcourt, and saw much of the country and the various Dessaix family. Picard was *notaire* of Villars, and the others were yeomen farmers, lawyers, doctors, agents, and miscellaneous middle-class country people. We were taken about from one family to

another and entertained. Madame was a rich and childless widow, advanced in life, and delicate. To the Dessaix she seemed a millionaire, and as my father was her sole trustee and confidential agent, we were the guests of honour.

I suppose few people in England have ever had such an opportunity as I had of seeing the provincial and family life of old France in the first half of the nineteenth century. I spoke French fluently, and as I had spent two autumns before in France, I was quite at home with all the habits and fashions of the country; so that I was free to *observe* thoughtfully, and I did observe. Often Madame would say, "What is that Frédéric thinking about behind his eyes?" She did not at all like my inquisitive and reserved habit. I did not speak much; I listened. The impression still left on my mind is, first, of the strong *provincial and traditional* style of life in Normandy—the great simplicity and absence of all pretension; the sense of *equality* between all ranks; the passion for saving, with an absence of any respect for wealth; the perfectly conservative and humdrum air of life in the province. We were seven or eight weeks in France, stopped at Havre, Caen, Bayeux, Rouen, Dieppe, and I cannot remember the slightest allusion to politics, national or social, or a single sign of any interest in public things. And yet it was within four months of the revolution which overthrew the Monarchy.

During this visit to Normandy I read a good deal of history (in French), and got a taste for archaeology. Monsieur Gervais gave me his *Histoire des Ducs de Normandie*, and Madame had a tolerable library. She presented me with the classical books her husband had used at Christ Church. I read several local histories, and particularly studied the Bayeux Tapestry. The large

quarto history of the Conquest that I read (Augustin Thierry) had a good drawing of the whole of the Tapestry, and this I copied in pencil carefully page by page. I afterwards went to Bayeux, and there very thoroughly examined the original. I can remember to this day my vivid impression of William opening his visor to show that he was alive, and Harold with his axe. I may say that my earliest interest in history dates from this visit and all I saw.

Fortunately we chanced to meet at Caen the Rev. W. Hayes, then second master, in charge of the Lower Sixth at King's College. He was a very competent antiquarian, greatly interested in architecture. I distinctly remember his early lessons. He took myself and Lawrence, my brother who was named after Madame's husband, long walks and drives, lecturing on architecture. He explained the Norman style, and we thoroughly examined the Abbaye-aux-Hommes, the Abbaye-aux-Dames, St. Pierre, St. Nicolas, etc., and we made expeditions to Falaise and all the neighbouring villages and towns. I remember my doubts, and even ridicule, when Hayes told us on the first morning that the Church of St. Pierre was thirteenth and fourteenth century, but that the ornaments of the apse, as seen from the river, were much later—sixteenth century. I said to Lawrence, "How can he know that?" At the end of a week I could myself perfectly distinguish the eleventh and twelfth centuries from the thirteenth and fourteenth, and that from the sixteenth and seventeenth, and I wondered how I could have been blind to the enormous difference. We soon set up a craze for "Norman" work, and as Hayes left with us some guide-books and architectural handbooks, we quickly got hold of the principles of the epochs, and gained an enthusiasm for antiquities. We knew that in every village a

bit of Norman or Early Pointed work could be found, and we ransacked the villages and almost every farm to discover them.

We afterwards went back to Havre, and thence up the Seine, stopping at Lillebonne to see the Roman amphitheatre, Caudebec with its flamboyant church, and Rouen. At Rouen we stayed three days, and I thoroughly explored it, and studied the Cathedral, St. Ouen, St. Maclou, and the painted glass of St. Patrice. Happily, in 1847 the "restorers" had not begun to destroy. I saw the portals of the Cathedral in their noble decay, as Ruskin drew them in the *Seven Lamps.* I also saw the old wooden carved house fronts along the river, as the new quay was not built. The smoke of factory chimneys was moderate. We also went up to the new church on the hill, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, then hardly finished, and talked with the enthusiastic curé, who had raised it by a life of begging. I felt it a poor thing after the Cathedral and St. Ouen. We also saw the Bourgthéroulde, etc., and I may say made a really architectural visit to Rouen. We came home by Dieppe, driving in the Malle Poste in the *banquette* from Rouen to Dieppe, through that fine Seine valley country, and enjoyed it hugely. Dieppe was a picturesque old seventeenth-century port, with no great building on the Plage. Altogether my Norman trip gave me a permanent zest for history, antiquities, and architecture, and made me something of a student of Norman work.

As I began the serious study of mediaeval architecture at fifteen, and kept it up through life, I thought it a little hard of Ruskin to chide me, when I was forty-five, for "chattering about traceries," as he did in *Fors Clavigera,* Letter 67 (1876).

I become a Scholar and Monitor

Before the end of 1847 I was sixteen, and I think this was the time when I began to think, and to have a serious interest in history, theology, poetry, and art. And I suppose I must have been something of a scholar by this time, as I won the Wadham College scholarship in June 1848, and I won the King's College scholarship (£30 per annum for three years) in this autumn. Some time in 1847 I became second monitor of the Sixth, and thus next in the school list after M. H. Irving, so that I was one of the two monitors for the years 1847-1849. I cannot say that in these years I learned very much new. We had *weekly examinations*, and were placed by marks, and we acquired a most abnormal and mischievous habit of cramming up—say a play of Aeschylus, or a book of Tacitus, in a few nights of hard work, and of ingeniously parading our knowledge and concealing our ignorance in answering examination questions. Irving would sit up all night and finish a play of Aeschylus that he had never read, and I acquired a wretched instinct for writing plausible examination "answers." None of us did any regular day work. We read a good deal of poetry, discussed politics and theology, debated the character of Cromwell and Mary Queen of Scots, and wrote essays and poetry for the Magazine.

During these years at King's College School I got a miscellaneous interest in literature, a turn for Latin verse and prose, a knack of translating and for English composition, and a confirmed habit of reading what amused me and of wasting time in vague dreaming. I was naturally a zealous Tory, and defended Charles I. and Mary Queen of Scots, and the Crusaders, and I thought democrats

and infidels the pests of society. I was a mild and convinced High Churchman. Charles Cookson was a Tractarian, and tried to take me to early service at Wells Street, St. Andrew's, which my father forbade. I listened to the Church rhapsodies of H. P. Liddon, Alfred Bailey, and C. Cookson, and took it in a diluted form. Cookson tried to make me an out-and-out Wordsworthian, and Rolfe tried to make me a hot Byronian. But I took both in a sort of moderate "culture," with the *virus* eliminated. I rather inclined to Pope, Goldsmith, and Gray, and I knew the poetry in the *Elegant Extracts* almost by heart.

The year 1848 was a memorable year on the Continent, and a important year for me.

In February took place the revolution in Paris, which extinguished—and finally—the Orleans Monarchy. It gratified me to find that the 28th of February, the day of Louis Philippe's flight, was the *Regifugium* at Rome, the anniversary of the expulsion of the Tarquins. It was a wonderful time: every few days came in news of another revolution, another capital in the hands of the people, covered with barricades, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome—then the toppling of dynasties, and the popular assemblies, and finally the 10th of April and the Chartist excitement. The 10th of April was to us at school a holiday and a day of fun. The "Special Constables" amused us. We betted whether or not bloodshed would occur, and disputed whether the stabbing of a policeman's horse was a case of "bloodshed." The west end of Paddington, where we lived (in Oxford Square), was made a sort of afternoon promenade. Gentlemen in silk hats (with staves) took the place of the police, and ladies in gay dresses walked about the squares and chatted with them. I cannot remember that any one about us felt any anxiety or thought the thing serious. We did not know

till long afterwards that the Government and the Duke of Wellington had taken serious precautions and had massed artillery in position. To us schoolboys it was a picnic or bank holiday. We hugely enjoyed calling out the man-servant (who was special constable) by a sham order to quell the riot, and witnessing his premature declaration to a housemaid to marry her "if he came back alive." I daresay that my insensibility to the grave events which filled that year of revolution was very singular and wrong. I took a lively interest in it all. I thought about it, and can distinctly remember the thrill of hearing of such things as the flight of the Pope, the Hungarian rebellion, and the street fighting in Paris of February and June, but I did not take up any definite view of right and wrong, or causes or principles. I watched it as if it had been a tragedy on the stage. Gradually, I think it led me to peel off what remained of monarchical and aristocratic prejudice, to think it a just fate if the absolute dynasties tumbled down, and to hope for a better future from the popular movement.

In the June of 1848 I went up to try for the Wadham scholarship. It was at the instance of Richard Bethell (Lord Westbury), my father's and mother's early friend—who had been himself Scholar and Fellow of Wadham. As we travelled to Oxford we read the accounts of the terrible bloodshed in the streets of Paris in the June insurrection of Faubourg St. Antoine. I had several friends at Oxford,—Alfred Bailey and H. P. Liddon at Christ Church; Batty, Postmaster of Merton; Maurice Day, Scholar of University, and Hugh Bacon of Trinity, etc. I enjoyed Oxford, liked the parties, thought Ben Symons a pompous "old Guy," took the papers very easily, and treated the whole affair as a holiday. To my great surprise, I found myself elected third, with Dalby and Andrew (both since

dead). As I still wanted nearly four months of seventeen, it was resolved to postpone my matriculation until the Easter following, and my residence until October 1849. This was my first connection with the College, which has now (in 1910) lasted sixty-two years—and on the foundation of which I was from 1848 to 1870, and in 1899 I was restored to it as Honorary Fellow. Irving got the Balliol scholarship in the November of this year, and I think Dymes, Shepard, Cookson, Price, Fleay, Gibson, and other contemporaries of mine in the Sixth at King's College School, about the same time got scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge.

The summer holiday of 1848 was spent at Southsea, where we did much boating. We had a small yawl about 17 feet long, kept by a capable seaman (Hodgkinson). I got to enjoy this kind of open boating, and could handle her fairly well. We sometimes sailed out beyond the Nab, even in half a gale, and well round off Ventnor and Freshwater. We played cricket and swam—I once swam a mile with the tide off Southsea beach, etc. I remember our runs up Southampton Water and Portsmouth Roads; the visit to the old "Victory," and to the guardship—a three-decker with 74 guns (muzzle-loading), full masts and yards, and some 800 men. I have seen at Spithead the naval reviews of 1856, 1887, and 1897, and that at Sheerness in 1909; and I can remember the British ships and building sheds and docks of 1848. In these sixty years there has taken place what I suppose is the most amazing transformation in naval armoury that has ever taken place in the history of war. Steam, steel-plates, shells, low decks, enormous cannon, torpedoes, entire absence of lofty masts and yards, electric lights and signals, and wireless telegraphy,—all these have come in during the sixty years of my own memory!

From Southsea we made a three days' tour round the Isle of Wight, sleeping at Bonchurch and Freshwater, which greatly delighted me. It was there, at the age of sixteen, that I began to find one of the purest and most abiding enjoyments of life to be in the study of a noble country, especially one amidst mountains, downs, and rocky seashores.

In April of that year I was matriculated at Wadham, being then just seventeen and a half years old, but I continued at the school (not doing much good, I fear) until July. In leaving I got the first prize for the English Essay—a comparison of the reign of Edward III. and that of Elizabeth, which contained, I think, much commonplace with some "tall" writing of the Macaulay style. My prizes —the *Anthologia Oxoniensis* and Milman's illustrated edition of *Horace*—I enjoyed and studied. I appeared regularly in the School recitations in July, and my father, I find, carefully kept some of the bills and programmes. By these I seem to have recited Shakespeare (*Julius Caesar*, both of the famous dialogues of Brutus and Cassius), Virgil, Aristophanes, and Schiller's *Wallenstein* and *Jungfrau von Orleans*, in which I appeared as Jeanne d'Arc. I also remember that "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!" was a striking Ode. But I am sure that as actor I was very poor indeed, as I heard my blind uncle say in my presence. These antiquated exhibitions should be given up.[1] I fear that my last year or two at school was mere waste. I am sure that when boy or man find themselves at the top and without rivals, repeating old studies without new interest, the result is depressing and worthless. I played a good deal of cricket, was bowler and then, I think, captain of the Eleven,

[1] The Cassius to my Brutus, I notice, in 1847, was Richard Bethell, afterwards the second Lord Westbury—then a clever and not very bad boy. In 1848 it was (Sir) Charles Cookson, my oldest friend.

and once, playing against Merchant Taylors' School, hit an 8 at Lord's, without overthrow. But I never got the least idea of scientific cricket in my life. It was not quite understood in the 'forties, and at our London day school we had no regular training. We were simply healthy schoolboys enjoying ourselves—a much better thing than that when lads are coached by "pros" to turn out "blues."

The Highlands in 1849

July, August, and September.

This long vacation in 1849 we made a tour in the Highlands, spending six weeks at Dunoon, and exploring the Clyde Lochs, Arran, etc., all round, then touring up the Western Highlands to Oban and by canal to Inverness, thence to Dunkeld, Perth, Edinburgh, and York. This was one of the most important tours of my life, for it gave me a passion for the sea, mountains, and lochs. We went by sea from the Thames to Edinburgh, thence to Glasgow, and took the house of Miss Park at Dunoon. She was a niece of Mungo Park, the traveller; her house stood then nearly alone in a garden, half a mile from the West Bay. I saw it again in 1897, surrounded by new buildings. The Clyde then, a few miles below Glasgow, was a picturesque river. After passing Greenock the scenery became beautiful. None of the endless ranges of sea-side towns existed. There were a few good houses in parks and modest-looking towns scattered along the shore. I remember the steamer passing into Holy Loch on an exquisite sunny day. Not a sign of human habitation could be seen. I thought it was the very ideal of mountain solitude. And when I saw it again in 1897—it was like Herne Bay and Margate! Dunoon was in 1849 a

small town with a few hundred houses and half a dozen villas in gardens within a mile or two. The Holy Loch was absolutely without so much as a byre or a hut, and there were hardly ten houses between Dunoon and Rothesay. We hugely enjoyed the moors, the lochs, and the sea. We walked over every moor; they were all perfectly free and open. I don't think there were three miles of *wall* within a walk of Dunoon. We sailed and fished and rowed in the Clyde. We manned a four-oared galley to Holy Loch regatta; we bathed and swam, rode horses till they fell lame, and climbed Goatfell, Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis, sailed round Arran, up Loch Long, and knew by heart every corner of that coast. *Eheu! quantum mutata!* In my boyhood it was redolent of Rob Roy and Vich Ian Vohr.

After six weeks at Dunoon we made the tour by the lakes to Oban, *via* Loch Lomond and Inveraray. Thence to Staffa and Iona and round Mull; ascended Ben Nevis, not reaching the top till sunset! and coming down in the dark at 3 A.M. —a very nasty scramble in the night. Crinan Canal to Inverness. Thence to Blair Atholl, Dunkeld, Perth, Loch Leven, Abbotsford, Edinburgh. We saw everything, and enjoyed it all. I became possessed with the love of nature and beautiful landscape, and the passion for climbing hills, rocks, and being free in vast solitudes, which has never left me through life. I remember writing in the train at night a poem to that effect—the last, I think, of my spontaneous rhymes.

Education and Public Schools

As this book is an account of my own experiences of life—my judgment of the men and things I knew more than half a century ago—I pause for

a considered estimate of the systems of education, habits, and methods then in vogue. My reminiscences of the private day school at which I passed my tenth to my twelfth year convince me that the system of the larger preparatory public school now in fashion is thoroughly vicious and wasteful. We learned as much in two years as they now learn in five. And the learning was in itself a delight, instead of a task, an imposition, a struggle.

Wherein is the difference? First, no barrack system is good for children of nine, ten, and eleven. Next, young boys require individual care and separate attention; and schools of forty, fifty, and sixty young creatures, boy or girl, can only be taught in platoons on a drill-sergeant type. Lastly, the "preparatory" schools are closely drilled, not to teach or to train, but to cram the scholars to the regulation pattern, so that they may win prizes at the particular "public school" to which they are attached. They do win prizes; but the result is artificial and mentally corroding. The schools do not strengthen and fill the mind. They only turn out the given pattern.

As to the "public school" system, I hold it to be a failure. My own experience is that of a large London day school, which avoids much of the evil of the public boarding-school. In my own case the conditions were favourable, all the more that the *curriculum* of King's College School in the 'forties was not yet crystallised into a regulation drill, had little direct connection with the Universities, and was very mildly tinged with the modern "pot-hunting" craze to win prizes. The system was so far good that there was very little system at all; and, though idleness was not encouraged or even condoned, we had ample freedom to improve our minds in our own ways.

The practice of Latin and Greek composition—

which may be made in a few students a useful method of mastering the language—is unpardonable folly when made compulsory on boys indiscriminately. I have known boys spend whole nights of pain and weariness in concocting a few Elegiacs or Iambics. For my own part, I wrote at school immense quantities of Latin verse and prose, in which I took delight, and which I composed with ease and volubility on a vicious plan. But I know no hours of my life which have been more wantonly wasted.

I do not say this of the careful study of the Latin and Greek classics, with minute attention to the niceties of syntax and phrasing. For certain minds, and for all purposes of minute mastery of the subtleties of language, the analysis of Latin and Greek poetry is a training of supreme value. Whether Latin and Greek, after a trial of a year or two, should be compulsory on all schools, is quite another thing. And I doubt if a third, or even one half of public schoolboys get any good out of it. The committing to memory, as we did, all the Odes of Horace and books of the *Aeneid* is not only sheer waste of mental power, but a positive distortion of the memory. To this day I can repeat, after more than sixty years, whole poems of Latin verse, as to which, even from the first, I quite forgot the meaning, and had automatically fitted on new meaning. I was very nearly plucked in my Little-Go in Horace, because, though I knew the Odes by heart, I had got a habit of putting a different sense on the familiar sounds.

As to the discipline of "public schools," something may be said, especially by those who calmly ignore all its secret evils. "Discipline," bad as it is, is perhaps better than nothing at all. And undoubtedly, a certain manliness and man-of-the-

world-ness is bred at the best public schools. But it is a training mainly in the rigid caste-system on which British society is based. And if it teaches boys to be "gentlemen" towards their social equals, it rarely teaches them to be either generous or just to those who are poorer than themselves. The great public schools train up the sons of the well-born and the wealthy to regard themselves from boyhood as born to be the natural officers and captains in the army of the nation. The masses, called the "lower classes," are naturally "privates" in the ranks. And this organising in social grades is recognised as the bond of English society. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and half a dozen more public schools are really the nidus out of which is bred our present aristocratic conservatism in Church and State. The entire prelacy, civil and military service, governments, army and navy, and even literary potentates issue out of these seminaries, which are the true keystone of British society. And as I cannot attribute either divine origin or celestial inspiration to that society, I do not regard the public school system as an infallible nursery of morals or an indispensable academy of enlightenment.

My own observation leads me to believe that open-minded lads living in a great city, and in a cultivated and genial home, will have their minds expanded in a normal way at a quiet day school, under the roof of parents who know their duty and are able to fulfil it. From the hour they go to a regulation boarding-school, their brains dry up under the pressure to force them into the "pattern." The strong natures and original brains refuse to be pressed into pattern. They become school rebels and wastrels, and are usually sent off (more or less decorously) as "undesirables." The same refrigeration of the brain usually continues

at the University, which has "cold chambers" of its own for a large proportion of undergraduates. They naturally take to athletics, mischief, sink into a pass, go off to their life-work without taking a degree.

I do not forget or undervalue the good physical and even moral effect of games at school. But the way in which at public schools compulsory games are forced on boys without regard to health is criminal folly. A boy in my own family was incapacitated for sixteen months by being forced to run five miles whilst not recovered from influenza. A relation of my own was ordered to play football or leave the school, though his medical attendant certified it to be dangerous, owing to a weak heart. And I know a case where a schoolboy was ruined for life because, in a compulsory run, he had fallen and had concussion of the brain. Instead of being nursed in perfect quiet whilst he remained unconscious, he was chucked into a fly by the master and driven six miles. He lived, but was a confirmed idiot. I am quite aware that cricket, football, and perhaps rowing and swimming could not reach the high point they now have but for our public school play-ground. Cricket I recognise in particular as imparting a really fine discipline. And having been captain of a school Eleven myself, and afterwards bowler to the College Eleven, and having been given all my life to boating, swimming, riding, tennis, and mountaineering—golf is too slow a sport for me even in my old age—I am not the man to disparage any genuine outdoor exercise. But the extravagant value set on games to-day is a national disease. It degrades our whole standard of manly excellence. It has brutalised our manners and ruined our tastes and habits. And when the feats of girls and schoolboys at golf or at hockey are paraded

in whole columns of respectable journals, one thinks the nation is rapidly descending to be a race of drivelling vulgarians. As to every form of "sport"—fox-hunting, shooting, stalking, coursing, fishing, or any other mode of killing vertebrate animals, it has, ever since my childhood, been to me a matter of acute loathing. In this I am of the sect of the Indian Jains, whose religion forbids them to kill any living thing. I am no vegetarian, and I regard a professional butcher as a respectable tradesman; but, for myself, I should shrink from putting to death any vertebrate creature for my own amusement.

I have in more than one essay or book expressed all the contempt I feel for the barbarous folly called "sport." Few men have enjoyed nature more than I have throughout these seventy years, or have trodden more moors and "forests," and climbed more mountains in England, Wales, Scotland, France, Pyrenees, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Greece. But to tell us that the slaughter of brutes is a mode of coming closer to nature is a silly untruth. My young terrier thirsts to slay every living thing he can get near—birds, rodents, snakes, insects—even a slow-worm or a house fly. This bloody little beast really seems a less inhuman animal than some "sportsmen," whose only care in life is to show a big "bag."

APPENDIX A TO CHAPTER I

FAMILY HISTORY

This note of personal and family history was written in 1882, to satisfy any curiosity my descendants might have. But as a whole generation has already passed there is no need to delay its appearance. It can have little interest for the general reader, who is invited to skip it and pass to the next chapter. Relations

and close friends can refer to it if they feel any inclination to learn authentic facts of the obscure and respectable clan of Harrison — whom Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera* declared to be descended from a certain Holothurian Harris. "Be this as it may"—to use the euphemism of the heralds, we do not claim an origin more ancient than the tertiary age.

I was born in London on the 18th of October 1831, at noon (as is carefully entered by my father in the great quarto Prayer-book in my possession), in the parish of St. Pancras.

My father,[1] Frederick Harrison, was the sixth son of John Harrison of No. 9 Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, by his second wife, Anna Maria Gatehouse of Leominster, Herefordshire, and of Welsh descent, John Harrison being the younger son of John Harrison of the Stocking Farm, Leicestershire, yeoman farmer. My father was born on the 23rd of September 1799 (exactly a hundred years ago),[2] and having been originally brought up as an architect, went early into the firm of R. and W. Hichens, stock-brokers, at the age of seventeen. He married my mother on the 23rd of October 1829 (ætat. 30), at St. Pancras Church.

My mother[3] was Jane Brice, daughter of Alexander Brice of Belfast, and afterwards of Milbank, London, who had married Elizabeth Johnson, sister of Alderman John Johnson, Lord Mayor in 1845-1846. Brice was partner with the Johnsons as granite merchants. The Johnsons, like the Brices, were Irish from Ulster, Protestants, and of Scottish origin.

My father and mother, on their marriage, lived for two years with Mrs. Brice, her mother, then a widow, in Euston Square, at what was then No. 17 (and may be now), on the north-east side. Their first child, Frederic Robert, born November 1830, died an infant (at four months) in March of 1831. I thus became the eldest survivor of six children.

My mother, I think, grieved deeply for the loss of her first-born, but she never in my recollection spoke much, or very sadly, of him, though, as I succeeded to his silver christening mug which bore (and bears still) the cypher F. R. H. instead of F. H., it had to be explained to my earliest infancy that I was the eldest,

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[1] The family portrait in my possession (given to me by my mother by her will) contained portraits of my grandmother, Mrs. John Harrison; of my father, at the age of ten, and of my uncle William, the father of my wife, at the age of four. It was painted by my uncle, John Harrison, a distinguished pupil of Lawrence, P.R.A., about the year 1810. This is in a peculiar sense a *family* portrait.

[2] The portrait of my father was painted by Des Anges in 1854, ætat. 55. My replica is a copy executed by Darent Harrison, in 1900, under my suggestion, and from his own reminiscences. It is a better likeness than the original.

[3] The portrait of my mother (by Des Anges) was painted for me on my attaining twenty-one, *i.e.* in 1852, my mother being then forty-five.

but not the first-born. This, according to a theory of mine, is good fortune. There are in ordinary families, quite apart from titles and estates, certain, perhaps inevitable, advantages reserved to the eldest son. He has the first unutterable and inexplicable thoughts and affections of his parents, which can never be absolutely repeated in the same passionate way with succeeding sons. I have myself been conscious of some special thought being given to the eldest, though neither my father nor I myself ever dreamed of making a difference, or of harbouring a preference. Still, the world agrees that an eldest son has a slight *moral* prerogative. The first-born certainly has no *physical* prerogative. Very much the reverse. There is strong physiological evidence that a first child is often delicate. I often fancy that the eldest son by survival gains all the moral advantages which fall to the eldest son and escapes the physical disadvantages which sometimes affect the first-born.

My father's elaborate Account Book gives every penny of his expenditure in the year of my birth. The total expenditure was only £600, independent of my father's personal expenditure and Life Insurance, and that notwithstanding two excursions to the seaside, in March, in June and July, for my mother's health, and the death of one baby and the birth of another.

My father, one of the most economical and abstemious of men, laid down wine in that year to the amount of £110—one-sixth of his income—though the excursions to Brighton for many weeks only cost £40, and Mrs. Harrison, Baby (me!), and Doctor cost £63. Rent and taxes were £152. One of the most singular things in these old accounts is the enormous proportion of wine [1]—quite as much in actual figures as my wine bill to-day—and the moderate cost of a journey to Brighton (of course without any railway), and of lodgings. Bread, coals, wine—cost twice what they cost to-day. The baby's funeral cost £8 : 8s., and the accouchement of me (!) cost £5 : 5s. I was duly christened in the Parish Church of St. Pancras on 29th December 1831. My godfather was Robert Hichens, my father's partner, a man who devoted no small part of his time and his fortune to the High Church movement, and who exercised a great influence over my father's own mind, for he was a man of strong character, much acumen, and not a little ecclesiological learning. I was thus early attuned to that interest in Church matters which I have never altogether lost, for Robert Hichens, whose sons became leading Churchmen, kept me supplied with volumes of divinity. My other godfather, Sir J. Cowan, was a wine merchant, I believe, and Lord Mayor of

[1] This was evidently a business outlay, as the firm made constant and large investments for great wine merchants.

London in 1837-1838.[1] As this is something of an autobiography (not that these trifles can have any value out of my own family), I will here put down a few notes on what I happen to remember about my birth, parentage, and external life. Biographers, I remark, never omit to give the exact day and month of these events, which, however important to the subject of their memoir, are of little importance to the world. I will imitate the practice, as patiently as if I were a conscientious chronicler recording the life of a deceased person of note. It may amuse my boys forty years hence. If our forefathers for two or three generations had done the same, it would be well worth reading.

I was the eldest—I say—of five surviving sons of Frederick and Jane Harrison. My father was one of the younger sons of one John Harrison, a large builder and contractor, I believe, in London; who, I am told, was contractor, architect, and builder of some part of Bryanston Square and of Carlton House Terrace, and who, I think, like many contractors, got into difficulties in building speculations at the close of his life; and he was also the builder of Harrison Street, Gray's Inn. He lived in No. 9 Berkeley Street, Berkeley Square, where my father was born and brought up, a house which, when I was a boy and young man, was the home of my uncle and aunt. The house was at the (then) north corner of the street, overlooking the garden of Devonshire House, and was sold by my aunt to Louis Napoleon about 1847.[2] My rare visits to London were usually passed in this house, during my life at Muswell Hill, and it remained my one recollection of town-house life.

John Harrison, my grandfather, was a younger son of a large family of yeomen farmers near Leicester. I know almost nothing about them, but I gather that they were a sturdy, energetic race, of strong Biblical spirit and hard nature. A certain John Harrison, my great-grandfather, came to own and to farm a not inconsiderable estate, I have heard, round Leicester; and one of his descendants is stated to be Lord of the Manor of Belgrave, near Leicester, in the directories. John, having gone

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[1] Sir John Cowan, Bart., Lord Mayor 1837-1838; on Queen's Accession entertained her at Guildhall, 9th November 1837. My grandmother, Mrs. Brice, was the intimate friend and companion at the Mansion House of Lady Cowan, and at the Guildhall Banquet she was taken in by and sat next to Lord J. Russell, then Home Secretary. She was also much at the Mansion House during the Mayoralty of her brother, Alderman John Johnson, 1845-1846, and she was never tired of entertaining us with Mansion House stories. During the Mayoralty of my great-uncle I was frequently at the Mansion House banquets and entertainments. It amused my friends, who laughed at my becoming an Alderman of the London County Council in 1889, to tell them that my aldermanic associations began forty years before.

[2] It was, I believe, for some time the house in which he installed Mrs. Howard. It was afterwards sold to Mr. Money Wigram.

to seek his fortune in London, became, like all his descendants, a townsman. My father can remember a visit he paid to his aunt as a lad (that would be about 1820), when he found his uncle and cousins country farmers in education and habits. My father used to tell us that his father, John Harrison, when his health gave way, returned to his brothers at Leicester, and there died and was buried. My father was taken to see his father's grave and monument, and had a theological discussion with his Calvinist aunt as to the meaning of justification by faith. I cannot say that my family in Leicestershire has ever concerned me an instant. There are thousands of Harrisons in those northern counties; and I am supremely indifferent as to which of them I belong to. If a genealogist could trace me any family connection with the stout Ironside and grim martyr who died for the Commonwealth at Charing Cross, I should be grateful. It would be the one gleam of hereditary respectability which could give me any interest.

So I wrote in 1882. But alas! Professor Firth of Oxford has long since proved that General Thomas Harrison (whom King Charles I., when his prisoner, so much admired as a splendid figure of a soldier) left no descendants, and the myth that the two Harrisons, Presidents of the United States of America, could trace their origin to him has broken down. And with the myth my vague but pious hope that he might have been amongst my own ancestors.

But now my cousin, George Lovell Harrison, who is a genealogist and herald of no little learning, whilst occupied in tracing his own maternal ancestry to the ancient family of Lovell of Oxfordshire, has been good enough to supply me with some notes as to the Harrisons of Leicester. He writes that on the north wall of All Saints Church in Leicester is a monumental tablet to John Harrison, my grandfather, who was born in 1748 and died in 1814.[1]

The Stocking Farm, as marked on the Ordnance Map (sheet

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[1] SACRED
To the Memory of
John Harrison Esq
of Berkeley Street, London.
Born at the Stocking Farm
near Leicester, A.D. 1748.
Died the 31st day of March, 1814
Aged 66 years.
"The just shall live by Faith." Heb. x. 38.
Also John Harrison of the
Stocking Farm, Nephew of the Above
John Harrison
Who departed this Life
The 8th day of October, 1836,
In the 59th year of his Age.

156), is still outside the town, but only about three miles from the centre of Leicester. It stands north of the town, between the old Abbey Estate and Belgrave. According to Nicholls's *Leicestershire* (vol. i. p. 276), it was, with Stocking Wood, part of the Manor of Leicester Abbey, where Wolsey died, and at the Dissolution of the Monasteries passed to the Northampton family, and was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing Lord Chancellor.

Extracts from the parish registers kindly sent me by my cousin George show that this John Harrison, my grandfather (1748-1814), was the son of John Harrison of the Stocking Farm, who was born 1714, and died 1788, aged seventy-four. He was buried at St. Margaret's, as was his wife Hannah, who died in the same year at the same age. This second John Harrison was the son of a third John Harrison, born 1678 and baptized at St. Margaret's, who was married in 1711 at St. Margaret's to Elizabeth Chapman. This third John Harrison was the son of George Harrison and Dorothea his wife, who was buried at St. Margaret's in 1739. He was the son of another George Harrison, baptized at St. Margaret's in 1627, who was the son of William Harrison, born in 1590. This takes the Harrisons of Leicester back to the time of Elizabeth, which is quite good enough for me, and a great deal more than I should care to go back, but for the notes of my genealogical cousin.

My father on his visit to Leicester as a young man, found his uncle Henry a thriving and old-fashioned yeoman farmer of considerable estate round Leicester. He owned land on the battlefield of Bosworth, and showed his nephew a meadow of 70 acres, rich enough to feed a beast per acre. He died unmarried, at the age of seventy-six, in 1830, and was buried in Belgrave Church, leaving large property in land to his nephews, but cutting out the children of his elder brother John, my grandfather. They were all very sore, but as they and their father had chosen to seek their fortunes in London, and had cut all connection with Leicester and farming, they had no ground for complaint.

I am told, but of this I know nothing, that, as Leicester grew and extended its area, the farm land of the Harrisons became immensely valuable and realised great sums. The Newfoundpool and the Belgrave estates are now covered with new streets. Harrison Road and Harrison Street at Belgrave, Martin Street, and Marfitt Street, bear family names. Isaac Harrison of Newfoundpool was High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1873. His son, another Isaac, by Elizabeth Martin of Ely, married Mary, daughter of George Marfitt of Northallerton, and has a son, Isaac Frank, born 1884. The second Isaac is stated to be now Lord of the Manor of Belgrave, but is of Martlesham, near Woodbridge.

Of all these excellent people, I presume my cousins, I know nothing, except what they tell me is entered in directories. The family of Harrison is very numerous and scattered over many counties, far away from Leicester, the original home of the branch to which I belong. I am told there are still no fewer than seventy Harrisons in the directory of Leicester town, as well as many in Leicestershire, Staffordshire, and Northamptonshire. Peace to the manes of our respectable but modest clan. I feel no responsibility for them; and I am sure that few of them would care to be responsible for me.

The Stocking Farm, near Leicester, is now being taken by the Corporation to work the Small Holdings Act; and I am told by another of our Leicester cousins that "John Harrison of the Stocking Farm was renowned as the best farmer of his day that the county of Leicester could boast." This present John Harrison, F.R.Hort.Soc., etc., has treasured in his possession a tablet taken from an old house, which is engraved

J. H. 1764.

This John Harrison was my own great-grandfather, who was born in 1714, in the reign of Queen Anne. Thus it takes but four generations to cover nearly two centuries back to the dynasty of the Stuarts.

Some time about 1770, our grandfather, John Harrison, a young man of parts and ambition, gave up farming and country life and came to London to make his fortune. From that time he broke off all connection with his rural relations until he returned to Leicester, in the year of his death. He and his two sons became architects; his eldest son, John, was a painter of much power. Nearly twelve of his descendants or nephews have been painters or architects, as are my own eldest and youngest sons. Whilst the principal branch of the Harrisons of Leicestershire stuck to their land and ultimately amassed fortunes by selling it for building, the John Harrison branch became Londoners, and devoted themselves to Law and Art.

My father, who had been brought up at Mr. Stedman's school at Streatham, and had begun training as an architect, went into business in the City at the age of seventeen. He early became a partner in the firm of leading stockbrokers, Robert and William Hichens and Frederick Harrison, who ultimately became, I suppose, one of the first firms in the profession, by their wealth, character, and business relations. My father, by whose energy, prudence, and unwearied industry this great business had been created, had for many years but a very moderate share in the profits; but he ultimately became the senior partner, placed his two sons in it, and retired with a very considerable fortune.

Of him, and of his great qualities of heart and character, his inexhaustible energy and thoughtfulness, his intense devotion to my mother and to us, his sense of justice, uprightness, and social

duty, I shall say but little here. Still less, shall I attempt to put in words all I feel for those other living ones dear to me, whose love and whose fine natures every effort of memory recalls to me in so vivid a light. These few recollections of mine are no autobiography of my life for the world. I am seeking only to put down a few things that I can remember about events and persons of some general interest. My letters will give a better knowledge, to those who have the right to see them, of all I owe and of all I have felt towards the intimate sharers of my family life.

Of my beloved mother, still living (1882), and long I trust yet to be spared to us, I will say no more than that, if my father was the most judicious and self-devoted of fathers, so she was the most conscientious and loving of mothers. They carried care for their children's true welfare to the furthest possible point, to a point where perhaps it absorbed and superseded other social duties. They lived for us; nor can I remember a single case in my life, in which our happiness and comfort was not studiously preferred to theirs. I can recall now how every step in our lives was the result of the most anxious reflection and study on their part. When I was taken to a preparatory school, and thence to King's College, and afterwards to Oxford, it was my father who went himself to place me, who made every inquiry that his position enabled him to make, and every provision that his carefully-guarded income permitted, who superintended my outfit to the smallest detail, and watched over my health, my progress, and my character. He and my mother lived wholly for us. They were early impressed with the value of home education, which they consistently carried out in spite of all its sacrifices. They never left their home. I cannot recall a case, till we were all grown men, when my father and mother left home for a visit to friends, even for a single week, nor did they once travel without us, from our earliest to our latest years as boys.

My mother was the only daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Brice. Elizabeth Brice was herself the daughter of an Irishman, Johnson, and intensely Irish in certain points of character. Alexander Brice, her husband, died of the cholera in London at an early age. His widow survived till 1873, when she died at the age of eighty-four. The Johnsons were famous for their longevity. The Alderman died (after an aldermanic career) upwards of seventy; his brother William died over eighty. I can remember old Mrs. Johnson, the mother of all three, at the age of ninety-two. Her mother, an Irish Mrs. Johnson, was said to have lived to ninety-eight, and to have had twenty-four children. We possess a pleasant portrait of her in extreme old age.

My father's family seem to have been no less long-lived. John, his eldest brother, a painter of singular promise, as his portraits show, a pupil of Lawrence, died of cholera in 1832. The eldest of the second family, Edward, died of apoplexy comparatively early, the result probably of an external injury, from which he had long been blind. But the other brothers and sisters of my father nearly all touched or exceeded eighty, without any loss of energy or faculties. My father, struck down by angina pectoris after over-exertion at the age of eighty-one, was a vigorous man with all his senses till within a few days of his death, and could make a perfect architectural drawing, so sound were his eye and hand. His brother Charles died at eighty-four, managing his business keenly to the last. The youngest of the family, my wife's father, still lives (1882), a hearty and sound man, at the age of seventy-eight.

This is really all that I can remember about the family history, and is perhaps far more than any who come after me will trouble themselves to know. I shall try here, as I say, to put down a few of my recollections about public affairs and men of mark, the changes in life, and customs, which I have witnessed, and what might interest people to hear, if they could question me a hundred years hence. I shall seek to describe myself as little as I can, and shall shun mere trivial personalities as far as possible.

APPENDIX B TO CHAPTER I

FIRST STEPS IN LITERATURE

(Written only to amuse my Children)

As I have troubled the world with not a little print, and never could learn the excellent precept, *periturae parcere chartae*, but rather took delight in any kind of prose composition, it may amuse those who come after me if I put down how the habit grew on me, and when and in what way it began. I have had all through life a turn for keeping old memoranda, letters, and drafts; and my father, who fondly hoped his first son would do him credit, had the same turn. And now, as I look through these dusty faded scraps, which often touch me to the quick with tenderness or sadness, I come upon some odd reminders of old days and boyish attempts to express my thoughts. Here are a few specimens, quite "up to sample."

My childish verses at Mr. King's were sent to an indulgent aunt by my father. There was a flying machine even then

(sixty-six years before Wilbur Wright), which aroused my boyish admiration :—

Behold on wafting sails th'Aerial flys !
Like some great bird, as, poised on equal wings
She cuts the liquid air ; the pride of men
By genius raised to its precarious height.

The Missionary

Self-exiled ! from his own dear native isles,
Whose clime is genial and where Nature smiles,
The missionary goes ; his friends and social home
He leaves behind, in foreign lands to roam.

Then comes "The Shipwreck of St. Paul" :—

The air was mild, the sky serene,
The waters gently foam,
No dark or threatening cloud was seen,
When Paul set sail for Rome.

Beyond a certain sense of scansion and rhyme, I suppose the verses were just what any schoolboy of ten turns out when given a subject. I do not remember ever writing verses of any kind for my pleasure, or except for some task ; nor did writing verse ever give me any interest, though writing prose always gave me the same kind of solace which a dog has in gnawing a bone.

When I read Virgil, and was a year or two older, the translations from the *Georgics* and the *Aeneid* are rather less puerile, and certainly are correct :—

(*Georgics* iv. 116-148)

Now were I not so near my labour's close,
Reefing my sails, to steer my bark ashore,
Perchance of fertile gardens I might sing,
What art produces variegated hues,
How Poestum's roses bloom throughout the year,
How endive waves its head o'er crystal streams,
Along whose banks luxuriant parsley springs.

The translation of the famous passage in *Aeneid* vi. 724, is rather better :—

Now first, the heaven, the earth, the stormy main,
The moon's refulgent orb, the sun's bright blaze,
One common spirit guides ; one active mind
Infused throughout the whole, inspires the mass :
Whence springs the race of men, of birds, of beasts,
Of monsters that are bred in ocean's depth.
All these are warmed by a celestial flame,
A vigour born in heaven their frame inspires.

. . . . .

Some are suspended high aloft in air,
Exposed through ages to the stormy winds.
And some amid the whirlpool's boiling waves
Their sins atone ; and some in glowing fire.
So each endures his Manes' torturing power.
At length all relics of this earth effaced,
The joyous spirits, borne through ample space,
In peace enjoy the blest Elysian fields.
And when the course of time hath purged away
The base corruption of this mortal earth,
The unmixed ether of the soul remains,
The essence of that fire which warms the skies.

At any rate, in the Sixth of K.C.S. we knew our Virgil, even if we could not write poetry.

We still had to compose English verse ; and we must at last have got up to Sixth form, and almost to average Newdigate standard. At least I turned up the draft of a school exercise on "The Virgin Martyr," which a fond parent seems to have preserved. It runs in the regulation prize-poem couplets :—

Hear'st thou the seraph-anthem swell on high,
And triumph forth in heav'n-born majesty?
See'st thou the flaming crown that spirits bear,
Which saints have sought, and angels joy to wear?

The Virgin now stands at the Stake :—

In conscious pride she seem'd no mortal birth,
Scarce yet an angel, but far more than Earth.
For fair she seem'd, as when in maiden-throng,
Brightest of that bright band, she led the song ;
Joyous she seem'd, as when in childish bliss
She ran to meet her father's well-loved kiss ;
Fervent, as when inflamed with sacred fire,
In Daphne's grove she struck th' ecstatic lyre :
Then oft, 'neath man's untutored eye, she shrank,
Oft as the frail mimosa blushing sank
Folding its petals—little recked she now
The gaze of thousands on her unveiled brow ;
Now scarcely blushed she, when the wanton air
Played in her locks, and mocked her modest care ;
Upward, her sight, her thoughts, her soul had flown :
She felt upon her brow the martyr-crown :
Once looked she on the raging crowd below,
With mournful pity such as angels know,
And rapt in earnest prayer she bow'd her head,
And shed such tears as dying saints may shed.
Once more she fondly gazed as Heaven's own bride,
Then bowed beneath the steel—and smiled—and died.

I suppose the effort to give birth to these school tasks gave me a rooted distaste for making verse of any kind ; for, I think,

these were the last verses that I ever wrote, except on compulsion. And during the four Newdigates that were open to me at Oxford, I could not bring myself to enter the competition, nor to attempt even a single line. So when my Virgin-Martyr smiled and died, my career as a poet came to a timely end.

It was quite otherwise with prose. Even as a schoolboy, I felt as much delight in writing prose as I felt bored by having to write verse. Tied up in my father's Notes and odds-and-ends, I found, with his note of the occasion, the draft of the Essay which gained me the prize at Midsummer 1849. Alas! it was the year in which Macaulay published the opening of his famous *History*. Of course, a schoolboy with a turn for history gloated over the fascinating pages. And, for my part, it went near to destroying my English for the rest of my life. The good doctor perhaps did not quite recognise the gross imitation of Macaulay's antitheses in my essay, and he gave me the prize. My essay, I see now, was right in substance. It began with an amalgam of Johnsonese and Macaulese:—

> Seldom does the glory of the past cast upon the success of the present a lustre so strong as that which the memory of these two periods reflects upon the English name. These two, more than any others in our history, breathe an invigorating warmth through the breasts of the whole nation.

(The thesis had been: *Is the reign of Edward III. or of Elizabeth the more glorious?*)

It went on:—

> From the philosopher to the peasant—from the man of action to the man of theory—from the warrior to the infant—each turns thither his admiring gaze, either to draw thereout some guide for what is at hand, or to conjure up hopes for what is to come. The statesman in his closet still shapes his maturest counsels after the watchful moderation of Cecil, and the man of war in his tent yet kindles as he recalls the chivalry of the Plantagenet. The Lover of Letters still finds inspiration in the genius of Shakespeare and Bacon; and the Lover of Arts yet bows in wondering adoration beneath the dim religious aisles of Salisbury and of York. So, too, the aged peasant round his hearth warms as he tells of the days of Good Queen Bess; and the child on its mother's lap smiles with vague delight as it lisps the names of Créci and Poitiers.

This was pretty "tall" for a schoolboy, and it would satisfy the most furious Imperialist. It was a crude imitation of Macaulay, not of Ruskin, for the *Seven Lamps* had not been published, and I had not yet read the earlier works. For all my rhodomontade about Créci and Poitiers, I was by no means an arrant Jingo, for I insisted on discriminating between "that

fictitious glory, which dazzles those of later times, as it confounded those of earlier times," and "that true glory, which draws to it the affectionate confidence of those who behold it" —"not that glory which lives in the animosity of a class and the party cry of faction, but that which is enshrined in the breasts of nations and survives in long generations of mankind." History repeats itself; for here was a schoolboy, more than sixty years ago, before Palmerston made his *Civis Romanus* appeal, using language which, but for its grandiloquence, might be found to-day in any "pacifist" journal.

I defined "Glory" thus:—

> That period will be more truly deserving the name of glorious which, by direct and positive effects, entailed upon us the least amount of permanent injuries, and has blessed us with the greatest amount of lasting advantages.

With all my sympathy with Chivalry I seem to have been quite alive to the appalling condition of France in the middle of the Hundred Years' War. I wrote:—

> A victorious enemy was in her very centre; her king a captive in their hands; her natural leaders and guardians had been mown down in her defence; a consuming famine had carried off those whom the sword had spared; the most terrible pestilence ever recorded completed that desolation which sword and famine had carried so far; a seditious faction ruled in her capital; a treacherous prince of the royal blood, justly surnamed the Bad, paralysed her feeble endeavours; reckless bands of plunderers on all sides drained her last resources; and, amidst all, the peasants, goaded by their calamities and their wrongs, inflicted on their lords a furious and brutal vengeance, such as the annals of no nation can parallel. Well might the author of these calamities have paused.

This was stilted writing—but it was good history. I fear that in spite of this gloomy picture, I felt more interest in the reign of Edward III. than of Elizabeth. At any rate, I rather fancied the peroration which was carefully studied as a matter of rhythm, for the Essay—or part of it—had to be read on the prize day. It ran thus:—

> Edward's Queen was worthy of such a Monarch. Her brow betrayed the heroism which had baffled the Scots at Neville's Cross, and her eye beamed with the graceful compassion that had saved the burghers of Calais. By her side in arms was seen the great Chandos, the mighty captain, the cautious statesman, and the courteous knight. There too were heroes only inferior to Chandos—Sir Walter Manny, and Sir Hugh Calverley, Felton and Knollys, the Captal de Buch and the Duke of Lancaster.

After treating the reign of Elizabeth at length the boyish essayist sums up soberly in favour of the Queen.

The state of healthy progress and a firm and considerate government—(this, by the way, was written in the ministry of Lord John Russell)—with the honourable possession of the commerce of the world is more conducive to the advancement of mankind and the prosperity of individuals than the military renown of chivalry, and the semi-barbarous spirit of the feudal system. The glory of the one is the sudden lightning which illumines all it touches, and leaves men wondering at its transitory splendour. The glory of the other is the orb of day which breathes life on all around, and casts a bright refreshing warmth down the long vista of ages.

If schoolboys are set to write epideictic essays at seventeen they will run to bombast, but at any rate, the draft which was kept by the piety of a parent satisfies me in my old age that, as a boy, I was not seriously infected with militarism.

In the same year, and in the same vein of stilted Johnsonese, I seem to have rushed into print. Amongst old yellow scraps I came upon a cutting from the *Daily News*, which Charles Dickens had recently started. It amuses me to-day to read how, sixty years ago, I, a perky schoolboy full of Boz and Whiggery, solemnly lectured the authorities of a Hospital, and opened the campaign, which has lasted all my life, against social oppression and the insolence of the rich.

Sir,—Your journal has been so able an advocate of a wholesome spirit of charity with which the rich may give without exultation, and the poor receive without degradation, that perhaps you may find space to notice a practice, etc., etc.

The hospital issued printed circulars of gratitude which it required patients to deliver to the "life-governor" who had given them a letter of admission.

How injurious must such a practice be to the moral feelings of every one of the parties concerned. How high shall we value a charity which dictates its own reward, and enforces it with an ungenerous threat, which holds out one hand to give, and the other to be kissed in acknowledgment. How sordid must be the life-governor who can derive satisfaction from this stereotyped gratitude, and can pride himself on the numbers of those who wait in his hall, as living witnesses of his beneficence!

To say nothing of holding up to an ignorant man the "Institution" as the source of his restored health, and directing that his first thanks be paid to the life-governor, it must be degrading to an honest heart to be warned of the duty of gratitude, and that with half a sneer that it will be forgotten, to be sent like a child to the house of his benefactor to offer a printed formula of thanks which would be uttered more earnestly and more gracefully in secret.

This is a small matter but it is a specimen of the decoy-duck system of charity, with its *formulas* of printed recommendations and thanks, reports and addresses, which will remain until we learn that to improve a man's material condition is useless without raising his moral

sense, that almsgiving is not charity, and that the true way to assist a man in his distress is to strengthen his self-respect and his self-reliance.

Happily I seem to have got cured of my Macaulese fancy before I left school, for I find an Essay of 1849 on "the position of ancient Greece," which is both sensible and fairly well-written. It insists on the extreme pettiness of "the cluster of promontories and islands that we call Greece," as the scene of the marvellous intellectual energy of the people. "Prometheus would not become more majestic from the introduction of more personages or of more incidents in the drama." The essay closed with a bold analogy, for it found "the symbol of the Grecian spirit in nature herself."

Steam (like Greece, the product of the most divine acting on the most beautiful of the elements) is as elastic, as abhorrent of concentration, of union ; as expansive ; as unique ; and it is, on the other hand, more unstable than water, only capable of exerting influence when under external pressure, then with ease bursting ribbed iron. The Greek character would have evaporated from the face of the earth, had it not been sent to ramify through the iron symmetry of the Roman Empire wherein it has never ceased to drive forward the wheel of civilisation.

This is ingenious and no doubt meant much more than a schoolboy could thoroughly work out.

By the time I reached Wadham (1850) I had learned to think seriously and to express myself clearly. In a long and elaborate essay on Greek Poetry, I find an earnest plea for the *synthetic* treatment of any study rather than the analytic treatment of it in sections. Greek thought, art, poetry, manners, and religion must be looked on as a whole and contrasted with our modern ideas.

Their architecture, perfect as it was in majesty and beauty, had yet no share in the mystical fancies of the Gothic cathedral and its symbolical allusions to the deity and his attributes. Their poetry is devoid of that undertone of sadness that runs through our inspirations, "suggestive of the soul's exile from its home." Lifelike was its Epos, vividly portraying every deed, word, or thought of the hero, differing widely from the sublime shadowing forth of God's abode in the only modern Epic that is worth the name ; so sensuous was its lyric spirit compared with the sentimentality that pervades our own ; so stately was the tread of its buskin, so sonorous the tide of its dramatic diction, compared with the varied, complex, vivid energy of the modern stage, its nice gradations of character, its strong contrasts, its rise and fall of feeling.

The essay (which I should not be ashamed to print even now) then went on to a detailed study of Homeric epic, Hesiod and then the lyric poets, for even in early days I was an ardent

reader of Bergk's *Lyrici Graeci*, and I am glad to see that in my 'teens I felt the matchless charm of Sappho—of whom I dared to assert that "the world has never produced the equal of these odes." After sixty years I can even now recall the rapture that I felt when I first came to know these Greek lyrics, and the pleasure that I took in writing down all I felt. The tutor to whom the essay was sent did not know what to say, and, I think, had an impression that I was wasting my time.

Again, as I turn over these bundles of soiled rubbish, I must raise my voice in protest against the mischief of forcing schoolboys and undergraduates to be constantly sending up essays and verses, in which there can be nothing but *form* to consider. And the "form" inevitably tends to be crude imitation of some popular style, Pope's heroic jingle, or Macaulay's bow-wow antitheses. We learned at last to write decent English; but at what a sacrifice of time and serious thought. My own essays, I find, were uniformly written in formal and artificial phrases and without a word erased or corrected. This vicious habit I have never been able to shake off. The exercise of using the pen is to me as pleasant as is dancing to a girl or drawing to a born artist. I have always studied how to write a legible and symmetrical hand. And to this day, I would rather leave a bit of doubtful grammar to stand, than let my manuscript betray an erasure. I never had the patience—and indeed never needed—to make a "fair copy" for examiners or for the press.

Whatever turn for sound English I ever did acquire in a long life of incessant scribbling was obtained in a very different way. My parents, in their fond hopes of me, seem to have preserved bundles of my letters home even from my schoolboy days. After fifty or sixty years I have opened the dusty box and untied the parcels, not seldom sealed and docketed by my father. And now, with solemn and sad memories, I open at last the letters he thought worth keeping, and here and there even stained with his tears. My letters from boyhood, I see, were all as carefully composed and phrased with as much rhythm and point as if I was writing for a critical public. They are more like literature than anything I usually send to press now. The letters, of course, could never be seen by any eye outside the family, and were not likely to last for 24 hours. What command of style I ever acquired was learnt in my private correspondence. All through my life, the writing of letters has been to me an inexhaustible enjoyment, my folly, my hobby; they tell me at home, my intellectual disease. May my many friends and countless unknown recipients of my missives forgive and destroy the whimsical nonsense of these wasted hours!

CHAPTER II

OXFORD LIFE

In October 1849 I left home for the first time, and went up to reside at Oxford, as a Scholar of Wadham College. The 18th of October 1849 was my own eighteenth birthday, and I was fully conscious that I was entering on a new life—an independent life—as a man, and not as a schoolboy or a day scholar. I didn't look to Oxford with any particular reverence, for I had already lost all faith in its theological and political traditions. I intended to study and to get what I could out of its resources. But I felt an incurable distaste for any of its honours and its prizes; and its dominant authorities did not inspire me with awe or attract my allegiance.

The first experience of college life was most depressing. I wrote home to my mother with a feeling of despondency which distressed and almost alarmed my parents. I still have the letter my father wrote to me a week or two after my arrival in Oxford to rouse me from the state of depression which my letters seemed to have betrayed. Nothing could be more wise, tender, and considerate than this remonstrance, which I have preserved for sixty years. He did not wonder that my "anticipations had been disappointed," my feelings wounded, and my judgment shocked by the "coldness, selfishness, and want of sense exhibited at Oxford, from the

pompous Don to the childish Freshman." I fear these had been my own petulant phrases. My father attributed it to my leaving *home* and my *family* for the first time, and to my own insatiable habit of curiously analysing others as well as myself. He was no doubt right.

My father, in his affectionate and thoughtful way, put down my collapse into despondency to what he called "the shock to the whole nervous system owing to the total change of life which I had just made," and to my passing from the headship of a great school of "boys" to a society of "men," who did not look on schoolboys as their equals, and who were engrossed in settled life and course of study fixed in hard-and-fast lines and conventional rules. It was not at all mere juvenile conceit if I found men so many years my seniors ignorant of things artistic, literary, political, and social which had been familiar to me from my earliest days. I had lived for eight years in the midst of London life, society, and culture, and was accustomed to the conversation and interests of professional men of large experience and knowledge. The average youth bred in a school boarding-house and a country parsonage seemed to me to have a very narrow outlook on the world. So, at first sight, college life, to which I had looked forward with bright anticipations, seemed to me hide-bound, "dull, flat, and unprofitable." And, with my incurable habit of giving full vent to my feelings in a flux of letters, I had drawn a gloomy picture of a first sight of undergraduate life. I felt the "man," and they seemed to me like overgrown "boys." This was not altogether vanity or insolence on my part. I see now that I had enjoyed a free and also a home training. They had for the most part been stunted by the barrack life of the boarding-school.

The same term the Scholars of 1849 resided: T. C. Baring, son of the Bishop of Durham, himself afterwards M.P. for Essex, and the "pious founder" of Hertford College, Robert H. Codrington, now D.D. and Prebendary of Chichester, and G. E. Thorley, late Warden of Wadham, and Professor E. S. Beesly. I soon began to think the system very wooden. The lectures were mostly bores, and quite formal, excepting those of Richard Congreve. The Warden seemed to me an obsolete formalist, a miserly, clumsy pedant—the Sub-Warden (whom I afterwards came to know and respect as a very worthy and kindly gentleman) as dry and withered, curiously ignorant, *borné*, and formal, afraid to do or say anything lest he might commit himself; the rest were uninteresting. The commoners, in the main, seemed to me somewhat raw lads, without interest in art or knowledge of the world. I was regarded as eccentric, if not mad. At Oxford any one was "mad" who had any sort of individual taste or was careless of the conventions. The only exception amongst the tutors was Richard Congreve, who took an interest in me and others and impressed me and them. Richard Congreve was in these years the best type of a College tutor, and on his death in 1899 I expressed all this in a paper printed in the Wadham magazine.

A Famous Tutor

He taught history thoroughly, and with a broad mind. He inspired men with a taste for culture and thought. He worked hard, and was genial and good-natured. What a transformation have I witnessed in forty years to the arrogant egotist, the fierce intriguer, and the pitiless misanthropist that ambition, vanity, and fanaticism have made

the Dr. Congreve of 1892—the would-be High Priest of Humanity—the restless dreamer after a sort of back-parlour Popedom. I could not have believed that human nature could undergo such a transformation in the same man, if I had not been a close witness of the whole process.

But Richard Congreve at Wadham, 1848-1854, was the best type of College tutor as then understood. He was not in the technical sense a "scholar," took a rough-and-ready view of Aristotelian "philosophy," had no interest in the ordinary Oxford "shop." But his grasp of history was wide, systematic, and full of life, in the best traditions of Dr. T. Arnold. His knowledge of the world, of general culture, of politics was masculine and broad. His conversation was stimulating, and his morality high. During my whole Oxford life I was much in society with Congreve. I learned very much from him in all ways, and I imbibed much from his character and his ideals. I cannot honestly say that he made me in any real sense his disciple to the extent of accepting his judgments or his aims without examination. I always considered any of his opinions, and searched their grounds. I often adopted them more or less, but I never lost my own freedom of judgment. His strong, ambitious, but rather arrogant nature could not but impress younger men; his energy (at that time), and his decided turn for practical action, even by way of intrigue, placed him head and shoulders above any other tutor of the time, even above Jowett and Pattison. But he was so completely without true imagination, and of so hard and matter-of-fact a mind that he could not create any great enthusiasm or hero-worship in such men as Bridges, Beesly, or myself. We were deeply grateful to him for much teaching. We admired him as a force, and adopted many of his judgments and

ideals. But none of us became, in any sense (at Oxford) his disciples. The following notice was sent by me to the *Wadham College Gazette* of Michaelmas 1899, on the occasion of his death at the age of eighty-one.

RICHARD CONGREVE

As pupil and friend of the late Richard Congreve during nearly the whole period of his second residence in Oxford as Tutor of Wadham, I willingly accept the editor's request that I should put down a few reminiscences of him there. These lie between the years 1848 and 1854, when he was thirty and thirty-six, and comprise the period of my first entering the College as a scholar, down to my becoming Fellow and Tutor, on his resignation. No Oxford man of that date could doubt that Congreve of Wadham was one of the most successful and popular tutors of the University at that time. He had many private pupils of mark, both within the College and without, and perhaps no resident Fellow of his time exercised so wide and important a social influence amongst undergraduates of many colleges. As a pupil of Dr. Arnold, and as a master at Rugby, he had a large acquaintance with many of the foremost scholars of the University, and his peculiarly dignified and fascinating manners charmed those whom his strong character and solid attainments bound to him as friends.

Congreve's power of work was singular, and as Tutor of the College he never spared himself, nor did he ever neglect or hurry over any single task. From the early hours of the morning until very late at night he was always in full activity. And there is little doubt that his incessant energy at this period broke down his very strong constitution and affected his whole temperament. It is not to be understood that he was immersed in books. He was not a very profound scholar, nor was he at any time a voracious reader. His essential business was to teach; and most of his teaching was given by suggestions, by Socratic questioning, by stimulating sound judgment of men, books, and events, and by inspiring his pupils with the desire to teach themselves. The one burden of his method was self-improvement, the cultivation of right judgment and high thinking, the making of enlightened

citizens. His point of view was essentially historical, political, and moral. Everything was brought to the social and moral test. Industry was his constant theme, but industry as a means of making a wise and virtuous citizen, not as a means of winning prizes and success. His point of view was that of Oliver Cromwell when he wrote as to his son's education: "Better than idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for public services, for which a man is born."

The special studies to which he was devoted were history, ancient and modern, political and foreign literature. His historical knowledge was wide and masculine, free from specialism and mere technicalities. He had travelled more than most Oxford teachers of the "'forties"; he knew foreign countries and books far better; and he was more familiar with the world of politics and society without. He was, in fact, a man of the world and a politician quite as much as the scholar or tutor. Fifty years ago all this was rare. And the combination of these resources, together with his stately person and somewhat generous habit of life, made him, perhaps, the most popular, and certainly the most influential Don of his time. His general influence extended to more than a hundred of the more active minds amongst the bachelors and undergraduates in most of the colleges at Oxford.

In Wadham he was certainly the ruling spirit by virtue of his energy, force of character, and varied powers. I look back to his teaching of Thucydides, Tacitus, the historians and orators of Greece and Rome, as models of what was sound and thorough. It was inspired by the spirit of Dr. Arnold and of Grote. His lectures on the *Ethics* and *Politics* of Aristotle were equally vigorous and rational. His ruling idea was to train men to think out questions for themselves, avoiding cant, routine, and cloudy phrases—the besetting vice of academic philosophy. I have heard that Mark Pattison, when examiner in the Schools, told Congreve that his pupils were remarkable for writing down "no nonsense." A signal feature of the Wadham system under Congreve's direction was that the College gave no special preparation for succeeding in examinations. It had the effect of leading us to suppose that the College was indifferent to honours. The actual result was that the College was never more successful in the class lists. Congreve never touched with us on Theology or Biblical Criticism, nor did

he ever suggest to us negative views of any kind. Auguste Comte he never once mentioned, directly or indirectly. His general views were based on Mill, Grote, Cornewall Lewis, and Carlyle.

During our whole time at Oxford, Congreve never once referred to Comte in conversation with us. In 1849 Comte was almost unknown in England, and his *Politique* was not finished until 1854. R. Congreve himself did not know much of Comte until afterwards. I had heard of Comte from Littré's book given me by Charles Cookson and from Mill's *Logic*. In an essay for R. Congreve I wound up with the prophecy "that the future of Philosophy seems destined to be the Positive Philosophy." Congreve tried to get from me what I meant. I had not meant anything very definitely, and I declined to be more specific. I thought I meant the philosophy of Bacon, Hume, Mill, and Comte in a general sense—the philosophy of experience and logic. Later on, when the band of "Jumbo"—Beesly, Bridges, Thorley, and myself—was formed (I think) by me in my own rooms, I read Brewster's article on Comte in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 136, July 1838), and then announced to our colleagues that Congreve's system of ideas was derived from Comte. They thought it probable; but as we none of us knew more of Comte, the discovery was not pressed further, and we forbore to question Congreve definitely on the matter.

I have no very definite impressions of the year 1850; it was largely occupied with debates (or "tea-fights"), which often lasted from 9 P.M. until 3 or 4 A.M., the Union, miscellaneous literature, and cricket (I was often a bowler to the Eleven). I think I did far more of general reading than any school work, and formed a close society with Beesly, Bridges, and Thorley. One of the rules of

the (then) College system was severely to *ignore* the schools. The tutors spoke as if they did not *wish* us to get good "classes"; as if they knew nothing about the schools. Certainly they gave us no help—not even tips or advice. No one of them but Congreve *could* do this; and he, both in public and in private, urged us to regard the *schools* and *class-lists* as obsolete humbug. I was quite inclined to follow his advice and adopt his opinion, and I continued so to act. "Mental improvement" and "rational ideas" were what Congreve said they looked for in "undergrads." The Warden said he valued in "young men" "propriety of conduct" and "godly disposition."

1851—*Great Exhibition—Switzerland*

This was the year of the First Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, which I thoroughly saw and most carefully studied with critical attention. Our French tutor was attached to the Committee, and I had (by his pass) closely watched the whole construction of that (in those days) wonderful building by Sir Joseph Paxton, the first of the great iron-and-glass houses in Europe, which now exist in every large town. I was often at the Exhibition, and knew every object and stall in it. I was greatly impressed by the scientific inventions shown, in glass, steel, etc., and observed the great superiority of British manufactures. But the worthlessness of all the so-called Art objects, the appalling vulgarity of all British ornamentation, made a very deep impression on me, and did much to make me disgusted with the whole scheme of our conventional fashions and habits. I remember hours spent there, almost in tears, groaning over the misdirected labour, the perverse ingenuity, the vulgar ostentation, the genius of coarseness in the midst of such industry,

such wealth. At nineteen I fully realised the vulgar ugliness of what we now call "Early Victorian." I was by birth even a "Georgian"; but never an "Early Victorian."

Switzerland

August 1851.

First tour in Switzerland with Lawrence and C. Marshall Griffith, afterwards K.C., and my contemporary at Wadham. This was very carefully planned by me from guide-books, and was so remarkable a trip for that period that I put the itinerary in a note below. It was my first bit of real travel—I was in my twentieth year, and had carefully studied the whole country and tour. I took it all in eagerly—Cologne—then a quaint old seventeenth-century town; the Cathedral, apparently a ruin, with the historic crane standing on the north-west tower. The choir alone was roofed; I put a thaler in the box to help the completion, little expecting to see it ever finished. The Rhine was glorious, without rail or factory—not a bridge except the boats at Cologne—then Baden and Black Forest. I first saw the snow mountains at Schaffhausen after a storm, and was filled with delight. It was the spot whence Ruskin first saw the Alps. The walk up the Rigi, where we started at sunset and arrived about 9 P.M., was wonderfnl; and the Lake of Uri, Devil's Bridge, and St. Gothard. Over the Furka I became half crazy, and left my party, which I only recovered on coming down from Faulhorn. The Theodule Pass from Zermatt to the Val d'Aosta was a wonderful experience, and so was Mont Blanc. I was bitten with a passion for mountaineering, which has never left me. And then our four days in Paris filled me with a store of new ideas and desire for foreign

travel. As this tour, nearly sixty years ago, when Switzerland was not connected by railway with France, is a specimen of what travel then was, I insert the itinerary in a note.[1]

[1] *Itinerary of a Thirty Days' Tour in August* 1851. *Cost* £30 *per head.*

July 31. Friday, 8 P.M. Train to Dover. Tea, etc. Midnight boat to Ostend.
Aug. 1. Ostend, about 8 A.M. Verviers, 6 P.M. Cologne, 11 P.M. Wonderful sight from top of hotel over Rhine by gaslight.
Aug. 2. Sunday. Stayed all day at Cologne, saw Cathedral, the choir only roofed, churches, museums, etc.
Aug. 3. Boat, 4 A.M., to Mannheim. Arrived midnight. Rhine swollen in flood.
Aug. 4. To Heidelberg and Baden-Baden. Visited Kursaal punting. Gambled, 1 thaler.
Aug. 5. Train to Freiburg in Breisgau, drove to Sternen, 10 P.M., by moonlight.
Aug. 6. Carriage to Schaffhausen, saw Snow Alps and then the Falls, 8 P.M.
Aug. 7. Carriage to Zurich, thence to Arth, arrived Rigi-culm at 9 P.M., on foot.
Aug. 8. Rigi, good sunrise 4 A.M., 6 A.M., Boat to Flüelen, carriage to St. Gothard.
Aug. 9. Sunday, stopped at St. Gothard. Wet day.
Aug. 10. 6 A.M. Furka to Grimsel. Ascended the Seidelhorn in snow.
Aug. 11. Grimsel to Meiringen, Rosenlaui.
Aug. 12. Faulhorn. (F. H. alone.) Arrived 8 P.M.
Aug. 13. To Interlaken. F. H. lamed by a boot, nearly lost great toe; rested all day, watching the Jungfrau.
Aug. 14. To Thun. Unable to walk.
Aug. 15. To Kandersteg and Leukerbad.
Aug. 16. F. H. and L. H. to Visp. Saw idiot cretin on his knees in the charnel house praying to a skull.
Aug. 17. Walked to Zermatt. Met the second Sir Robert Peel, who wanted to turn us out of the public saloon—declined to move.
Aug. 18 and 19. Zermatt. Old wooden hotel de Mont Rose (Seiler). In hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke). Lowe not then in Parliament, was an inimitable table companion.
Aug. 20. Theodule, 2 A.M., to Châtillon, 10 P.M.
Aug. 21. Châtillon to Courmayeur, 6 A.M., 8 P.M.
Aug. 22. Round Mont Blanc by the southern and western passes.
Aug. 23. To Chamonix.
Aug. 24. Montanvert and Mer de Glace.
Aug. 25. By Tête Noire to Martigny, carriage to Villeneuve, 5 A.M.–10 P.M.
Aug. 26. To Vevey. Met C. M. Griffiths.
Aug. 27. To Geneva, left midnight. Saw magnificent sunrise on top of Col de Faucille.
Aug. 28. Malle Post to Dijon, 8 P.M. Express train to Paris. Arrived, 6 A.M.
Aug. 29. Paris. Louvre, Sainte Chapelle, etc., etc.
Aug. 30. Paris. Notre Dame, etc., Père la Chaise.
Aug. 31. Paris. Boulevard, shops, theatres, etc., etc., etc.
Sept. 1. Versailles, St. Germain. Night express *via* Calais to London.

1852—*Oxford—Moderations*

In *Moderations*—examination in classics—was placed in *second class*, in which by the way were some good men: (Professor) Beesly, (Professor) Lewis Campbell, Arthur Butler (Fellow) of Oriel, and (Dean) W. Fremantle. I cannot complain of my place—I had never been really grounded as a "scholar" in the technical sense, and wrote Latin verse or prose rather after my own style than that of Ovid or Cicero. I had taken up some books without reading them—some, I fear, not even once, and I trusted to luck and "native cheek" to pull through! In particular I remember one very difficult "unseen" passage (was it not Plautus?) in which were fifty words unknown to me. The Demon persuaded me to try shots at it, which amused me—but I found that every single shot had been wildly wrong. I might have tried to translate Hebrew. I was humiliated, but felt that it served me right, and I swore I would amend it. We spent the autumn at Kingston, rowing on the Thames; and I made a visit of a week to Paris to the Fêtes of Napoleon in August, staying with my grandmother Brice in the Rue de Rivoli—seeing all the sights of Paris, Grandes Eaux at Versailles, theatres and the rest.

1853—*Oxford—Final School*

The year of my Degree. My "private" tutors were John Conington, with whom I read Virgil, and walked and talked; Professor Wall, Logic and Aristotle, and Parry of University. I cannot honestly say that I got much from any tutor (except R. Congreve); Conington struck me as rather a dry pedant, with a mania for neat phrases;

Wall as a sharp hack; but Parry was a sensible and vigorous man who knew what he was about. The examiners were three of the best examiners of my time, J. M. Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy; Mark Pattison, and Benjamin Jowett—to whom *longo intervallo* was joined W. Andrew of Worcester. Of Jowett, one of his Balliol pupils (Lancaster) told me he was an ideal examiner. His own mind was so liberal and fertile that he saw some *scintilla* of truth in every answer. The examination was thoroughly masculine and vigorous —I think I have the papers somewhere still. It was the first time of the New System, the effect of which no one knew. The examiners recognised this, and were willing to make it easy for us. They did not count up blunders or defects, but gave men credit for thought, good sense, and general grasp of their subjects. Very few men went in: and there were only five of us in the First Class—Brown (Ch. Ch.), Falcon (Queen's), Lancaster (Balliol), Frederick Walker, late High Master of St. Paul's (Corpus Chr.), and myself (Wadham).

I took Modern History and read the books for Honours, and had my examination in the following Michaelmas term. I read the History thoroughly and enjoyed it. As I had passed my sixteenth term from Matriculation (I had waited for the New System) I could not go in for Honours. The examiners asked me in the schools why I did not go for Honours, and I told them (Lake) that I was over the limit of terms. Notwithstanding this, they put me in what was then known as an "Honorary" Fourth Class. This did not disturb me (nor gratify me), but it was regarded as a monstrous scandal by my father, who never got over my explanations, how that J. Ruskin was a double (Hon. Fourth)—he thought that only made it worse.

After passing the two examinations in this year, I continued to reside in Oxford, not taking pupils, but reading literature. I was elected Librarian of the Union, and spent most of the year before becoming Tutor in going through the books and noting lacunae and books that should be added. I doubt if any period of my life has been more valuable to me in cultivating my mind, and I am nearly sure no period has been so agreeably spent from the intellectual point of view.

One of the most useful institutions of my Oxford life, to which I look back with gratitude, was the famous "Essay Society," founded about 1853, by G. J. Goschen (late Viscount), Charles Pearson, Charles Roundell (M.P.), Charles Parker[1]; Hon. George Brodrick (late Warden of Merton), W. L. Newman of Balliol (editor of Aristotle's *Politics*), (Dr.) J. H. Bridges, (Sir) Godfrey Lushington, (Sir) Henry Cunningham, (Lord) Bowen, (Sir) Kenelm Digby, and others of later epoch. The papers read and debated and the discussions and general meetings were continued long after we had quitted the University. And I believe we all owe much to the clash of contending ideas which arose at these gatherings.

1853—*Italy in* 1853

It was in November in this year that my brother Lawrence and I went to Italy. We travelled down the Rhine, stopping at Nîmes, Arles, St. Gilles, and Marseilles. Thence by small steamer (there being then no rail) to Cannes. Cannes was a small fishing town, with an open beach—one short street and two villas (Lord Londesborough's and Brougham's). We drove, with a pair of horses, in a couple of hours to Nice. At Nice we engaged a return Italian *vetturino* of the old style (with five

[1] The late Rt. Hon. Charles Stuart Parker, lately M.P. for Perthshire.

horses), and made the Corniche journey to Genoa in four days, stopping at Mentone, Oneglia, and Savona. There never was—there never will be again—any travelling like that of the old Italian *vettura*. This glorious and inexhaustible road was then seen as it could not be seen now, when the railway viaducts have shut off so much of road, and the whole coast has become an imitation of a suburb of Paris. Mentone was a small, decayed old Italian city, with machicolated walls, gates, and a ruined castle ; a few dozen villas existed within a mile outside the walls. At the Posta (the one Inn) we sat down to supper in November, about eight persons. Monte Carlo was a mere orange garden, Turbia and Esa as they had been for five hundred years. The whole road was a dream of beauty and one perpetual enchantment. At Genoa we spent two days, exploring it in its old state, the Port high wall still surrounding the Dock.

From Genoa we took steamer to Leghorn and thence train to Florence, where we spent ten days. Florence we thoroughly studied within that time. Miss Blagden (authoress of some popular novels) was a friend of our family, and was intimate with Robert and Mrs. Browning, the poets. We were introduced at her house to R. Browning—his wife was too ill to leave her house—and spent a most interesting and instructive evening with him at Miss Blagden's. He gave us some hints as to frescoes and churches. I became there deeply imbued with the history and art of Florence and Tuscany, which has been improved by four or five visits since.

1854—*Oxford*—*Fellow*

In July of this year, much to my own astonishment and that of the College, I was elected Fellow of Wadham, and was appointed Tutor, together

with G. E. Thorley, the late Warden. There was only one vacancy for Fellow, and there were at least four Scholars, senior to myself and Thorley, who were eligible. The rule hitherto had been to elect the Fellows by seniority, and not to pass over any Scholar who had obtained at least a second class. R. Congreve pressed and succeeded in persuading the majority (contradicente Guardiano, B. P. Symons) to elect by merit and seniority of class; and by unexpectedly resigning his own fellowship and tutorship, he created (by a *coup de main*) two vacancies of Fellows and Tutors, and these he assigned to Thorley and myself, G. E. Thorley being placed before me. My father was stoutly opposed to my accepting this—but as the office had been put on me without my consent or even knowledge, I obtained his permission to my being Tutor for a year.

In that year I was admitted student at Lincoln's Inn. I now occupied a beautiful set of rooms in Wadham, on the first floor, large oriel window, west end of front. My life as Tutor was without incident. I did not particularly enjoy the work, which I felt to be temporary, and though I did my best, I doubt if I could ever have made much of it.

1855—*Oxford—Tutor*

At the Long Vacation of this year I left Oxford, where I had resided for nearly six years. I had come up a very raw lad just eighteen. I left it a much changed man of nearly twenty-four. I had come up to Oxford with the remnants of boyish Toryism and orthodoxy still holding on, as the husk within which my ideas were maturing. I left Oxford a Republican, a democrat, and a Free-thinker. At Oxford I had studied Dante with Aurelio Saffi, the

triumvir with Mazzini and Armellini at Rome in 1849, and I was full of Mazzinian ideas of European policy. I read Francis Newman's books with great sympathy and delight—both political and religious. I had also read with deepest enthusiasm Miss Martineau's *Positive Philosophy*. Our "Mumbo-Jumbo" society was a club for discussion of all social, political, and religious questions. Bridges was then Coleridgian, Beesly was Voltairian, I was rather Rousseauite, perhaps Theist of the school of F. Newman and Dr. Martineau. I read a good deal of theology of a kind. And Auguste Comte seemed to me to explain them all. I was not fixed in opinions. I attended University Sermons during the whole of my time at the University and often since. As an Undergraduate I had to produce on Monday an analysis of the Sunday sermon. And this I often made quite an Essay. Ours was a curiously theological and disputatious college at that time. We often met on Sundays and discussed the St. Mary's sermon for hours, sometimes till 2 or 3 A.M. I heard the whole of Wilson's Bampton Lectures—also Mansel's, and some of Liddon's, and Gore's. I think that, on the whole, the principal thing I studied or acquired at Oxford was theology; I read Dante, F. D. Maurice, John Henry Newman, Francis Newman, C. Kingsley, J. S. Mill, Carlyle, A. Comte—Plato, Aristotle, and the Bible—with almost equal interest and profit. The Bible, which I had read critically and historically at school, I read constantly with delight alone. I took real pleasure in the College services, especially in the evening, when the Chapel was almost empty, for I rarely went in the morning. I also enjoyed the Magdalen Chapel services, etc., and of all æsthetic delights I have all through life thought the choral service in a beautiful church in the dusk and almost empty

was the most thrilling. It must be nearly lonely to be perfect.

As to religious opinions, it is always difficult to make a sure retrospect. But I *think* this was the truth. I was brought up at home and at school an orthodox believer, sincerely adopting prayer, services, and sacrament in the ordinary way as a moderate High Churchman. *Yeast*, Maurice, F. Newman's *Theism*, Mill, and Mazzini together made my orthodoxy melt away. I had taken the sacrament at my Confirmation as a believer in Transubstantiation, and I continued to take it, apart from any supernatural idea, but without disgust or contempt at Oxford. But the whole orthodox fabric slowly melted away in me, mainly on moral grounds, such as F. Newman and F. D. Maurice used, and from growing disgust with such Catholicism as that of J. H. Newman and Pusey, and such Philistine Protestantism as that of B. Symons.

I am certain that at no time did I undergo any *sudden* revulsion of opinion and feeling, nor did I ever experience any qualm or anxiety of conscience. I should at all times of my life have regarded it as ludicrous to be either uneasy or ashamed of believing what it seemed to me to be true to believe. And my changes were so gradual that I cannot trace the steps. I remember a conversation I had with E. S. Beesly on my own views. I said that I was then (a year or so after I came up to Oxford) in the state of *gestation*, and that it would take me nine months, or thrice nine months, before I came to the birth. In the meantime no one could know whether I was a boy or a girl; and I was not going prematurely to decide that question.

It was in the year 1855 that I had my interview with Auguste Comte. I wrote to him saying that I was a pupil of R. Congreve, and begging an

interview. He received me with the utmost courtesy and good nature, saying that he had just finished his fourth volume of the *Politique*, and was taking a short rest. He was very short, with a big head, and a look of great nervous energy—of the type of Thiers—yet with an air of dignity and fine bearing. He asked me what I knew of his writings. I replied, Miss Martineau's translation, of which I could follow only the second (historical and sociological) volume, and that I still called myself a Christian. He asked what were my studies; and finding that I had done almost nothing in science and little in mathematics, he said "that accounted for my mental condition!" He then asked me what parts of his system specially attracted me, and to what points he should address himself. I mentioned several. On each topic he spoke for ten minutes or more with extreme volubility, precision, and brilliance, and at a pause, asked me if he should continue this topic or pass to another. Our interview lasted some hours and impressed me profoundly. I learned very much from him, especially as to his own position. He spoke entirely as a philosopher—much as J. S. Mill would speak—not at all as a priest. He repudiated the suggestion that he expected his followers to abandon Theism altogether. He said that he had no such hankering after the Unknown; but some of those nearest to him, especially the women, clung to the idea as a consolation. Nor did he condemn them; but he thought the interest in the problems of the universe would gradually disappear under earthly cares and duties and abiding aspirations for human good. He spoke of Mazzini, the French democrats, L. Napoleon, and G. H. Lewes, all of whom he judged to be useful, but inadequate and untrustworthy. He made the astounding charge of saying that Mazzini did not

believe in God!—which was notoriously untrue. Altogether, I must say that no interview of my whole life was so interesting and instructive, and no man I have ever seen, unless it were Mazzini, was so impressive as a powerful personality and genius.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD SOCIETY AND THOUGHT

THE sense of disgust and disappointment on my first taste of College life did not wear off very easily; but gradually I found a small group of congenial spirits, and we formed a circle of intimate friends, whose aim was to found a centre of more serious life for ourselves and others whom we could influence and attract. We were all on the foundation of the College, and three of us were Scholars. At that date the Fellows were elected exclusively from the list of Scholars, usually in order of seniority. I believe I was the author of a scheme to form a body of the Scholars, having common principles and aims, and so ultimately to give a permanent character to Wadham. Edward Spencer Beesly, ultimately Professor of History in University College, London; John Henry Bridges, ultimately M.D., and Inspector under the Local Government Board; George Earlam Thorley, ultimately Warden of Wadham; and myself, were the original confederates. We sought to introduce into our group, and indoctrinate with right views, the younger Scholars as they came into residence, and so give a new tone to the government of the College. This ingenious scheme was upset by the University Reform Act, which threw the Wadham Fellowships open to all graduates;

and since then the Fellows have been elected from other colleges. Consequently, it was impossible to form a group of undergraduates within Wadham.

Our group was in obvious antagonism to the more hilarious spirits who glorified the Boat, the Eleven, sports, and convivialities. The leader of "The Hares" (*i.e.* Hayers = Raggers, or Hazers) nicknamed us "Mumbo-Jumbo," which was supposed to be the idol we worshipped. We four regularly had breakfast together on Sunday morning,—the sole dish being a cold duck; for the Warden did not permit any hot dish on Sabbath day. The cold duck was held to be the "fetish" in whose honour our pernicious rites were performed. After breakfast we attended the University Sermon; then we took long country walks in pairs, and seldom separated until the early hours of Monday morning, after sixteen or eighteen hours of continuous session. The leader of "The Hares"—a really brilliant man, who died early and sadly—never could find out what was exactly the bond between us, nor what were our ultimate aims; but he was quite keen enough to know that it was something that his gay comrades held in aversion. So was started, about 1852, the Confederacy of the Scholars of Wadham, which worked on for quite half a century, with common ideals and close friendship.

At that date we were by no means Positivists, and, for my part, I certainly retained a good deal of my schoolboy orthodoxy. I find by a letter written to my mother, soon after I had attained the age of twenty-one—a letter which she fondly preserved, and handed over to me with other documents before her death—that I had been deeply distressed by finding the degree to which my friends had carried their rejection of all Bibliolatry and the Creeds. This letter, written with as much

care and precision of phrase as if it had been an essay for the Dons, is so characteristic a specimen of my undergraduate disenchantments, and of the hold of theology on me when I was of full age, that I will extract some passages from it, as illustrating my early Oxford experiences sixty years ago. It is a mercy that the youthful writer of so sanctimonious a letter did not turn out either a prig or a missionary. But wider knowledge of the world no doubt saved him from both. The letter is dated Sunday evening, November 1852:—

Sunday has come again, a day by some of us prized especially here—a day indeed of rest—a halting-place between two stages in the journey—a winding-up of the accounts of the past week—a day for reflection—a day for quiet social intercourse—for the interchange of earnest thought on great questions speculative and practical—on religion, on philosophy, on politics—a day for the quiet parish service—a day when the thoughts turn more naturally to home and its remembrances.

By the soul of my godfather, the Churchman, as I copy all this I feel like Jack Horner—What a good boy was I in the year 1852!

You must remember how strong was the disappointment and disgust with which I first became acquainted with the tone of our intercourse here—the impertinence, the silly persiflage—the unreality, the emptiness of tone which domineered exclusively—which sneered at sense, enthralled intelligence, and disheartened every honest purpose. . . .

It is not that there is a want of intellect—far from it—plenty of sharpness and raillery—but intelligence as such is proscribed as "boring" and "school-shop," whilst conviction or honesty is eminently ludicrous and ungracious. If a speech is criticised, it is to say how cleverly Dizzy shut up Joe Hume. A sermon is a "grind out of the Ethics"; a book is "amusing," or "slow," never instructive, or discreditable. Such is the state of undergraduate society. I see it now as I saw it then—more bitterly perhaps then—more convincingly now. You remember perhaps how anxious

I was to emancipate myself from it then, how much I desired to impress some one or two honest and intelligent men with the same feeling, so that by joining forces, we might protest against folly and might put down impertinent levity. By degrees my scheme was brought about, and succeeded most admirably.

It is now some time since I have been allied with three other men in college—all men of common sense and honesty—and as good fortune would have it quite the most intelligent men in College. We have passed together the happiest hours in comparing and communicating thoughts; differing very widely in opinion—but uniting in the one point of impartiality and honest meaning and aspiration. Our intercourse with one another has delighted and improved each, and our union has given us strength to free ourselves from the dominion of the reigning folly. The scholars' table was an uncomfortable place. B——'s impertinent jokes, a pert criticism on the last sermon, the relative merits of the Christ Church and the Wadham boat, a story of somebody's coming to grief—in a "spill" or a ducking—made up our Hall society—with the dull silence of those who could not, or would not, join in his peculiar chaff. Now, B——'s schoolboy remarks are received with a smile; and although anybody is free to talk about the boat or to make puns, one who has something intelligent to say—even though it be rather flavoured with Aristotle—is more likely to be listened to. The College Debating Society used to be a place for throwing cushions about and talking slang in funny situations. Now, men go to vote or speak on some principle which they care for, or hear speeches at least from one or two men singularly remarkable for pith and logic.

This is our distinct work. You can suppose the confidence that sprang up between us, joined together as we were for so honourable a purpose. But already it has been broken. Last Sunday night they surprised and shocked me with opinions on religious subjects which seem to me most dangerous and delusive. Not that I mean that they made any vain display of acuteness—or betrayed a shallow scepticism—or an indifference to revealed Truth—they are men of mind too earnest for that—but they defended that most pernicious doctrine of the *development* of Christianity, *i.e.* that the Apostles' Gospel was intended to be modified by us. They defended it with a tenacity of conviction, though without much argument—while they appealed implicitly to

the Bible, which showed that though their error was not one in the spirit of irreligion—yet it was too deeply rooted to be given up. Though their opinion shocks me, I cannot condemn them too harshly. I know what it is to have been brought up in the strictest sect of the "Evangelicals"; the unnatural life that is presented to a boy's mind, the gloomy predestination which is held out to him—the austere dogmatism which is laid on his intellect—and I know the force with which his feelings revolt at fanaticism, and his intellect refuses to be outraged. I know how sorely they have been tried, and I forbear to judge them suddenly—but the confidence and sympathy that I once felt for them dissolves at the instant.

But while I lament for them, I can feel how different my training has been, and I can rest on the sure foundation of that which was the very essence of all that you taught me—the simple Reverence as real as it is natural—conviction without bigotry, piety without fanaticism, true Faith, not without reason. For this, amidst my praise of Him, my lifelong gratitude is due to you, this the sure staff as I trust through life. You little can conceive how rare is this fruit of early nurture—the chiefest product of home education—how much it is needed in Oxford. One speaks of the dangers of Puseyism. I almost wish they were more numerous. A far worse evil is abroad, of far greater strength—far more powerful to destroy. Strange heresies as ever were bred in the teeming brain of man swarm abroad, now if ever before—not as in the past unbelieving century, sceptical, frivolous, and worthless, but the heartfelt perplexities of earnest men—ardent aspirations, noble feelings, true thoughts—all in some shape or other bearing down on fixed religious belief.

It is a fearful and mournful sight. The indifferent, unthinking mass, thoughtlessly following in the train of habit, until drawn off by some moral or intellectual temptation, which they are utterly unprepared to meet by any rational, earnest, well-sifted rule of Faith. On the other hand, many of fine spirit, good aims, bright intellect are turning all that is exalted even in their moral nature to build up a system, pure and beautiful but *unchristian*. Then the few men of mind who set themselves to contend with this terrible delusion, take refuge in a narrow bigotry which destroys their service in the fight—they accept as best they may some consistent dogmatism, and for the most part they ignore the earnestness and the great hopes of these unlucky men, and

by treating them as shallow sceptics, they drive them into conduct little more excusable.

In this intellectual war every man's hand is against every man. May the good honest strivings of each man be imputed to him—not the mass of conflicting errors which are the result of these endeavours. It is quite disheartening to find there is not one to stand by one's side in the hot strife, that those whom we thought for us are against us. R——, I fear, has determined to force himself to accept an exclusiveness of creed, a dogmatism which his intellect ought never to have yielded to, in disgust with surrounding errors. Yet—there is one on whom I can rely. Years have passed and I have never known a failure in the simple Faith, in the marvellous common sense, the impartiality, the judgment, the truthfulness of my first and only friend [the late Sir Charles Cookson, with whom I had been at K.C.S. in 1846]. The whole subject is a painful one and I must dismiss it for the present. Do not, however, think that I am so foolish as to indulge in religious discussions, which are seldom without harm, if they are even innocent. You see how long we have lived together without one.

In this long, laboured, passionate epistle in which on a Sunday night I poured out my excited thoughts and sorrows to my mother, having just entered on full age, after a whole year's experience at Oxford, I seem to be a full-blown Broad Churchman, abhorrent alike of Puseyite orthodoxy as of Voltairian unbelief. In spite of appearances I was neither a sanctimonious ass nor an hysterical nincompoop. It is a frank human document, which shows the religious phases of an undergraduate in the early 'fifties, when the "Liberal theology" was beginning to simmer. No one but my parents have ever seen the letter, nor did I know that such were my ideas until I turned over their old letters and papers. It serves at any rate to show that I was not utterly insensible to the agonies of the devout Christian brought face to face with modern unbelief, of which twenty years later Ruskin accused me, as many others have done before and since.

It was then at the age of twenty-one, and in constant intercourse with (Dr.) Congreve, (Dr.) Bridges, and (Professor) Beesly, that I passed from ardent and unhesitating Christian belief to the Liberal latitudinarianism and ultimately to scientific Positivism. Let any one laugh at a College lad writing home to his mamma solemn tracts which read like a High-Church sermon or the diary of a sucking missionary. I really was only a thoughtful student, who had been brought up most tenderly and carefully in a religious home—and I asseverate that I was not a conceited prig. And then it will be remembered that I was at the time an eager reader of John H. Newman's *Parish Sermons,* and the books of Frederick Robertson, Frederick D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley—along with the poems of Dante, Milton, the Latin Hymns, and the Bible.

I was certainly not at all "a model boy" in the College, for I find the rest of the home letter was occupied with a comparison of the Warden to Bumble the beadle; and I said I would write to the *Times* to show up the folly of Heads of Houses. It seems that it was the week of the funeral of the old Duke of Wellington. "Big Ben" issued an edict on Tuesday that no undergraduate was to pass the night in London. On Wednesday he relented so far as to allow a man to stay overnight, if he "had a friend in London." Naturally most of the men had a friend at an hotel! One man, too conscientious to do this, applied for leave to sleep in town. This Ben refused, but he allowed him to leave College at midnight (!), to catch the Western mail train up at Wallingford, though the floods were out, and a night ride was dangerous!—but it saved the letter of the decree. No! I was by no means a good boy—nor a very wise one!

It is a curious instance of my early anti-militarist feelings that I declined to avail myself of pressing

invitations to join my family at the spectacle of the Duke's funeral. My family had places in St. Paul's —my father, by the way, had witnessed the funeral of Nelson—so I had "friends in London" who wished me to come. But full of Cobden's pamphlets, Bright's speeches, rage against Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and Victor Hugo's tremendous diatribes against Imperialism and the tyranny of the Sword, I resolutely refused to be present at the interment of the victor of Waterloo. Such is the inconsistent prejudice of youth. I actually visited on the remains of the great British Chief the indignation I felt for the very name and decadent nephew of Wellington's mighty opponent. I cannot excuse —I will not palliate—my juvenile absurdities. But it is clear I was a hot Radical long before I had ceased to be an ardent Christian. I was a disciple of Cobden and Bright whilst I was still in the bonds of the Established Church.

It was only by slow degrees that I was at all reconciled to College life. I fear that my contempt for "Dons" was both unjust and arrogant. I find I wrote to my father:—

Our life here goes by rapidly enough, and sufficiently pleasantly, though we fancy the unavoidable monotony diminishes one's vigour for reading. We are become more accustomed to the Chaplain, and find that he is endeavouring to be agreeable and kind, though the stiffness resulting from long habit and the narrowness of his education renders him ridiculous or displeasing. He is a man of mean understanding and superficial knowledge, and he naturally endeavours to maintain by his position and by care that weight in Society which his intellect cannot procure him. His ever watchful readiness to substitute small-talk for conversation arises, I now believe, not from his anxiety to maintain his distance, but from an unconscious feeling that people are getting out of his depth. So that the antipathy which I felt for him is gradually changing into indifference or compassion. Under the first infliction of his meagre platitudes and silly priggisms, when one felt that one's mind was

attacked and chafed by such a thing of rules and formulæ, I confess I felt violently indignant; but now that I thoroughly understand him and his position, he is rather amusing than otherwise, and especially when one draws him out, or leads him a dance in which he is completely mystified. Perhaps, on the whole, he is a useful man in his place, *for I am more than ever convinced of the intolerable miseries of Oxford society.*

These Dons live by themselves and for themselves, until they are become perhaps the most refinedly selfish men on the face of the globe. To hear the volley of abuse which our tutor for instance lavishes on the folly of having friends, whenever anybody asks him to dinner unseasonably, is quite characteristic. As they cannot be said to possess any feelings whatever, their whole existence is intellectual. They never have friends—only intellectual sympathies with minds similar to their own. Society is not to them a pleasure—but a mere relaxation from work. Consequently their hatreds and jealousies are of the most complicated and fierce nature—their friendships and likings variable and unsatisfactory.

Take the Boniface College Common Room. There sits the Bursar—a man who has reached the age of fifty in casting up college accounts year by year—teaching blockheads to construe Greek Testament—ordering dinner and directing minor College business. He is an author too. He wrote a work on "Greek accentuation." He is telling us what a crop of beans Mr. Stephens has. He thinks the Provost holds a position of high dignity and trust, and he follows the Bishops in matters of the Constitution. On his right sits the inoffensive Sub-dean, a man who knows that all the rest think him a fool, and is humble accordingly. He seldom speaks except to say "Oh! dear me!" to a remark of the Bursar, and he has a confused idea that the Senior Tutor is a dangerous man. They all snub him and he seems to think he deserves it. There sits the Senior Tutor writhing under the Bursar's twaddle, with a sickly smile of complacency on his lip, and his fierce restless eye darting forth his deep-rooted hatred against the forms of social life—contempt for the Sub-dean, scorn of the Bursar, loathing for the paralytic Fellow, all suppressed under a look that at times is almost winning. The Bursar is necessary to him; and he is piqued to show how completely he can master his feelings for his interest. "I wish you were all drowned," I have heard him mutter, as he leaves the Common Room.

The poor paralytic Fellow, loathed and snubbed by them all, chuckles over them to himself, and thinks what a joke they all are. Poor *Diogenes paralyticus*!—the genius, the butt of the whole party, with a brain equally subtle, fertile, and profound—he seems to know and to understand everything. He sees the secret causes of things and the secret motives of men, until men and things become to him equally ridiculous—and contemptible. Without a particle of self-respect or manly feeling, reverence or faith, he scoffs at God and man, and sneers and jokes at all—great or trifling alike. With him all things noble, sacred, pure, or great, are equally ridiculous, all things vile, blasphemous, filthy, and trivial, are equally amusing. He possesses neither the strength nor the passious of the *animal*, nor the self-respect of the *man*. And in the midst of the disgust and the insults of his fellows, his almost matchless intellect revels in all spheres, piercing through darkness, flashing through clouds, sweeping from earth to heaven, playful, burning, rending; and he chuckles to see the fools at loggerheads, as a madman chuckles in a tumult. There's a Society—more like devils than "pastors and masters," for all, except the paralytic, are in Holy Orders! and he will be ordained in Hell!

How marvellously has Oxford recovered itself in the twentieth century! Who could draw such a picture to-day? Yet this is how a typical Common Room appeared to an average undergraduate hardly sixty years ago! But then we must remember that it was under the old unreformed Oxford, with the separate and exclusive College system, and Dons clerical, unmarried, retained till they were senile and effete.

Coming of Age

On my twenty-first birthday I had written to my mother a very serious letter, which I find carefully preserved in her papers.

Often when my mind is most abstracted from present work and most freely turns to home and its remembrances, when my memory most earnestly cherishes a mother's teachings in

the past, and most earnestly longs to consult them for the future, then often I feel the strongest repugnance to write a syllable, and hesitate to send you mere ordinary words of greeting. It is when strong feelings are at work, and yet are clouded and confused. When the mind broods over some idea, and yet the suggestions that are called forth are vague and indistinct and contrary and unsifted. When I cannot speak on a subject in which I do not see my way—and yet to write in the ordinary strain—to laugh and chatter seems such a deliberate dissimulation, such false representation, that in such moments I feel the strongest repugnance to write; for a letter, as I take it, pretends to give a more distinct transcript of the thoughts than a mere conversation. You may fancy the last few days (entering as I am on full age) have had for me no ordinary significance; and that the epoch, a turning-point—at once a goal and a starting-post in life—has filled me with vague and yet powerful emotions as I approached it. I have never yet stepped from a lower to a more important sphere without hesitation and apprehension, and I do so no less now in this strange advance. In truth, it is an awful time; and yet, the feelings it awakens are so complicated and vague, so mingled with hope and fear, with self-confidence and backward regrets, that I cannot comprehend and explain them—whilst even now the new necessities and duties commence—dreams must give way to action, and work is thrust upon my hands and gives no place for reflection. Has what I tell you truth in it? I think it has.

Oh! what sententious prigs we "serious" College lads were some sixty years ago! We —who fancied we had a call,—though from what or Whom, to what or whither, we had no distinct idea. "Coming of age" was nothing to me—for whom no family settlements, no grateful tenantry, no games in the park, nor bullock roasted whole, awaited. To me it was a simple date, which meant nothing real, material, or intelligible—except that it made me think I ought to do something, though I hardly knew why, or what, or with whom.

As a specimen of what an old-fashioned Common Room of Dons could be in unreformed Oxford, I

copy some ribald caricatures I wrote to a friend. Five undergraduates had been admitted during the Long Vacation to the Dons' table. They bored us, and I revenged myself with this squib.

My dear Porthos—I feel that I deserve reproaches for my slackness in answering, but during our stay at Boniface, such was the mesmeric influence of the Dean's eye that I dared not trust my pen to paper, for you or any other, lest that mysterious torpor should be snapped and a worse thing befall me. Truly in those cloudless, breathless upper regions of the gods to which we five favoured mortals were wrappt, it would ill become us to turn grovelling eye down upon earthy things. Perhaps I ought, as far as tongue may without profanity, to tell what befell us when apotheosed into the sacred recesses of common room and bursary, *καὶ περὶ τούτων τοσαῦτα ἡμῖν εἰποῦσι καὶ παρὰ τῶν θεῶν καὶ παρὰ τῶν ἡρώων εὐμένεια εἴη.* Oxford was in the ruins of the "Long," the wind whistling through the shattered windows of its very Sheldonian, the last bus had rattled over the noisy stones, bearing the last straggler. Morning, and the bells, from clear-toned New to tinkling Magd. Hall, were silent. Evening, and choristers were fishing from the very 'varsity barge, secure from rushing eights and muckerising sailors. Night, and the High was long and silent, without a watchman, and we five stood "last men amidst the skeletons of colleges," and spoke forth defiance to George the Proud young Porter. "For we are twins in death, *proud* son"—of the old Porter. We gathered round to a council of war to consider how life was to be supported in these deserted regions, *i.e.* what we should have for dinner. One says veal, another beef. I like a true son of Mumbo called for duck; when, alighting on buoyant foot, Mercury appeared amongst us, and his countenance bright with unguent, thus spake he—the obese Dod. "Please, Sir, breakfast in the bursary, dinner in Hall." "Yes, Sir, and I've spoken to the Dean, Sir." "Dine to-day, Sir." "Yes, Sir!" So spake the obese Dod, messenger of gods to men, and flew upwards (or downwards) into his redolent halls. Then fell no small consternation on the children of men. Must we see the gods face to face? drink of their nectar? was the common room really to be common, would the Dean converse with us,—but then for the Wedding garment? and we all swore an oath that we would enter the presence of immortals in the garb of mortals with

our very morning jackets. We bade adieu to earth and were borne upwards on the wings of the Jove's eagle Newman, on earth called butler, to the realms above. Verily there lay the gods, as poets fable, beside their nectar, and small heed have they of the sons of men, and the incense of hecatombs, and the sound of strife, an ancient tale of wrong pierces not the gulf between. It is a land where it is always afternoon, and voices sound thin and quiet, and Ganymedes fairer than our dirty old Bill Perkins fill cups, not of pewter, with a nectar richer than Sheards's. And Olympian Jove himself, not as of yore seen through clouds, bending his angry brows or uttering sacred wisdom on the Epistle to the Corinthians, but smiling, silly, commonplace. And Pallas Athene, the Counsellor, no longer wielding the bolts of Zeus, but counselling mortals mildly, not without scorn and indignation of that limping buffoon god there, who is it? Hobbling across the Olympian threshold, raising laughter in gods and men, once kicked out of heaven and likely to be again, the profane, *smutty* Vulcan, weaver of quaint devices, fond of catching Venus disrobed. It is a strange assembly.

The Olympian himself is a fool, an everyday fool, greater fool than I had ever imagined, an impracticable fool, an incubus, a helpless, sprawling fool. He is well-meaning, certainly, and tried to be condescending, but so utterly silly that he is not capable of ordinary conversation. At the same time he feels acutely his dignity and the necessity of supporting it, and unconsciously feeling that he is being dragged out of his depth, he takes the greatest care to utter nothing but observations on weather, etc., and keeps the conversation at zero. At first I thought he was anxious not to be familiar, but soon found that he threw such a damper on us simply because he could not offer anything more agreeable and would not permit anybody else. Fancy him at breakfast. As the clock strikes he seats himself, complacent to be punctual, a familiar nod not without a leer to any one who is so fortunate as to arrive within three minutes—come at four minutes past eight and watch, no nod, no leer, but presently the dull eye wheels round on its pivot, rests on you quietly, reproachfully, mesmerically, and at last a suppressed husky sound comes from between the straight, tight lips, "Tea?" Silence, awkward, the Chaplain uneasy but playful. We in strict propriety wait. The Olympian countenance works! "Oh! the Provost informed me yester-

day that Dr. MacTurk had called on him and assured him that the glass was falling. So I apprehend that we may look for a change of weather, although of course I would not venture to be very confident." We assent; Chaplain looks elated at the information. Presently we get a little conversation on the Elections perhaps. The Dean glancing nervously as we get beyond his control, then with an effort just breaks in, "Oh, Mr. Thomson told me yesterday his beans were very fine." So we go on.

Every now and then we get a little conversation started, which the Dean checks almost rudely, with,—"Mr. Smith is in France. The Master is going to leave Oxford. I rode to Cumnor yesterday." Truly the whole time I never heard from his lips anything more intelligent. The effect of this was quite depressing at first, but we began to get amused finally by the poor man's efforts. It was like a man who couldn't swim, bathing with half a dozen who could, always tumbling into holes and with effort spluttering back on to his footing, and in constant alarm lest tricks should be played on him. And the Chaplain all this time?—true to his game, he is profoundly deferential. He is piqued to show that he can accept with good grace the circumstances of his position. He is fastidious in humouring all the Dean's little whims, and chatters away any stuff with him quite good-humouredly, now and then letting off a political squib, but instantly retiring to the bean crops. But I fancied he was suppressing deep disgust, indeed how could such a man feel at his ease in such a society? I am sure he must chafe at the Dean's stuff, clearly he loathes Jonathan. Poor Vulcan, how they all detest him, snub him, bully him. What does he care? He gets his fun out of that as of everything else. Joking on everything human and divine, on himself or anybody else. He mimics the Master in the very common room, thrusts his smut and filth under the Chaplain's nose, who turns away, and then he blurts out the coarsest blasphemy for the very learned expositor of the Epistle to the Corinthians. But poor, filthy, blasphemous, worthless Jonathan! He is a genius, seeing through, explaining everything. He knows everything, and cares for nothing. He really is hardly human. He has no particle of strength or self-respect or honour or manliness whatever. Well, I left them, the Dean to talk stuff, Vulcan to blurt out jokes alone, and the Chaplain to brood in solitude.

Truly he has been fiercer than ever. All his disappointed

hopes seem to be constantly harassing him, all his vague presentiments for the future growing darker and more visible. He is in a fearful state of mind—boiling with all sorts of fierce feelings and drawing closer into himself every day. Unless he has some relief I don't think he can stand it. He must settle down into a mere morbid gloom, probably half insane. Even now his superstitious terror of lightning and similar things is morbid. It is a fearful thing that so splendid a character should be so shaken, no one knows how far it is so now. I am sure of one thing. His intellect is no match for his other qualities; and as usual, is a source of great struggle to himself. He is more murderously philanthropical than ever, more crabbedly benevolent. I am getting more and more puzzled at the ferocity of these world-wide philanthropists, these men who "love all who come behind them and before." Show me a man whose mind turns on schemes of public services, and he is either truculent or crabbed or both. Old Mirabeau, friend of Man, Marat, friend of the People, Dante, Milton, Beesly, friend of Minorities, John Howard, Lord Shaftesbury, all in short who are devoted to the species are cast in this severe mould. I can hardly find an instance of a man at once publicly and privately benevolent, except it be perhaps a Pickwick, for surely Luther is a bad example. Probably this philanthropy has its origin purely in the intellect, at least I am beginning to suspect it.

I can hardly keep such ideas out of my head, as I am reading the book from which you, most truculent of mortals, derive your thirst for 260,000 heads of tyrants—Carlyle's *French Revolution*. It is certainly a most "notable" book, but what an absurdity to write a history in three volumes in epigrams and sarcasms. The style is certainly very forcible, but terribly strained and wearisome from its harshness. Then again, irony loses all its force when pressed to such an extravagant length. He is precisely like one of Shakespeare's fools. Witty, sarcastic, truthful, clear-sighted, but one couldn't endure a "fool" for ever, not to speak of its being a low office, besides such a tone shows a wrong spirit somewhere, if never changing. However, I would forgive all the violence of the style for its clear, trenchant power, and the long-drawn irony is supportable for its manly, honest meaning, but there is about the whole work an idea for which I can't forgive him. From the first page to the last, his one object is to show what a helpless thing any

form is, Feudalism, Monarchy, Constitution, Democracy, Ochlocracy, Anarchy, etc., without its one great man. How blind and pitiable mortals are without their "Heaven-scaling Prometheus." To prove this he is unjust to the popular party, and lays all the blame of the chaos on them and not on the crimes of preceding races. Now I can't endure this at any price.

I certainly don't want a blind faith in a giant, however capable he may be of leading all things to the best. In one sense it may please the imagination to have universal absolute obedience to the one supreme intellect who, like a god among men or man amongst brutes, leads the world whither it knows not, wondering and reverencing. But what if we lose the whole moral greatness of the self-governing people of whom each individual is conscious of some duty that he owes to the whole and honestly endeavours to perform it to the best of his ability. For my part I would rather see a few thousand men each consciously feeling himself part of a whole, governing themselves however faultily, than a very millennium in which a whole world was on its knees superstitiously listening to the words of one, be he a quintessence of virtue and wisdom. I just hint at politics that we may not be surprised when we come together after four months, to find that we have been standing still during the time, but are wider apart than ever. Really the Conservative policeman ought to be looked to. He was disaffected enough when he went, he will become a perfect Émigré before he comes back. I have given up hopes of our poet. I suspect he will come back rabidly mysterious, unapproachable, possibly a protectionist. With regard to the elections there is little either way. However, the Peelites are in such an awful minority that I am sure you must give them your support. Gladstone's return was a triumph, though I rather fancy on purely Puseyite grounds. The Dean thinks it contrary to University etiquette to disturb the representation! The Chaplain secretly favours him, but stern principles will not allow him to vote. I am going to Paris and want to know whether I am to shoot Louis N., if he proclaims an Empire, and if so what I am to do subsequently. I fancy the best thing would be to proclaim Mumbo provisionally. George to have Police of course. However, if you can communicate with him, I wait for orders. In any case I hope you will not allow so long an interval to elapse as I have.

This is how we embryo unborn Positivists fought out our ideas of religion, toleration, and nationality, liberty, and fraternity in 1852 at Oxford :—

Sept. 20, 1852.

My dear Porthos—How can you object to Porthos as being uncomplimentary? Is not that the very essence of *noms-de-guerre*, whence they possess their delicious Socratic irony, and at times rise to a level with the terrible Sardonic smile of Ulysses as he bends his bow against the suitors? Why! what made Folker the Fiddler so proud of his bloody Fiddle-stick, and the Cid of his horse "Babieca" (the booby)? and why is "Mumbo" itself a stumbling-block to the uninitiated, and why does the mysterious "Owl" mope in its impenetrable gloom? Let me assure you that you have the sympathy of a companion-in-arms in the solitary combats with the Evil One and the sore temptations which you have sustained in the wilderness. How glad I shall be when we can again meet to recruit our exhausted strength by mutually partaking of encouragements—and cold duck. Yet I tremble to think on what immoral courses the enemy is beguiling you. Beware! Christian beat off Apollyon, and the fiend fled howling, but was he not entrapped into the net by a more wily emissary?

Much as your letter pleased and interested me (for I have not been wandering in paths so distant that I do not in some measure understand your meaning), in more places than one it gave me the greatest uneasiness. None shock me so much as your immoral views on the French. "Despotism exercised over them by the Anglo-Saxon race." For heaven's sake don't jest like that. It's the very essence of whiggery, popery, toryism, and all sorts of devil's craft. In my present mood I am certainly rather touchy on the point. I confess to be labouring under an eleutheromaniac fever, which like most of my -maniac fevers will leave me, I hope, healthy, but ineradicably "pitted." I have long been getting to regard actions much less as what they are, than what they are meant to be (or as Cox would say, to think more of the subjective causes than the objective effects)—which reflection has reduced me to my present lamentable state; laying down the axiom that what does not come from a man spontaneously does not belong to him, for which perhaps a certain Scripture aphorism concerning "what cometh out of a man" might afford an illustration.

This is the basis of religious tolerance and freedom of opinion, but why does it stop there? I suppose that toleration starts out with the principle that it does a man no good to believe (? profess) even a truth, if while he is indifferent or helpless, accident or force has brought it to him, and that it does do him good to believe even a falsity, provided he has reached it honestly by earnest and faithful search for the truth. Certainly if religious persecution is as hateful as it deserves to be, and free thought is to us as the breath of life, why do we hear so much of strong governments and so forth as though free action were sinful. It seems to me that the first principle about *thought* must be followed by one about *action*,—as, that to do a foolish action freely and honestly raises a man more in the scale of humanity than to do a wise one on compulsion. I am strangely puzzled that you, who would cut your hand off sooner than it should *force* a man to think or profess as you think, unblushingly talk of forcing a nation to act as you choose, because they are an inferior race. Hugh! Why you're a Celt yourself! how do you like the despotism of the Anglo-Saxon in your native Ireland? If you want to try the superiority of race you might be able to do a little business in a nigger-growing state. Strong government! Why, I should think that the stronger the government the lower the civilisation. A herd of wild elephants want more force to keep them in order than a team of horses, and a team of horses than a pack of dogs.

Well, Frenchmen are to be subjected to the yoke of Anglo-Saxon wisdom. *Cui bono?* who is the gainer? Is the human race, with one of its noblest branches pruned and forced and twisted? Is the French people, who do neither good nor evil as far as they are concerned, who hate your improvements tenfold more than before,—are you who are usurping the place of a Creator? O my dear P., here's a horrible grind in logic for you to go through; but, painful as it will prove, you must go on with it as a penance for joking so indecently. Christian flogged himself with a whip of small cords for the space of three hours, after being deceived by Mr. Hypocrisy. Lest you should forget to use the scourge on your back, I have done the business myself. But what a noble people you slander. I know that it is difficult for an Englishman to divest himself of his modes of thought, but is it fair to judge a people by your own standard? *Natio comoeda est*, says the Anglo-Saxon, and can allow no single action of theirs to be good, for it is always theatrical.

I know that word is fatal, but is it fair? A display of feeling is only ridiculous when it is feigned, and if the Celt with his sensitiveness is more apt to show impressions which he *really* feels, is it just to laugh at him as a mime? To put aside their intellectual services and their positive supremacy in science, their bitterest enemies will hardly deny Frenchmen to be more than any existing people in the world devoted to the sense of honour. Do not misunderstand me, I mean, that no other people do, none but Athenians ever did, spend their lives in the realisation of their ideals. Extravagant, silly, and vain as a Frenchman may be, he always has some standard of good. I believe them to have more desire and therefore greater capabilities of improvement than ourselves.

Look to the standards of appeal which the two nations acknowledge. The Englishman seeks the approval of his equals, the Frenchman the applause of his superiors, the one sets his heart on respectability, the other on glory, the one appeals to the world, the other to posterity. Nothing can be a more instructive contrast than the watchwords of their great leaders. "Frenchmen," said Napoleon, "forty centuries look down on you from the Pyramids." "England," says Nelson, "expects that every man will do his duty"; which two being interpreted mean, the first, you are to do a deed which will turn the destinies of the world, the latter, you must do a deed on behalf of your homes and hearths. It is needless to say that I think the former of these standards the higher. [Oh dear! what a coxcomb I was nearly become sixty years ago!] I would only ask you which is the more progressive. I have lately been amongst them, and I wish you had been with me to bring away impressions similar to my own. They are a century before us in real progress of civilisation. Do not speak of their political degradation, that is temporary, and will soon be swept into the murk from which it came. Political phases come and go and arise from men and accidents, but the social phases which they produce endure and increase when held together by the united feeling of millions. It is true that Liberty is a mockery in France, but those other two, Equality and Fraternity, are not a mockery, but living realities, those two without which liberty loses half its sweetness, and with which servitude loses half its pain.

I do think that a man is better and happier in Paris, though a dragoon stops him at every street, than he is in London under the tyranny of our present state of society,

which wounds him worse than steel. There has been anarchy and despotism enough, but the simple democratic equality of the old republic has lasted through empire and priestcraft and corruption and martial law in government, and still lives and influences men in their homes and streets. The man of refinement can sit down beside and talk naturally with the blouse, who answers in a language little coarser than his interrogator. The woman of elegance and education is not less a woman thereby. The priest is not a fop from Oxford or a man of position in the county, but the homely, sociable friend of all. Their daily life then, as its aim is not the attainment of a social position, is not that struggle that it is in England. They have time for public social intercourse and cultivation of the taste. Their whole existence is essentially public, and they are free from that disgusting mixture of shyness, selfishness, and ill-temper which constitutes English pride.

A Frenchman has no silly vanity of "establishment," and does not tell you that his house is his castle, but he lives at far less expense and far more comfort in an enormous quadrangle common to fifty families of every rank. He has no sullen satisfaction in eating his own mutton-chop at his own board, but he dines with every delicacy and refinement in a *συσσιτία* common to peer and peasant. Such is his private life, but when he steps abroad he is elevated by views of splendid sites and monuments, and surrounded by works of art and imposing spectacles. At Paris a man is better housed, better clothed, better fed, better amused, better instructed than the man of twice his wealth in London. In a word, I cannot but think that the people of Paris in some measure realise that great ideal of a civilised community which Pericles gives in his funeral oration: *φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ᾽ εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας καὶ τὸ πένεσθαι οὐχ ὁμολογεῖν τινι αἰσχρόν.*

I fear that your prejudices against the French are so strong that you will not listen to a word of this. I only hope that, if we estimate them so very differently, it is not from difference of standard by which we judge them. But, my dear P., I am afraid that, like old Balfour of Burleigh, you have been wandering in your mind in your solitude. Why, the way you talk of a state of progress in England is delirious. I should turn pickpocket if I ever had doubts on such a vital point. How can you, in the face of such a glorious speech as that of Lowe at Kidderminster, which I

have just read again with shouts of delight. A very Peter the Hermit in these dark ages. Certainly the best speech that these elections have called forth. Philosophic in tone of thought, statesmanlike in grasp of subject, honest and sensible in purpose. His denunciations of the present government were in good tone, and his views on government in the abstract very wholesome. I don't know any public man who tells plain truths in such a natural way. I congratulate you on so refreshing a dayspring in the West. A few Kidderminsters and there is hope yet. Of course Lowe *has several skins underneath.* You surely cannot think that that speech would have been uttered twenty years ago (and the subject was Free-trade, an immense advance on Borough-mongering); and to what are you indebted for the best part of it? To France!

I smiled when I saw your idea of Sybota, as a new Patmos for Mumbo, not in derision, believe me, but as I recognised a feeling which has long been hovering ghost-like across my mind when darkness came down upon it, which I never could meet face to face though I sought it boldly, for it would flit with a sigh and hide deep in the tomb of some dead hope. I have in thought been wandering over every corner of the habitable and uninhabitable world, America, India, Australia, Paris, Greece. The other day I burst out with a shout as I caught myself calculating for what one could live at Antioch! I was quite aware what you were dreaming of, and was on the point of asking you in my last letter—when you would be ready to come with me? I can think of nothing better than that Mumbo should join in a fresh Pantisocracy. Southey and Coleridge having determined that the one thing needful was to borrow money and marry a wife, resolutely accomplished both purposes—and got no farther. You want to be Comus, and from one observation, seem to be contemplating a hareem. Well, a truce with trifling; whence come these wandering dreams? I often ask, and as often answer from the good gate, from the better portion of the soul. Well, if not crimes, they are worse than crimes, they are blunders.

My future gets more confused day by day, and I feel that it is preying on the very life of the present. The mother wastes away while the child is still in the womb. What if she die and the young one be still-born! Oh! I'm laughing, as I did once with you in the parks, when I told you that I was with child of my future, and could not say if it should

prove to be boy or girl. How I do like to ride a metaphor to death and then to rip open its dead body. . . .

I often think that a small sum will purchase a farm in the most remote Western States, where, without any chance of getting rich, the necessaries of life spring in glorious abundance, the comforts could be obtained by activity, the luxuries might be contained in a few wooden shelves. Here one might be contented, civilised, and honest, but I fear not useful and so scarcely happy. Oh give me work, give me work! I look forward, partly with grief, partly with hope, for the time when the contact of the world shall have done away with better aspirations; and, being grown more callous, one will grow more contented. With me this vacation has been like all others, only I have done less than usual. I think upon next Easter and my Examination with a feeling of sickness, such as I never experienced towards any future before. I hope as usual to do something yet, and have gallantly resisted the entreaties of my father to go with him into Belgium, which with my mania for travelling and my present despondence is very meritorious. I grant you that it is hard to give up one's theories of regular verbs, it has a most depressing effect on the moral sense of right and wrong. Not being able to see why a thing is wrong, one is half inclined to doubt whether it is.

But why do you not take refuge in Mill and his sources? I am gradually being absorbed into that system. A passage struck me the other day, vol. ii. p. 366, about the blunders of the first Greek philosophers who tried to construct theories of the Universe *previous to trial* on some universal cause, as air, water, numbers. "All this," he says, "shows that it is the disposition of mankind in general not to be satisfied with knowing that one fact is invariably antecedent and another consequent, but to look out for something which may seem to explain their being so." To repeat the blunder is to recur to the babyhood of the Understanding, and to set aside twenty centuries of progressive thought.

What say you to the Duke's death? I confess that, do what I will, I cannot coach up the necessary enthusiasm. The story of his victories does not give me the triumph which a Briton ought to feel. Surgical operations, I suppose, but I think of something else beside the nerve and the skill of the operator. He had all an Englishman's weakness, and, though he lies unburied, I must say, his faults. What a fearful legacy of hate he has left behind. Few men ever

lived who felt more intensely, or who fostered so greatly, the rancour of races. O shadow of future ages, must it last for ever?

I am quite ashamed of having spun out three sheets of gossip, but I suppose that my mind has been unconsciously caught by the very absurd and illogical notion, that because the longer your letters are, the more they please me, the same would happen to you in mine. I don't mean that I seriously thought so, but I beg your pardon and hope that you will punish me in kind. Are you going up to Oxford before the 16th. Let me know, as I probably may do so. I had a letter from the "Old Gentleman" announcing his conversion to Free-trade. Is not that a sign of the times? I have not heard from the "Owl," and so fear that he is contriving some abominable wickedness in his seclusion. I am thinking of preparing for a Debate some investigations from personal experience of some of the London industrial phenomena. When shall it be?

Oct. 1853.

My dear Porthos—Our great French dispute has already reached a pitch which throws that of Fox and Burke into the shade, luckily it can only have an effect the contrary of theirs, for our Constitution is wiser than the British. *Mumbo can think no wrong*, and if his interpreters disagree, the fault is not in his inconsistency, but in their misapprehension, so we amicably collate our separate MSS., and are as eager as Bekker and Poppo mutually to preserve the sacred words of the mighty infallible. You attack my reading with the true scholastic virulence, as essentially un-Attic, *putide et inepte scriptum*, say you, *idemque minime Thucydideum*. But let me remind you that you construe my reading wrong, and that I maintain that it is Greek to read thus: "The English anti-Gallic spirit is an ignorant and un-Mumbo-like prejudice, and it is not fair to judge the French character solely from one point of view." What I complain of is, that the very sentiment which you tell me I deprecate, I was claiming for the French as their glory; for I believe French feeling to have many of the peculiarities of the Greek and the Athenian in particular, and in that it is concerned with the imagination, and is a sentiment rather than an emotion, and a passion rather than an instinct, more of these than the English have.

But I will not be provoked into disparaging my country. I have always felt delight, and secretly feel it now in the

prejudices of Englishmen, and it is only because I cannot but see how ignorant they are that I wage war on them with an animosity that I do not feel in my heart, still *fiat justitia.* You don't really think that I meant by my observation on Nelson what you would make me. It was simply an illustration of the one people appealing to their contemporaries, the other to ages before and behind, as I had put it just above. The pleasure with which one recurs to that eternal watchword of Napoleon is always dashed by the regret that the one idea in its author's mind was that God had raised him up to crush democracy. It is so painful to conceive the noblest energies of man exerted in defence of a mistake that I incline to think they never are called forth body and soul except by the partial truth which exists in every error. Yet how much evil has been done by men who thought conscientiously that they had a duty to crush something or other. Reflect, guardians of mankind, do ye crush serpents or are ye Spanish Inquisitors?

I hope this French and English *entente cordiale* may not be broken between us by diplomatic notes, but we must admit the principle that we may hold an opinion without moral obliquity, and so wait in hope of speedy unanimity. You talk of their downward course. Is it justified by facts? Pisistratus and Hippias upset the new-born liberties of Athens, and Athenians got as cordially despised by their fortunate neighbours as Frenchmen under the two Emperors, but Marathon came soon after. What I mean is that Socialism, right or wrong, that is progression, is gaining ground immensely under the shadow of the Empire which bullies all the present political parties, and I do not expect Louis Napoleon will retire from the stage until the *République démocratique et sociale* is consolidated and invincible. If this could be managed quietly and irresistibly it would bring on an immense revulsion of feeling against *idées Napoléoniennes*, and all their concomitant folly, the weak point of the French character, and I don't see then why France and England might not disband their armies at once, which is the one thing to be prayed for at present. Louis is talking strongly of the French navy, his uncle certainly was convinced of that want in France. If he would only live long enough to get up a commercial spirit, I would forgive him all. Just think of the French and English fleet combining to carry the East to the West and the West to the East, that would be something like subduing

the earth and its produce and following man's destiny. At present they remind me of the Corcyrean ships who sailed out to attack the enemy, with the crews engaged in desperate combat with one another.

I don't know how it is that I expressed myself so badly about the great Tutor. I quite agree in all you say about the balance of the qualities, and am so far from thinking that he estimates his intellect low, that I think part of his state is caused by estimating it too high. What I meant is that his moral powers of command, his independence, thirst for rule, and broad sweep of aspirations, are more than what his intellect can sustain or justify; and, in his strength of will, he claims more extensive work than his powers of understanding can master; and then, surprised and vexed at the failure, he becomes discontented with everything but the real cause,—which is, that he is not equal to his ambition.

I read your programme for the great combat with shouts of laughter and highly approve of the whole idea, more especially the suggestion with which it closes. But where are the friends and admirers who will come down for the training and the stakes? That is my difficulty at present. Again you hardly can suppose that Mumbo can have gone on in very parallel lines all this time. I am afraid there will be a difficult balance to strike. We must consolidate at once, and in particular come to an understanding with the "Police Force." My own impression is that he is like Cooper's Spy, and is infinitely worse than any of us under the blue coat of the enemy he wears. Unless we intend to let Lord Derby go on with his government of false pretences, we cannot let the "Policeman" hold the same dubious position of neutrality.

I have been inquiring into the management of the Press. I suppose you know that Moseley, the Clergyman, writes the French articles in the *Times*, and Lowe the other heavy articles, but as Moseley and Lowe are not allowed to be cooked in any way, I hope that the Kidderminster Pet may be considered not to forfeit his independence. The *Times* people, who ought to be judges, are confident that Lowe will not only make a figure in the House as an orator, but will rise to great political influence in the country. My informant knows these people and talked of introducing them to me at dinner or something of that kind. I should like to see them as curiosities, but I cannot say my respect is

high enough to compensate the difficulties of getting access to such a dark lot. They will not tell him, in spite of all his questions, who the "Englishman" is, but I believe he is admitted to be above any of them.

What did you think of Bright in Ireland? It struck me that it was the most bold yet statesmanlike review of the case I have seen. What he says of the Established Church may be good, but it comes with a very bad grace from him.

I have lately been employed on that great dialogue on slavery, *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It is a crushing piece of logic, and takes the right point of view, throwing aside the physical horror of the case except in the worst part of the book, and heightening the material happiness and comfort of the "institution" as much as possible, to meet the question on the great issue of the high claims of man's nature. The religious element, so offensive in fiction, is natural and consistent. I have been rather fascinated by the poetic dream of the supremacy of Africa to institute the reign of peace, when the conquering race of the Anglo-Saxons is ended. The value of the book is that its tone is so elevated and its truth so great that it is equally directed against any institution which represses man's moral development. Perhaps you will not agree with me. Perhaps I shall not agree with myself when an interval has modified me. But being under Eleuthero-mania at present, I am excitable on the subject.

Honours Examination

The examination for the Degree came off in April 1853, and was the first held under the New System. I was one of the very few who risked entering on an unknown field. Indeed it was the last term in which I could have got Honours. From a letter which my father seems to have kept till his death, I fear I did not take it very seriously, nor did the work or the prospect of a poor result trouble me much. I evidently wanted to get it over, in order to study modern history. I wrote on Sunday evening:—

I have now had nearly a week of it, and have almost brought my labours to a close. As to my health, I am

thankful to say that I have never felt better in my life. We get out of the Schools early, so that I have been able to have a game of cricket or a long walk, and then have three or four hours' cram in the evening. In fact, I hardly know what I shall do when it is over, without something lively to keep me in motion. I should not object to another week of it. However, I shall take a few days' rest, and then set to work to *read my books through again*, get up my Blackstone and modern history, and commence a course to which I am looking forward with pleasure. *I think the time immediately after the Schools ought to be more valuable in forming education than any other.*

This sounds rather like affectation or priggishness in 1910, but it really was my honest belief in 1853, and what is certain is that it was a belief on which I acted in 1853-1855—

—thus one has time to digest and think over the mass of facts, etc. got together for the Examination. There will be one or two more days of paper work and the list will be out on Thursday or Friday. I hope that you have not formed high expectations of it. I feel that I have not done myself justice. Many of the questions were such as I ought to have written on well; but, although in quite good condition, I was not happy in bringing my mind to bear. I tried my best, but I fear I wrote with too reckless desperation. I know I have committed myself sadly for want of moderation and self-possession. I feel how badly my doings will repay the solicitude you give them.

The truth is that I had too seriously taken to heart the College maxim of disregarding the Class List as an antiquated vanity; though I knew that my chance of a Fellowship depended on being placed not below the Second, I little expected to see my name anywhere but in the Third Class.

The papers set for Classmen at Easter 1853 by Jowett, Pattison, and J. Matthias Wilson were a model of good sense. At any rate, it was lucky for me that they turned on general ideas rather than technical erudition—"The elements in Plato's

system which previously existed in Greece"—"Is the *Republic* of Plato an Ethical or a Political treatise? and why do Aristotle and Plato interchange these points of view as modern philosophy does not?"—"What are the nearest points of approximation in Plato's and in Aristotle's systems?"—"What is the *real* value of the successive arguments in the *Phaedo*?"—"Exhibit the Sophist, Plato, and Aristotle as representing (1) the arbitrary, (2) absolute, and (3) relative theory of Morals"—"What is Aristotle's Induction? Point out its defects"—"Describe the rivers of Italy and the districts which they drain"—"Illustrate the rhetorical character which pervades Latin literature"—"Compare the characters of Sulla and of Julius on attaining Supreme Power." The Essays were particularly well chosen—

I. A Greek passage in the style of Aristotle, or a Platonic Dialogue to illustrate Socrates' irony.
II. For a Latin Essay—A Stoic about A.D. 200 discourses on the morality and discipline of Christians.
III. An English Essay—The character of Poetry in an advanced stage of mental culture.

The questions set were true examples of the way in which past masters of ancient philosophy, history, and literature should test the mode in which students had brought their minds to bear on these subjects. The three Heads of Balliol, Lincoln, and Corpus were perhaps the ablest men of their time.

I take my Degree

After passing the "Great-go" I read history for six months with lively interest and went into the History School in November 1853. Though

I was by seniority of standing unable to be in the Class List, I had read harder than for the Classical Honours School; and I answered all the questions in both papers and was complimented by the Examiners. Without my knowledge or consent, they put me in an Honorary Fourth Class, to the immense vexation of my father. He, as was natural to a keen business man, wished me at once to leave Oxford and study for the bar. I was quite willing to take up the law, provided it did not entirely absorb my time and thoughts; but I was most unwilling to leave Oxford at once. But I told my father very plainly that

> I had a very deep and old feeling about the bar, one which I was neither able, nor desired, to control—namely, that I could not enter on the profession as many men do—heart and soul, with the one ruling idea of succeeding and being willing to devote all the time and energies to that and that alone.—After long and painful deliberation whether I was mistaking a transient sentiment for a fixed habit of mind, I felt clear that I should not find satisfaction in the ordinary paths of a successful life. I believed that I should find it in the work of maturing and bringing out the fruits of my previous training.

I added that I had carefully worked out a plan of life

> to spare no effort in continuing the cultivation of all my powers, in the hope that some day they may find a scope for useful and successful influence; and if that time never arrives, I shall find abundant satisfaction in all that I have done for myself. You ask me if I have no ambition. Probably it would be better for me if I had not so much; and, though I do not see the glory of becoming Lord Chancellor and that sort of thing, I am not indifferent to success; and surely that other line of life holds out objects greater and broader, and perhaps not so utterly incommensurate with my powers as these would be.—I am ambitious and confident enough to think that I have within me something, now confused and weak, which with cultivation might become stronger and

clearer, by means of which many or some few might be benefited or aided. I feel that there are many things defacing the earth which would be removed if men knew more of them and which need a witness and a narrator—that monstrous ignorance exists because most men have no time to dispel it—that much remains to be found out, if men were not searching for something else. I do hold to a strong belief that I have some thoughts that are right and I feel a strong impulse to let others know them. I desire to meet them, as being a few simple but necessary facts which only need some one with the leisure and will to speak them. Thus I should equally feel that I was pursuing my object—whether I was tutor in a college or master in a school or teaching in private, or writing in a periodical or forming myself in the work of the bar—so long as I could devote myself to mastering some question and in due time write on it. But each of these, to do properly, requires a great deal of self-cultivation and study, and consequently it would be with the greatest pain that I should be driven to be a slave of circumstances.

Naturally in such a state of mind, I turned most hopefully to the Church, but with great reluctance I was forced to confess that I could not take on myself the responsibility of Orders. The work of tuition in a school, etc. etc. is so encumbered and confined at present, that I do not think it offers opportunities to tempt me very strongly, however highly I estimate the life. What my deliberation results in, is this.

I believe it possible to pursue the law at the bar with an honest and steady diligence so as to make it a fair means of support in return for a fair day's work (without absolutely sacrificing all other pursuits or throwing oneself into the race for success)—and all the while pursue to some extent those studies which in time may find their scope. This I believe to be possible: and I should heartily desire it. If now you think that such a sober aim is likely to fall short, and should grudge my spending so long a time on what confessedly I do not enter with enthusiasm—tell me and perhaps it would be better to relinquish it at once. I can then at once enter on the only life which seems open to me (for you will probably think me incapable of a commercial life) and I can soon find a tutorship or a mastership in a school. This I do not now choose because it seems to me somewhat restricted—but otherwise I do not view it with repugnance. So far

you see my deliberate desire is (as it has been) for the bar, unless you think that with my feelings it is impracticable.

But, whether that or anything else is to be my ultimate choice, what I immediately desire is, not to be placed in active work for a few months. I feel that, if with my present imperfect education I am at once thrown into business, I shall probably never make it complete—never make it really available. There are several subjects—such as modern history, political economy, and the theory of law—which I must acquire before I can give any opinion worth listening to. It is accordingly my most earnest request that you will allow me to continue a student until the next summer. *Where* that shall be, I do not think is material, but many things make me desire it should be Oxford. The opportunities here are greater after the Schools are over than before. *It is a great mistake to suppose that an Oxford education is terminated by a First Class.* I naturally feel great reluctance and difficulty in asking you, after the indulgent way in which all my wants and wishes have hitherto been answered, to continue still longer to support me, whilst I am doing nothing towards my independence. Still I see that in a few years I shall have my fellowship, etc. etc. etc.

My father very kindly and very generously sanctioned my remaining at Oxford, without my attempting to earn a penny, although all this must have seemed to him the caprice of a young man throwing himself away. He strongly disapproved of my going into a school, or to tutorship of any kind; and he agreed to my postponing study for the bar with the tepid intention of some day taking it up. He entirely acquiesced in my refusal to take Orders, which I told him honestly was due to a

conscious want of enthusiasm for the Church and fear of the responsibility, and not in any way to repugnance either to its teaching or its discipline.

I accordingly remained at Oxford for two years more, and did not go to Lincoln's Inn until

November 1855. I count these two years amongst the most profitable of my life. I was Librarian of the Union for a whole year, and spent much of my time in making myself master of the contents and correcting the deficiencies of that very excellent Library.

CHAPTER IV

OXFORD IN 1853 AND IN 1910

I CEASED to reside in Oxford in the autumn of 1855, having almost completed my twenty-fourth year; but as Fellow of the College I remained for fifteen years in frequent attendance at College meetings, elections, examinations, and the various commemorations held by University or College. I now gather up my impressions of Oxford during the third quarter of the nineteenth century. It was the era of Oxford Reform, of the Royal Commission, of Gladstone's resistance to and ultimate support of Reform and his final rejection by the University. The whole story has been admirably told in Morley's *Life of Gladstone.* I remember how in 1853, when Gladstone, still member for the University, was hovering on the brink of his conversion to Reform, a certain College tutor who had listened to a speech that Gladstone had just been making to his supporters, broke out into raptures of "the eloquence, the wisdom, the logic" of his oratory. "Well! but what did he say about the Commission Report, and the question of the day?" "Oh!" said the College tutor, "he spoke for two hours on the question, but I cannot remember that he told us on which side he was himself!"

Through Richard Congreve, I was in pretty

close touch with the leaders of the Reform movement; for Goldwin Smith was secretary of the Royal Commission, and Congreve was in hearty sympathy with Stanley, Jeune, Jowett, Pattison, and other leaders of the movement. The reorganisation of the entire College system, which was carried through by slow instalments during the second half of the nineteenth century, has done some good on the whole in breaking up "the organised torpor" of Oxford of the eighteenth century; but it has not effectually shaken the tendency to clerical domination and archaic obscurantism, which still mark Oxford, as it has been for centuries, in essence a seminary of the Anglican Establishment, and of the governing classes.

After sixty-three years I am still, in 1910, a member of Wadham College, which I first knew in the year of European Revolution; I have been College tutor, and College and University examiner and lecturer; and I have been at the making of scores of professors, tutors, priests, and doctors of divinity and law. I doubt if the incessant revisions of the course of studies and examination since 1853 has been of any real gain to learning and thought. I believe the "Old System," which produced Peel, Gladstone, Bethell, Roundell Palmer, the Arnolds, the Newmans, Keble, Goldwin Smith, Mansel, Tait, J. M. Wilson, Congreve, Pattison, and Jowett, was not inferior as a mental training to the "New System," which ever since 1853 has been re-furbished almost year by year, like Paris hats or frocks.

The key of the incessant changes in fifty years, under the universal mania for specialisation, has been the aim to break up education into an infinite set of "subjects," "periods," and expert details. The true aim in training men in the three years,

from eighteen to twenty-one or twenty-two, would be to give them a good all-round mental gymnastic, to teach them to use their minds as organic wholes, and not as if their brains were a bundle of separable "bumps" on a phrenologist's bust. The modern fashion is to stimulate each of these "bumps" to assimilate an unending series of *-ologies*, each of which has to have a special "chair," school, endowment, and corner in the *curriculum*. Nothing is too minutely specialised, too remote from a robust mentality, to be excluded. Oxford, they cry, is unworthy of herself unless she has a school of Coleopterics, a Professor of Epigraphy, and a laboratory equipped for the "science" of Seismology, and another for researches into radio-activity, and the canals of Mars.

I am not belittling real study in physical science, and I am quite aware that these new researches do require much special treatment and equipment. This has been provided in other Universities, and to some extent at Cambridge; and I well know all the splendid laboratories and museums to be seen in New York, Harvard, Baltimore, and German Universities. But the attempt to foist these special physical researches on Oxford, which still remains largely an aristocratic gymnasium and essentially a theological seminary—where not one student in a hundred intends to pursue a scientific profession, where there is little scope for post-graduate study, in a world traditionally devoted to the "humanities," to Church, to "good society," and sport,—this is a sheer waste of labour and money. Oxford is not the place to experiment in Marconigrams, to promote the dialects of Tibet or Uganda. All this is only to distract and enfeeble the task of serious education for the average youth, who only needs at twenty-one to have had his mind vivified, clarified, and organised. The two hundred thousand pounds

needed to multiply fresh -ologies is doing harm, not good, to Oxford, as a place where, in three years, schoolboys should be turned out sensible men, with minds braced up to face the problems of life.

The solid, patient, minute study of the ancient historians, at least as I knew it at Oxford in the 'fifties and the 'sixties, was, I believe, as good a mental training as possible, and supplied a basis for an indispensable grasp of the cardinal facts of human civilisation.

The addition of modern history was a step of great importance, and seemed to promise an immense advance. If the Feudal system, the Renascence, the European State system, and the Revolution could have been studied as a continuous and organic whole, in the same spirit in which we used to know Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Livy, Sallust, Pliny, and Tacitus, Oxford would have had a real History School equal to anything in European education. But the virus of specialisation soon found an entrance. And Modern History was broken up into a set of disparate segments known as "periods," a sort of *hortus siccus* of dried historical specimens. And the conception of orderly sequence, action, and reaction in the evolution of the social organism, was smothered in a dust-storm of petty incidents, mere catalogues of names, dates, and facts—all without life or coherence.

The exact and methodical study of Aristotle's great works on *Ethic*, *Politic*, *Rhetoric*, and *Logic*, and of Plato's *Republic*, and other Dialogues, with the study of ancient philosophy, so oddly named "science" in my day, was, I believe, far the most important part of the whole Oxford system, and indeed, along with the classic historians, was the most fertile and bracing form of training then extant in England, if not in Europe. We were expected

to know something of the current of philosophical thought from Thales and Pythagoras to Kant. And as we were not asked to pursue these great masters of philosophy into all their minor ramifications and developments, this part of the Oxford curriculum was as valuable a mental preparation as could be devised. It sufficed to make an Oxford education, in spite of all drawbacks and deficiencies, the best of its time. And I fondly trust this basic grounding in philosophy still flourishes there.

Alas! from all that I hear to-day, the mania for specialisation and the parrot-like imitation of German Cloud-cuckoo-land and Nephelo-Coccygian Metaphysics, has overlaid Plato and Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, Hume, Berkeley, Butler, and Kant with gaseous worlds of Post-Kantian, Neo-Hegelian fumes and exhalations which bedim the old philosophies, so that they are seen to-day as if they were the sun in a London fog. Unfortunately, these unverified and unverifiable hypotheses—or, rather, pseudo-scientific phrases to label a sort-of-a-something, that may mean anything or nothing—fell into a soil peculiarly fitted to assist their mushroom growth. The vague dissolving vapours of orthodox theology (for history and science had undermined the old creeds of the Church) were exactly the atmosphere in which the metaphysical jargon was the native tongue. And the result was that much of the old Oxford philosophy and the old Oxford theology got amalgamated into a sort of sonorous ontological Pantheism, which called itself philosophy to thoughtful minds, and called itself Christianity to Churchmen who wanted to go with the age.

The result of all this interminable specialisation into fissiparous trivialities, joined to a habit of treating ontological locutions as ideas and realities, has in half a century deteriorated Oxford training and

clouded over Oxford thought. It is my deliberate conviction that Oxford does not breed in the twentieth century powers of mind so robust, so fertile, and so original as it did in the middle of the nineteenth century. The reason I take to be that the discovery of some new but insignificant fact is looked on as displacing grasp of thought, mental synthesis, and any attempt to view the world and man as organic wholes. Thought as such is discredited by the preposterous value attributed to novel, but quite subordinate, positive facts. And as to the imaginative use of language, charm of memorable composition, symmetry and grace of style, the modern tendency is to regard anything of the kind with suspicion and contempt. German philosophers who have dug up a new inscription, and who have pieced together a new fragment of the neolithic age, do not trouble themselves to announce their discoveries in lucid or graceful words. And why should their British disciples care for fine language or studied form? And so philosophy and literature pass into the Gradgrind epoch.

And yet I cannot close my memories of Oxford with regrets and complaints, which are certainly not the pessimism of old age, but the slow convictions forced on me by sad experience through two generations, and often uttered by me with sympathy and love for the old school to which I owe so much. After all the words of criticism which have been wrung from me by a sense of truth, I am still full of yearning for all the mysterious and subtle influences which *Alma Mater* sheds on all who are open to her gifts. Whatever I may have said, I am Oxford-man to the marrow of my brain. I still hold it, in spite of all defects, to be, for those who know how to use it, the best school in these islands. The pathos and the music of its

traditions sink into the spirit, and I doubt if those of any school in Europe do so in equal degree and to the same permanent result. It is, in a sense, a liberal education to have passed the early years of manhood in sight of those walls and towers, even still hallowed by associations of seven centuries of crowded history, to tread the cloisters and the groves which still witness to long eras of intellectual and religious growth.

However narrow, cramping, and retrograde, there is ever about the atmosphere of Oxford, in its inmost and serious side, an ineradicable sense that it has a message to give to the life of England and to the moral and intellectual tone of Englishmen. It must be a vapid or a vulgar nature which can be subject to a real Oxford training without coming away with a consciousness that a purpose in life is a real thing, that education means something more than collecting a number of known facts, that, in a word, *religion* is a reality which counts, and that it is all-important what that religion is to be.

Whatever be the antiquated superstition or the modern neologism which official Oxford strenuously pours into the young, there are two things which are so important that they are antidotes to all its mischief. The *Ethics* of Aristotle and the *Republic* of Plato cannot be absorbed by any superior mind, without leaving it a soil fertile of good thought. And secondly, no serious nature can pass four years in Oxford to any good purpose without a deep and abiding sense that after all *religion* in one form or other lies at the bottom of all that is good in this world, and all that is happy and strong in each man's life.

And so, in spite of all that I have missed or lost, and whatever the defects I record in the curriculum of to-day, I count my six years at Oxford as amongst

the most satisfactory part of my life which I can look back on at the end. Oxford is one of those influences the whole force of which we do not recognise till after long years, and one of those memories which seem to loom more fully as old age comes on. I was a schoolboy of sixteen when I first became a member of Wadham College; and I nurse the hope that the Warden and Fellows may yet, notwithstanding all my heresies and offences, suffer my ashes one day to rest within the chapel which I dearly love, and wherein for six years I almost daily joined in the Psalms and heard the Bible read.

CHAPTER V

I DECIDE AGAINST HOLY ORDERS

THE course which I insisted on following after being elected Fellow of Wadham was, I am free to admit, as bad as any that could be devised from any practical point of view; and I had the utmost difficulty in persuading my father, with his experience of active life, to consent to it. But the course was not quite visionary and Quixotic, at any rate it was that which I steadily pursued, and which made my life what it has been. I was in my twenty-fourth year, and had now an ample means of livelihood. I was bent on prolonging my post-graduate life at Oxford at least for a second year. I was quite resolved not to settle down there as a College tutor. As I told my father, I saw that if I remained a number of years teaching undergraduates, I should "risk being of no use to anybody at the end of the time." Besides, I saw that a thoroughly efficient tutor required to have passed "a much more close and systematic training than mine had been."

At the same time, if I could help in the reorganisation of the College under Congreve's scheme, I was determined to take part in it. Then I wrote to my father:—

I fear we talk of these things rather differently. You speak with anxiety about my spoiling my prospects, etc. etc.

Now, as I have often said, my prospects depend on what I have got in me of natural and acquired stuff, which will produce some distinct result; and this is wholly independent of my being at Oxford or in London, at the bar or the Church. I think no one can seriously modify his life from without, unless his aim is singularly low or his powers singularly small. A man may get on in one line better than another, but can do his duty nearly as well in any state of life to which it shall please God to call him. I should be sorry if your interest in me led you to form any very definite plans or hopes for me; for surely, however anxious I may be to follow your wishes—my career can be no other than my mould of mind, feelings, and faculties require; and I should be sorry you should propose for me any result for which my whole nature is unfitted. Yet, whatever it may be, and I assure you it is a subject on which I speculate very little, I trust it may not be altogether useless or unhappy. Everything tends to confirm my original plan of taking the bar. But I hope you will not form expectations too definite, remembering the somewhat queer fancies I have got in my head.

It was indeed to my father, and to most men of good sense, a very "queer fancy" for a man to enter such a profession as the bar, with an idea of getting a modest living by it, but without any hope, or even desire, to succeed in its prizes, much less without any inkling of either a literary or a political career. That, according to the Quixotic fancies of "Mumbo-Jumbo," was not a life to which a "serious" young man could aspire. The worst of it was, that we were rather serious young men, with a confirmed repugnance to any known form of orthodox "ministry." I tried to relieve my father's anxiety for my perversity by telling him that, as we made our beds, so must we lie on them. We have lain on these beds now for more than fifty years. And good fortune and my father's affection and energy have made my bed less hard than in the ordinary course of practical life it well might have been.

My repugnance to Holy Orders had by this time taken the form of hot antagonism to the Established Church as a political and social scandal. My strong language about its faults and its offences had grievously pained my mother, who received and preserved a long and passionate letter from me explaining my position. I quote passages from it, to show how, fifty years ago, the Palmerstonian Prelacy looked to young Oxford Radicals, and also to explain the fury of my own attack on Neo-Christianity a few years later :—

Is the sect called Church of England—some fraction of one nation of Europe—really Christ's Church? When I see the "Church" distinctly oppressing and degrading the other Protestant bodies which much outnumber it and are at least as religious—am I wanting in Christian duty if I point to the fact? You will not admit the fact; but, as I said, it is a question of evidence; but surely it is not an offence in religion, even if I am mistaken. . . . It is my duty to study the true signs of the times. I have a public task, so far as my little power extends. . . . I express my indignation at the worldliness of the bishops or the incompetence of the curates, —you almost call it unchristian presumption. I discuss gravely an opinion which good men have held, and I fear you almost call it irreligion.

It is not a matter of this man or that—one and all feel a deep sense of discontent and uneasiness. It is easy to say, it is the pride of youth, or the vanity of the intellect. Unfortunately, that is all the answer we ever get, and we shun all discussion. I have known nearly all the men of my day at Oxford who were respected for their ability and good feeling. I have taken pains to seek them. Here, in London, I have known many more whose opinions seem worth having. All, with hardly an exception, are dissatisfied with things religious as they are. On my honour, some of the most earnest, reverential, tolerant characters I have ever met, are the most eager in supporting their ideas.

What am I to do? Give up all that I admire in them of high purpose—true feeling—clear vision—and take up with the well-seeming correctness of the many? What is it, you will ask, they agree in opposing? Well! I may say at once, they are all deeply dissatisfied with the Church as it

exists. My own feeling is so general and so intense that I cannot live with you without showing it. It is not some flaw here or there. I think its whole constitution and working rotten and wrong. I know it must grieve you for me to say so. I can hardly ask you to agree with me. Your sphere is one domestic rather than political. You see the Church which satisfies your heart, through the bright medium of your own affection and duties. My case is somewhat different. I have to look into the wide facts around me. It is my duty to satisfy myself what is needed for the public good, and having assured myself to follow it. I cannot think it right that one body of Christians in a country is to usurp the power, the riches, and the position belonging to the whole nation. But even that is a trifle. What is a Church? Is it a spiritual Society—a union where the noblest feelings bind men with a tie above all distinctions and differences? Is it a pure communion, where self-interest does not enter—and where Christian love and self-denial and devotion reign? What is a clergy? Is it not a body of men chosen to guide their fellows—not in mean matters but in the most awful duties—to bind men in fellowship—to raise men to a moral standard—to kindle them with real devotion? What is our Church? Do I not see it as a selfish sect—pressing on other Christians—keeping them from its schools and colleges—grasping its own wealth? Do I not see year after year, more complete estrangement from the poor? It is notorious that a poor man never by accident comes into a town Church. The great mass of the poor of this city have no kind of place there: and does the Church care? Does it ever stir itself to mend this tremendous fact?[1]

Do not the most serious and active clergymen in London tell me the working-men have not one jot of respect or care for Church or clergy? Did not one of the best of them in a large and poor parish tell me that he had not one single working-man in his Church, and that any London clergyman would say the same? What hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men are utterly estranged—left wholly to their own

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[1] It will be remembered that this was written more than fifty-seven years ago—with a personal experience of little beyond the West End and City Churches—before the great revival of Church activity since 1860, in the days of high pews, pew-rents, Church rates and episcopal and clerical pluralism. It was written in the very year when Trollope was painting Dr. and Mrs. Proudie, and Mr. Slope, and the Archdeacon.

passions—their own sufferings—and thus the whole mass of every town in the kingdom who most need a teacher and a comforter,—are outcasts from us—and we give them nothing but reproaches. Can it be their fault alone? We give them no word but to condemn them to hell-fire. Not only is this so; but, it being so, and every one knowing it, no one cares. The Church goes grinding on content, so long as the pews are paid for, and the Church-rate granted.

And then—what is our clergy? You only know them by their respectable outside. I have seen them in preparation—in embryo—in every stage. Do I not see at College the men we respect all shrinking from orders? Some do take orders under strong pressure from home. Think of that! Some in sheer despair of finding a better path of duty, but under a protest and with mixed feelings. Do I not see the best men I know shrink from it—and the dullest—and most selfish going in? Are not the mass of them swept up like fish into a net—men without much character—some notorious for wickedness and folly? I know now many a Church where I could go in and hear one at whose impiety—wanton impiety—I have shuddered, praying for the congregation of the faithful. I know many a pulpit where I could go and hear my moral duty taught me by a fellow who would not have had the face to speak to me at College. Whence these miraculous conversions? Easy enough! The Bishop asks no questions; one man wants some money, another has a family living. As a rule, the inferior men—inferior in ability, in character, in feeling—take orders—many of the worst. Take the parish of ——, which you used to know. Supposing yourself in need of a guide in your duty—some spiritual difficulty—some moral perplexity having arisen, where could you go? Would you trust X.—whose bare character is more than suspected? Would you take spiritual teaching from an idler like Y.? Would you be comforted by a drone like Z.? Are these three priests the fittest to guide Christian men in the way they should go?

I should not complain if these were the exceptions. But it is the rule. The system is such that it must produce this result. I will freely admit that many a clergyman is highly deserving: their position naturally raises and improves all but the bad. Yet withal, the best have their hands tied: the system is a gross anomaly. The foundation of the Church as a dependent on the State, on the rich—the appointment of Bishops by a Minister—their wealth and

political position—the jobbing of the whole ecclesiastical appointments—the sale of "livings"—the simony and nefarious traffic in the most sacred of public duties—the injustice of the Church's revenue at its foundation—and most of all the monstrous social position of the clergy, as gentlemen, to live like rich gentlemen and to be the sons of rich gentlemen, is the cause of all evils. None but the rich can enter, so that the bad rich must be taken. When they are taken they have the class feelings of rich men.

By *rich* I mean the class of "gentlemen" who cannot by any possibility win the confidence and touch the heart of the poor. I never found that abroad. There the *curé* is a poor man and the poor man's friend, only better educated and better taught than they are. And they trust him and love him. In the country it is better. But X. Y. Z., one of the best of fellows—who by the way would quite endorse all this of mine—in his country curacy says he has no one to speak to. Of course not—he is bred up in the fictitious refinements of a gentleman. He cannot be the associate of labourers. Why need he be the son of a wealthy father, who has spent £1000 on his education, and expects to receive at least £300 a year? The son of a ploughman, with £50, would do the work better. Why not then? Because the Church must keep itself a rich man's sect—must be genteel, must inflame our social animosities—must uphold our political exclusions.

Where is there any attempt at pure Church management—at careful selection of ministers—at purifying and cementing society? The other day half the bench of Bishops were paralytic. It will be a long day before you see honest workmen in your aisles, never while you go in French bonnets, and sit in pews with a narrow pen for the poor, and a rich man's dull son gets up in the pulpit to show off his fine linen and his curly whiskers. As a politician, I feel as sure as I am of anything that this Church cannot last a generation. I do not say all its defects come from its constitution. I do not think that it preaches the Gospel. If the Gospel is nothing but a few stern and simple truths, as you seem to say, no great sham corporation is needed to utter them. A few readers or clerks will do. But, if the Gospel of Christ is that pure rule of life which can direct the highest energies, which can teach all duties, answer all wants, point the path of moral and spiritual improvement, ever hold out before us "purer manners, higher laws," which can indeed bind men

and nations into a great fellowship, with a common duty and united energies—then, I think the Church which undertakes this solemn trust does require the highest gifts of intellect, of learning, of character, of heart, and of earnestness, does require that its basis and its organisation be at the bottom true and sound—needs to clear itself from every appearance of selfishness and pride—is bound to go equally to all classes, and most to the lowest—and to listen to and to seek out the able and the energetic wherever they can be found.

When men who confessedly think most truly—see most clearly—study most honestly on other subjects—come to Churchmen for answers, they are bound to meet them fairly—argue with them equally—sympathise with them fully—or that Church is lost. Day by day, I see the Church gathering more mediocrity within its pale—day by day growing more hostile to learning and intellect—crushing where it cannot answer—preaching where it cannot teach—repeating its watchwords, not fighting its true fight. Where men like Maurice and Kingsley, and many more, do what they can to meet their duties, they are silenced—driven out—maligned. Narrow minds—feeble hearts—are all that are wanted in the Establishment.

Go where I will, I hear men of learning, ability, and honesty complaining that they are ignored and repressed, of the disorganisation of society, of the need of a true moral regeneration. Is that Church likely to hold its true place, whilst it is an object of dislike and contempt to a large mass of the men of highest education? As for myself, I will confess that I cannot find from our pulpits that purity of life and character—that high purpose—that untiring energy—that warm charity and heartiness that I do look for in every moral teacher. Nor do I find that horror at our social miseries—that zeal to correct abuses—to inspire our common fellowship, which is needed in any Church. Nor, lastly, do I find among our clergy that clear conviction, that true wisdom, which is needed in one who assumes to settle and explain religious questions—to comfort our distresses—to clear up our perplexities. A church must teach—bind—regulate. *I must find one that will* [*lier*, *régler*, *rallier* (Auguste Comte)].

If when I ask for these things I get no answer but a reference to the Thirty-nine Articles, I am thrown upon myself, and am put in hostility to a constituted authority.

And if in this pass I am forced to turn away from *home* too —turn from her to whom my love and duty bid me look, for fear of being met by her grief and reproof—my case is not cheering; nor is the task one that I willingly incur. In all this, I have spoken, as my way is, with vehemence. Forgive me, if I have done wrong. Surely you will not think me wholly unpardonable—however much you think me mistaken.

I copy this violent letter because it shows the passionate unrest that was boiling in the minds of the extreme Oxford Liberals a few years before the explosion that followed the publication of *Essays and Reviews.* The letter was written to my mother, who was nursing my brother at Torquay after a severe illness, and whom I had not seen for many months, during which she had often reproached me with my views about religion. I was then living in London, in close association with Dr. Congreve, Dr. Bridges, Mr. Beesly, the Lushingtons, and other Oxford friends, and I was a frequent hearer of F. D. Maurice, and the men, both lay and clerical, who were connected with the Working Men's College. It may be that I overstated the opinions of the most radical of these men. But those who turn to what was being stated in the Palmerstonian 'fifties by Carlyle, Kingsley, Goldwin Smith, Mill, Bright, and the disestablishment orators and organs need not be surprised at the heat of a young student thrown into that world. This letter, too, may serve as an example of the cruel domestic sufferings of affectionate men who found their genuine convictions met by the sorrow and remonstrance of those dear to them; and it is a specimen of the pressure put by the elders on the thought of the rising generation.

I heartily admit that an immense rally of the Established Church has taken place in the fifty or sixty years since this furious indictment was penned.

It is a moral as well as a great social revival of Church power, mainly in towns, and largely designed as a political expedient. But whilst I regret the violent language into which my youth was betrayed, I cannot deny that in substance the condemnation of the Establishment remains still not unjust.

CHAPTER VI

LONDON—READING LAW

1855-1856—*Lincoln's Inn* (*ætat.* 24)

In November 1855 I began the study of the law as a pupil of Joshua Williams, the eminent conveyancer, at 7 New Square. My fellow pupils were, amongst others, Arthur Cohen, K.C., and a brother of the late Professor Sir John Seeley. J. Williams was a careful lawyer of the old school, who took great pains with his pupils, and had a gift for neat expression. I took an invincible antipathy to the whole conveyancing trade. In 1855 it was a jungle of antiquated fooleries kept up by the pedantry and the interest of those who profited by it. I never even could bring myself to take interest in the absurd artifices of its cumbrous style (though it had a style of its own), and I confess I looked with undisguised contempt on the pundits who took interest in it for its own sake, as the excellent J. Williams certainly did. Some of us actually went late to his chambers to avoid hearing him read and expound Jarman and Sugden. A year in his chambers sent me forth hardly fit to settle a common mortgage, with a deep conviction that "Conveyancing" was a kind of tomfoolery only used to fill the pockets of the profession. Few students have entered the Inn with a more settled determination not to give one's life to it,

but to use it for what it might be worth till one found another occupation.

As a student in these years I read more history and philosophy than law. I now read the *Politique* of Auguste Comte, J. S. Mill, Gibbon, Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Dante, and Milton. I joined the Working Men's College, of which Fred. Denison Maurice was the President, other active members being J. Ruskin, C. Kingsley, Tom Hughes, J. M. Ludlow, F. Furnivall, R. B. Litchfield, Vernon Lushington, K.C., and Ford Madox Brown. I endeavoured to induce the Council to introduce some system in the course of education, especially in History, and I drew up several papers and schemes for methodical synopsis of lectures. This Maurice furiously, passionately, almost bitterly resented. His own suggestions were utterly futile and old-fashioned. He said History was best studied by the reigns of the Kings of England! And finally, he said he would resign the Presidency if the systematic scheme was insisted upon. Thereupon Hughes and Ludlow and others stoutly supported him, and it was felt by all that to press the matter further might ruin the College. Maurice regarded me as a dangerous disciple of Auguste Comte, and perhaps there was ground for his vehement repudiation of anybody's "system."

1857—*Lincoln's Inn*

During these years of studentship I visited R. Congreve constantly, and became more and more disposed to Positivism. I now read the Positivist *Catechism*, and perhaps this was about the period when I first definitely abandoned the Orthodox scheme from top to bottom. This was largely brought about by the sermons of F. D. Maurice. I had long read his published writings,

and I regularly attended his sermons at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. These and the general effect of the teaching of his School thoroughly emancipated me from theological creeds. Not by Maurice's *strength*, but by his *weakness*. A more utterly muddle-headed and impotent mind I have never known. He was a good dear creature, with a sympathetic nature and a really strong moral sense. He felt acutely, and put with real eloquence, force, and courage the *moral* objections to the Orthodox scheme, and the evil side of the Old Testament, of Mosaism, of Hell, and Atonement. All of these he insisted on interpreting in a purely Pickwickian sense, which made us laugh, and then, after parading every moral objection to the Orthodox Bible and scheme of salvation, he would break into a puerile *non sequitur* that we must take it all down for the sake of the beauty of Christ's mission, etc. *Credo quia impossibile* was his motto and eternal refrain. I was not the only person whom Maurice so completely disgusted.

Nearly all my contemporaries and colleagues at the Working Men's College, excepting Ruskin, Hughes, Ludlow, etc., felt the rottenness of this Broad Church scheme of keeping the Orthodox Church going whilst regarding its Creed and its Bible as false and often mischievous in their plain and natural sense. We all loved and honoured Maurice for his moral qualities and his truly Christian sympathies. But, I believe that most of us thought him a weak vessel. And I know I thought him one of the most incoherent sentimentalists I had ever met, and I could not pretend to disguise it. He treated me well personally; but I fancied that he had a real horror and even a nervous dread of me, whom he looked on as a sort of emissary of R. Congreve, *i.e.* of the Devil.

In the autumn I made a walking tour with

Robert in the Highlands, tramping with knapsacks from the Clyde to Ross-shire, and nearly reached John o' Groat's. We ascended Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis, and did a deal of mountaineering. From a passing traveller on a coach I heard of the death of Auguste Comte, and deeply regretted that I had never again seen him.

1858—*Lincoln's Inn*

In Hilary term of this year I was "called" to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and shortly afterwards I took chambers on the second floor of No. 7 New Square. I there practised as Conveyancer and Equity Draftsman, etc. My three years of study had been spent—first with Joshua Williams, from whose chambers I came away with utter disgust for the whole Real Property business. Then I spent six months with Sir H. Maine, reading Roman Law and Jurisprudence. I wrote for him a pile of essays on civil law, etc., which I have kept in my bookcase (and will some day look through). I found Maine in deplorable health, writing for the *Saturday Review*, without Court business, and in poor prospects, even of life. I was deeply impressed with his brilliant intelligence and rare literary instincts. I attended his lectures in Middle Temple Hall (afterwards his book *Ancient Law*),—the substance of the problems we discussed together. In Maine's rooms I often met W. Vernon Harcourt, George Venables, K.C., Fitzjames Stephen, Vaughan Johnson, etc. etc., and we discussed a good deal of general literature and politics.

After leaving Maine I was a year with John Wickens (afterwards Vice-Chancellor), then Junior Counsel to the Treasury. With him I learned all the equity law I ever knew, and greatly benefited

by his vast stores of experience, law, and knowledge of the world. A man of great ability, masculine good sense, and curious knowledge of literature and men, he was friendly and pleasant with me, and as we lived near each other, he invited me to walk home with him after chambers, talking mainly of books and general anecdotes of life. I a little *preceded* Montague Cookson and Horace Davey in his pupil rooms, and I *followed* Macnaghten, now Lord of Appeal. When I was called to the Bar and took chambers (in the same year with E. H. Pember (K.C.), Leonard (Lord) Courtney, and (Lord Justice) Rigby), I had picked up enough law to carry me on decently through a mortgage, or will, or the pleadings of an equity suit—but I had never thrown my whole mind into law—much of it always seemed to me intolerable trifling, and formalism, and for the three years of my legal studies I had given my real mind (at least for one-half of my time) to theology, politics, and literature. I was now twenty-six, and I fear aimless and useless. Having a modest income and no ambition of any kind, I had no particular aim in life, except to improve myself, and make up my own mind. It was a slow process.

Practice at the Bar

It would be difficult to arrange a more inefficient way of "studying for the Bar," or of entering upon practice than the desultory manner in which I took up the profession. Having relations amongst eminent firms I had every chance; and, indeed, for some time I did manage to make a modest income, and in one or two fat years I had as much work as I could possibly contrive to get through, whilst the atmosphere of the crowded old Courts quite asphyxiated me and drove me silly. My

principal suits which appear in reports were the Chatham and Dover Debenture Holders' Bills in Parliament and the Arbitration before Lord Salisbury and Lord Cairns, and then the long and varied litigation in Bovill's Milling Patent. In one day I signed my name to 210 Bills in Chancery—which of course were soon amalgamated in one great test suit. But the insufferable jargon of the stock conveyancing "forms," as they survived in 1855, filled me with scorn and disgust. As I told a friend, "No more unwieldy system ever cumbered the earth, and I doubt if any men ever set themselves so obstinately to degrade it as a science and a study as the lawyers have done. . . . The actual practice is portentous in its degradation. A man of the strongest will and head could not do a great business in our Courts, and keep his understanding sound and vigorous." This of course was the tone of a conceited scholar who for six years had been cram full of Aristotle, Plato, Burke, Carlyle, Mill, and Comte, and who thought life was not worth living, unless it meant turning Ideals into Realities. How presumptuous are the young!

This criticism of lawyers was not so absurd as it sounds. I have since lived to be in close touch with some of the most eminent counsel, judges, and magnates of the law. I have known them in Court, in learned Societies, and in Royal Commissions. And I am free to say that I have hardly known more than some few of them, such as Charles Bowen and Horace Davey, who had clear ideas on general problems of philosophy or politics. Some of the greatest lawyers who ever filled the Woolsack have shown themselves to be bigots in religion and party hacks in statecraft. Nor can I recall a great lawyer in full practice who had any serious interest in matters of abstract thought or any rational sense of spiritual truth.

As I told my friend, "I had no wish to try to get absorbed in practice, even if the chance came to me," and indeed I kicked away the chance when it lay at my feet. "I would rather pick oakum," I said. I saw that there was keen enjoyment to be had in working the legal machine to a profit. I wrote, "The men in our pupil room are fine examples of early depravity. They enter keenly into the peculiarities of our legal system. I always address them as expert thieves, and they feel quite flattered. We talk like a gang of coiners. It is wholesome: it humanises one after abstract studies, and maundering over heathen morality."

I had every opportunity in the chambers of the late Joshua Williams, whose admirably lucid and elegant style has made his treatises as popular as that of Blackstone. I attributed his quite unrivalled finish of language to his invariable habit of *dictating* all his drafts, and never using his pen except to sign his name in hieroglyphics. He was a lawyer of immense learning in case-law of real property and of meticulous care and accuracy in the smallest trifle. He was not only unusually anxious to teach his pupils orally—a very rare quality in a busy conveyancer—but he was ever ready for genial and homely intercourse with his young students. On the whole, in spite of my horror of the old dry-as-dust system, I am sure I learned much from good old Joshua, more perhaps than I quite knew or suspected. Above all, I learned the value of that verbal neatness which the Romans called *concinnitas*, and the critical importance of every stroke that tells when the *litera scripta manet*.

To a student of life, who was in no danger of becoming a legal pedant, the Courts offered endless amusement and interest.

The case of slander, "Dickson *v.* Lord Wilton,"

tried before Lord Campbell in five days, was a really roaring farce, Lord Combermere, Lord Wilton, Tom Duncombe, and a Jew money-lender, with the aid of the learned Judge, sending the Court into fits of laughter. I wrote to my friend :—

We are not without our romance either. The other day a hoary old man rose in Court, and begged to be heard. "In support of the decree?" said the Chancellor. "My Lord! I don't know what the decree is. I have just left a prison where I have spent three years. All my property has been in this Court for twenty-seven years. Let me die in peace. I don't want this mockery of justice." "You cannot interrupt Counsel," replied the Judge.—"Usher, remove the man!" He sat down and wept bitterly. Old fool!

The same day a lawyer close by was shot dead by his infuriated client. A shocking outrage—were it not that a fine point in law will arise out of the man's supposed insanity. I see my way very clearly now. I know what I want to do, and I think I know how to do it. But the path is not the smoothest nor the softest in the world.

My conduct, which to practical minds can appear nothing but the harebrained conceit of a learned coxcomb, was a line of life which I had myself carefully thought out. I replied to a friend—

You ask of course if I am not throwing my time away. I think not. I hope to get some employment—at least I hope to deserve it in time. And as I don't look to the profession for anything, I can't be disappointed. Of course if I can't get bread and butter of a wholesome quality, I must try something else. Certainly, I should like to get some ideas about Law Reform. Nothing is such a mistake as to suppose the lawyers individually worse than their neighbours. They deal with Reform rather less viciously than the Church, rather more intelligently than the Army. I don't think the strongest brain could free itself from the meshes of our system when once in it. An eminent conveyancer, the best of fathers and my good friend, said, "I tried at first to make my drafts short—but nobody liked it; it was a heavy responsibility—and one must live!"

So he goes on with his "*shall and will at every time and at all times as the case may be in throughout during and pending the continuance of the said term*," and does this with a view to giving his children "the inestimable benefits of a University education," and bringing them up in the fear of God and man.

As I read law more seriously and also studied history and the constitution, I became keenly interested at least in the evolution of our legislation. I noted what crucial changes took place immediately after the great political movements of our history, and I was struck with the body of new legislation which followed on or arose out of the Reform Act of 1832. It seemed to me to show a moral principle in that struggle over the suffrage which far transcended the value of the parliamentary results we see to-day. "My desire," I wrote, "is to keep History going along with Law, and so read the latter aright. I hope thus to avoid becoming a lawyer in the discreditable sense of the term, but it will end, I fear, in my not becoming a lawyer in any sense." I made up my mind to take a period of history and work it up from the original authorities and incorporate the legislation it produced, and I proposed to begin with the period from 1640 to 1689. This in fact was what I practically carried through in my years of legal study.

No doubt the worst traditions of the ancient mystery of "conveyancing," which so disgusted me as a pupil, have long since been swept away. And when I listened to the lectures of Henry S. Maine, which afterwards became his *Ancient Law*, I was as strongly attracted to Roman Law and historical Jurisprudence as I had been repelled by the barbarous verbiage of "common forms." I insisted upon becoming Maine's pupil for six months, as a condition of keeping my reason during my study

of law. To this my father, with very great reluctance, consented. Indeed, it seemed to him, and no doubt truly it was, a conclusive bar to my ever becoming a leading practitioner. But the hold on Roman Law and its principles which I gained in Maine's chambers was developed into a keen interest in Jurisprudence on its scientific side, and ultimately enabled me to succeed to the seat of Maine as Professor to the Inns of Court—in conjunction with Mr. James Bryce. And indeed this has been the only professional work in which I have seriously engaged.

I become a Radical

But whether I was studying Sugden on the *scintilla juris*, or the Twelve Tables with Maine, or was following John Wickens into the Chancery Court, to judge from old letters and drafts, I seem to have been perpetually forming groups of young Radicals to deal with academic and political reforms. My first care was to try what could be done with my own College, of which I was now Fellow and regularly attended the meetings. I find in my dusty drawer an elaborate scheme which I submitted to the Oxford Commissioners, and another which I pressed on the Warden. The object of both was to restrict the absolute power of the Head, and to rest the government of each College in the hands of the acting tutors. My recommendations were entirely on the lines of the reforms which have been very slowly and gradually introduced at Oxford.

Then I took part in the long agitation for freeing the University from the bonds of religious tests which ended in the state of freedom, as described in the book of the late Professor Lewis Campbell on *The Nationalisation of the English Universities*,

1901. With George Brodrick, late Warden of Merton, C. S. Roundell, (Sir) G. Osborne Morgan, Charles (Lord) Bowen, James Bryce, and Lyulph Stanley (Lord Sheffield), we formed in London a small group which, under the inspiration of Benjamin Jowett, united the forces of resident and London Reformers, and so with John Bright and Edward Miall were in alliance with the political Nonconformists. The delicate task of combining the mildest and even "Churchy" types of academic Liberalism with the Radical Dissidents of the Chapels and the Lobbies, was in the main the work of the organising genius of Jowett. So far as the London movement went, the larger part of the secretarial agitation fell to C. S. Roundell, Albert Rutson, and myself, and we three no doubt gave more of our time to it, and our chambers were the frequent meeting-place of committees.

I find also in my old MS. piles of drafts and correspondence relating to the attempt I made to place the educational system of Maurice's Working Men's College on a systematic basis. Meetings of the lecturers were held to consider my proposal, and sub-committees and reports of a very miscellaneous kind followed in due course. My elaborate scheme of history teaching smelt too strongly of Comte's *Polity*, and threw dear old Maurice into vehement opposition. He threatened to resign if forced to adapt himself to any *system* whatever. The older and more orthodox lecturers stood by the Principal, whom we all loved and trusted. And the College has thriven and increased on the basis of the Christian Socialism of Maurice and the muscular Christianity of Tom Hughes, as a useful and well-conducted school of secondary education on the established and moderate lines, with some Christianity, a little arm-chair Socialism, and a mild infusion of real working men.

By the year 1855 the three members of Mumbo-Jumbo, Beesly, Bridges, and myself, ceased to reside in Oxford; but soon afterwards we were all settled in London in professional work, and we kept up a lively interchange of thought, and were perpetually forming groups to act on public opinion, though no one of us had the least idea of either a parliamentary or a literary career. For my part, with my furious hatred of Austrian oppression, learned in part from Aurelio Saffi and Francis Newman, I looked upon most European questions from an Italian or Hungarian point of view. I could not get up any enthusiasm for the Crimean War, for I feared that our Whigs would make an alliance with Austria, so as to guarantee the *status quo.*

At the opening of the Crimean War in 1853 I was certainly a man of peace, and in a letter to one of our set I vehemently repudiated the policy of attacking Russia on behalf of the Turks. This was the view of a young Radical of the Bright school.

If I rightly understand the position you occupy in your last "Note," your policy is equally aggressive and suicidal. That young subalterns, or Captain Mayne Reid, or the *Morning Herald* should clamour for war is simple enough, for they want promotion, revolution, and dear bread respectively; but that you who don't wish to deliver yourself into the hands of a war-loving aristocracy, who think a contest would put a stop to Liberalism, and who view with indifference the distressed state of agriculture, should do the same, you must be actuated by the want of amusement and the vague appetite for bloodshed. See the hollow pretences on which you are obliged to justify your indulging the coarser passions. Russia is "an overgrown despot," very likely, but if you did not, on the grand occasion when liberty was set against despotism, oppose her in behalf of Hungary and Italy, it's disgusting to talk of liberty on behalf of an effete herd of coarse barbarians.

But Russia "is gaining a formidable preponderance." Why, you admit that she is an empty bugbear, and if you

calmly consider it, you cannot seriously fear that barbarism can be dangerous to civilisation and enormous resources like ours. As to the honour of England, that is only consulted by going on our way with perfect disregard of the paltry demonstrations of a nation of savages. I think the power of Russia quite overrated and underrated. The material power, *i.e.* the possession of innumerable numbers, of extent and of coherence, is enormous, and when people talk of attacking Russia so easily, they overlook a great deal. On the other hand, in all that makes a great nation, Russia is ridiculously small; and those who talk of the dangers of her power are, I think, as wrong as the others. The people who will send us into a war are, first, the government who have a traditional policy of balance of power, which is really want of faith in their own civilisation and high calling; secondly, the radicals who desire confusion; third, the restless and combative people who hate Russia, and want to demonstrate the power of England, "in which predicament I say thou standest," viz. the latter.

The fact is, and you will have to admit it, war would create a great change in the face of Europe. Austria must be annihilated in any case. She can't exist without Russia, and if she joins Russia she can't hold Hungary or Italy, which of course we should then emancipate. Again, the German princes all hang on by Austrian support, which explains Prince Albert's opposition to war. When this comes about England may in the next European war put herself at the head of the peoples instead of the kings as in the last, and that might create a better state of public feeling, for no doubt our taste for despots in Europe is a legacy of the old war, when we did so much for them. Desirable as this result is, I cannot seek it in a war at the present moment, especially when the pretence is the worthless and foul remnant of the Turkish race. Whoever gets Constantinople, it is the finest site in Europe, and must be in the present times a dominant place, and all the better for us; for I can't see that it signifies who holds a valuable possession so long as our ships have free entry. I am very much annoyed that term interferes with my attending the peace congress, for I am sure that the only word on the subject with which I can agree will come from John Bright.

I am sorry to inform you that my efforts to rouse Italy have been unattended, at least at present, with success. They consisted in humming the Marseillaise in a low tone

through the most frequented streets of Milan, and reading to the gondoliers of Venice extracts from Frank Newman's *House of Hapsburg*. Neither created much enthusiasm, which I attribute to their ignorance of the French and English languages. My endeavours to communicate with the only member of the revolutionary party with whom I am acquainted were frustrated by the police, on whom I revenged myself by the razor, as I used to tear up my passport for shaving and insist on having a fresh one every morning. Although nothing can be finer than the general appearance of the Austrian army of occupation, my cursory glance raised my hopes of Italian liberty and my estimate of the intelligence and worth of the people.

CHAPTER VII

THE CRIMEAN WAR

I WROTE (1854):—

> I fear the worst from the war. Russia is undoubtedly very strongly fortified in the Black Sea, as well as the Baltic—so that little can be done there but by blockade. This will be very expensive: to drive them out of the Principalities is more so—and then there is their Asiatic army untouched. We shall probably with some trouble hit Russia very hard, without in the least touching the *régime*. This very small gain will be at the cost of all the perversion of sentiment which this silly anti-Turk sentiment calls forth, and with the stoppage of internal progress and the derangement of commerce and industry.

I did not put my copper penny "on the wrong horse." I added:—

> I confess this battle of the Alma, in spite of the unparalleled courage and vigour shown, shocks me. I feel humiliated in admitting that regrets overpower triumph, but I can't help it. I see every form of noble daring and resolution lavished to mend past incapacity and meanness, and to secure a future, I fear, hardly less sad and threatening.

We three were then trying to get up a debate in the Oxford Union to protest against any kind of Austrian alliance "as a fatal and shameful policy—a new Holy Alliance." Even Tennyson's *Maud* in 1855 scandalised me by its militarism. "The appeals to patriotism," I added, "are interwoven with an unworthy philosophy. Admitting the

wild music of many stanzas, they trench on the spasmodic school." "It is distressing to see men of his stock joining in a war cry as the only means of purifying the country. We want the best means to the best ends, and the moral means are still available. It is not to Tennyson's credit to vilify Bright like a newspaper." The slang term *pacifist* had not been invented in 1855—but the thing was clearly bred in young Oxford Radicals even then.

The speeches of John Bright against the war in the Crimea, and especially the great speech of February 1855, when he told the House of Commons, hushed to silence, that you could "hear the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death," naturally roused in me the greatest interest. We heard how the House seemed for the time overawed by his appeal and remained for a measurable period quite motionless and still. The Speaker was reported to have said that he had never known so memorable a thrill through the whole House. A wild Irish member told me that many of them agreed with Bright about the war, but were afraid to speak.

> He spoke of Bright as the devil might speak of a saint. There was something about him that they were all afraid of. Every day I admire that man more. Go where you will, you hear how thoroughly his character mastered the House. He certainly converted the Peelites. They *have* got consciences, you know!—but they never remember that weak spot in their moral constitution until they are half-way through some business. A fine result we have got of the war! Disgraced and found out: Napoleon substituted for Nicholas: the French Liberals in despair: the Italian Liberals divided and irresolute.

In spite of the war and of the old Whigs we began to have hopes of the Aberdeen Ministry, as Gladstone was opening his great scheme of taxation reform. I wrote (in 1853):—

The Ministry has some bad aspects, but on the whole I am hopeful. At first sight and for the present it is very disheartening to see in so Liberal a Ministry Manchester unrepresented, in a Ministry whose sole bond is Free-trade, and I feel convinced that it will be very difficult in so fairly promising a party to get a hearing for the deeper reforms, and I have no doubt they will keep their seats long, and leave the real question at issue untouched; but when one looks beyond, it seems to one an almost providential solution of a great difficulty, and the dawn of a new era in politics. The Liberals have been for many years overburdened by their talent, and powerless from their wide range of opinions. Now the whole of the Conservative Liberals and all the rose-coloured philosophic Liberals are cut off, there is left nothing but the vigorous, practical Radicals; compact, intrepid, clear-spoken. The Ministry must, of course, be the conservative body, and Manchester will be elevated into the real opposition, with one purpose, backed by great towns soon to be backed by the whole intelligence of the real stuff, the workmen. Now all that aristocratic dabbling in liberalism, of talkers like Lord Palmerston, traditional liberalism and finality of Lord John—the philosophic-do-nothing mediaeval liberalism of the Puseyites, time-serving liberalism of clear-sighted adventurers like Lowe, Bethell, Osborne, Cockburn, all that host of fantastic allies that thronged and clogged the march of the Immortals, are banded together as our foes, and there stand out clear a noble band, uncompromising, and practical, plebeians to the backbone, sprung from earth and knowing the groans and labours of the earth.

From henceforth I see the rise of a real People's party. We shall no longer have the cries of Political and Religious toleration, Free-trade, Reform in Election Abuses — all remnants of sinful abuses—as the highest of our political ideas, but we shall wage war on the accurst barrier between the gentleman and the cad, the unholy assumptions of property, the arrogance of respectability, the fallacies which support world-old abuses, which degrade man's moral nature —domestic serfdom, War, the idleness of higher classes, the ignorance of the lower. From henceforth the contest between property and birth is closed. The really honourable contest is this moment beginning, numbers against property, that is man against things, in which the true appeal to the individual's moral responsibility comes into light. Heaven

prosper the brave men who refused to sit in a cabinet which would not propose the ballot. May they prove worthy of our hopes!

But you are in too great hurry. I hope the contest will be gradual, I should not like it in my lifetime. The French Revolution unnaturally put the two struggles into one. I should not like both of them all at once. Englishmen shall not declare our Rights of man in blood. Do not be too sanguine; think what the minds of Liberals were in '92 and where we are now. Do you ask me where I shall be when it comes? So entirely does it engross my mind, so great do I feel the responsibility of all to prepare for its successful and easy triumph, that until my better feelings are quenched in selfishness by the weight of the world's pressure, I wish nothing else than to work, however humbly, for that end, and though I may in the end have done no one service, at least I shall leave the example, and that is not too small a reward. I have long felt that the great need is right and judicious education; the old democracies became worthless as they descended into lower classes, knowledge and habitual intelligence could not keep pace with their practical acuteness and the power by which they won the government. We have the printing press, and with us no democracy ought to be wild or excessive. The experiment is new upon the face of the earth, it must not fail through our blindness or supineness.

Literary Criticism

I had already begun to be critical, especially as to histories. A second reading of Carlyle's *French Revolution* did not give me quite the same thrill as the first. And when Macaulay issued his third and fourth volumes I wrote:—

My anger against him is now chiefly for his degrading his sacred trust as an Historian and vitiating the public taste, when he had the noblest opportunity to raise it once for all, by his paltry, narrow, unbelieving view of the great drama. He is the great penny-a-liner! Great heroes, great liars, great harlots, great footmen, and giant strawberries have for him the same interest; they all parade before us in that stilted antithesis. He loves to find some petty incident which as he thinks alone moved great events; he delights in

picking out some weak point in a great man, and then he mouths over it with the same relish that he assumes for his virtues. He is so indifferent to a rational view of human nature that he takes a vulgar pleasure in assuring you that one of his dancing figures was compounded in equal parts of Edward the Black Prince and Titus Oates. All the incidents are equally valuable in his eyes, and show the mixture of the sublime and ludicrous; all the persons are equally interesting and bad; he interrupts the most tragic event with intermediate twaddle about Madame de Maintenon. He interlards his biographies of the day with declamatory memories of their butlers. When he draws new facts to light, it looks more like the spirit of curiosity than the love of truth. When he probes the heart and motives of men it is from the love of scandal, not from a sense of sympathy. *The first duty of a historian is to bring up before us the great acts and feelings which spring most deeply from the national life—what led to them and what they led up to; the second duty is to reanimate the spirits who clung most closely for good or bad round the central movement or its opposing forces—yet always so as to dwell upon their greatness or their meanness with serious care, as of men whose good we need now and whose evil is still resting darkly on us.* Macaulay pours out promiscuous facts in picturesque confusion; and he dissects any drunken pauper he finds upon his table with the same scientific gusto and flourish of the knife.

In 1855 I had evidently got over the admiration which the volumes of 1848 had given me; and I was bent on framing to myself an ideal of the historian. In the main, it was an ideal which I have consistently kept through fifty years, and in my own small way I have tried in various booklets to realise it.

The only University Prize which ever attracted me was the Arnold Essay—*The Jews in Europe in the Middle Ages*, 1856. This seemed to me a really interesting study, and I set about it with spirit. Through Miss A. M. Goldsmid, the learned daughter of Sir Isaac, the first baronet, I was introduced to Dr. Löwe, an eminent rabbi and Hebrew scholar, who gave me a most useful list of

books and other suggestions for research. I continued making notes and collecting volumes for some time; but as I was particularly anxious that John Bridges should win the prize, I handed my materials to him, knowing that he would use them much better than I could. This he did, and gained the prize by an admirable essay, published in the Oxford Essays of 1857. This prize and the Oriel Fellowship amply redressed his failure to secure his First Class in the Honours School. By the way, I find in an old letter of that date that one of the examiners had admitted to the tutors "*that Bridges was the ablest man in.*" Oxford Class Lists indeed have as many surprises as horse-racing. The "ablest," like the fleetest, does not always come first to the post.

In 1856 I find that I was trying to found "a small union of friends with an object before them of political self-education," something like the group of the original Edinburgh reviewers, with a purpose gradually to influence opinion. And at one time we considered the possibility of founding in the London Press an organ where the group could expound their views and form, as I said, "a school of social and political thought." It was to be entitled *The Republican.* This in point of fact was the germ of what, more than a generation later, took shape as the Positivist Society in 1870 and the *Positivist Review* in 1893. My early suggestion was to form a school to work up a true English history.

It is a national disgrace that we have no decent history—nothing but a Tory atheist (Hume)—a Jesuit (Lingard)—and Mrs. Markham. Our materials, so rich, are in such a mess that nothing but an army of bricklayers can lay the foundations. We want a regular "school," such as exists in France, working in concert, warmed with a deep love for their work, sustained by their patriotism. The work could be done by

good will amongst all the workers, and it would rise like a Gothic Church in which the meanest hodman felt his pride. Carlyle might be the head, if he were twenty years younger. His mind runs through all the younger historical men of the day. How grand it would be! I would carry a hod with pleasure and never ask for beer.

Well! something of the kind has been done in the last fifty years, and I have carried my two or three bricks.[1] But the history of England, in one work from Julius Caesar to Edward VII., has yet to be written.

In March 1856 the ill-starred son of L. Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie was born—an event which seemed to me ominous enough, with my furious hatred of all forms of European despotism.

This young serpent who has just been hatched into this troubled world is sure to wriggle into some place where he can be mischievous some thirty years hence, unless the French manage to scotch the whole nest at once. In the midst of all the foolery that reads like the playbill of a pantomime—the miraculous birth of the Fairy Prince Goggle-Eyes, one feels some interest in the poor young woman who has led such a dog's life till now, and must now feel a little happy and proud.

The poor lad, as we know, finished his pitiable career under a Zulu assegai at the age of twenty-three. Had he reached thirty, until the crisis of Boulangisme, he might have given the Republic trouble.

I was a furious Radical in the days when Reform of Parliament was opened by Bright; and the insincerity and rivalry of opposing parties disgusted me with politics. "I have been falling lower and lower in spirits," I wrote:—

I am utterly sick of public things. I have no other source of interest but politics—and that is almost gone. . . .

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[1] My own *Alfred*, *Cromwell*, and *Chatham*, and Professor Beesly's *Elizabeth*, and his and my own *Lives* in the New Calendar of Great Men.

Universal suffrage alone can cure the dead-rot. . . . I will go and make friends with the hard hands and rough tongues, in whom content has not overgrown human nature, nor success made selfish, nor convention made hypocrites—who can trust and love and hope. . . . Lord John will come in—will propose his Bill—will be beaten—will go to the Country—will meet a House more liberal than he liked or expected—might be beaten again. In the end—say in four or five years, a Bill (practically Bright's) will be passed, though with more members to counties. But what can make a nation wise, and hearty, and strong?

This was not a bad forecast—but it took ten years—not five—to effect electoral reform.

At this time I wrote constant letters to my political friends to insist on the importance of France in the European circle, based on her geographical position in the centre, and in touch with five European states, on the unity and symmetry of her political organisation and her emancipation from feudal and aristocratic habits, her skill in adapting new ideas, and her impatience to found a new *régime* for society.

Anything like rational European policy must stand over until the respective governments become liberal. In the meantime I am rather for Elizabeth's and Cromwell's policy than for Cobden's—that is to throw the whole of our moral weight, backed by vigorous action, into the scale of freedom.

In the interval between leaving Oxford and settling in Lincoln's Inn I had planned an extended tour abroad through South Germany and Italy to Florence and Rome. Part of this plan was to walk in the guise of a painter on tramp in the Tuscan country between Florence and Rome. Vehement remonstrances from Italian friends, and the dread of my parents as to the cholera which was then prevalent in Italy, broke up my scheme, and I ultimately spent my time in traversing Germany and seeing the principal towns.

How different a country was Germany fifty-five years ago, broken up into a dozen dukeries, with separate armies, coinage, and interests, Austria the predominant partner, and rural habits and ideas paramount from the Rhine to the Danube!

1855—*Impressions of Germany*

Nuremberg is a fossil, a wonderful fossil, which has stood untouched for two centuries, and has been little changed in four. It leaves on one an impression so painful that I felt it a relief to get away. It gave me none of the pleasure I have felt in old towns. It is not the burying-place—it is the very corpse of a great city itself. One does not see there as elsewhere those traces merely of the past—so suggestive and so touching, but the very reality of the ruin is brought face to face with one; one sees in its decay the whole frame of that marvellous town life of old times, and all its forms of policy, social union, industry, art, and enterprise utterly quenched and forgotten, as though they had left nothing behind them. It is not beautiful like Venice; there is no mark of any great overthrow—but it stands gaunt and lifeless, as you may have seen an ancient seaport which the sea has left standing in a plain of sand.

Nor are one's healthy impressions restored in Munich, that city of royal caprice with its feeble models of great buildings in Italy, reduced to one quarter in size; its puny and affected national memorials; its sacred art worked by notorious free-thinkers or by pedants whose learned symbols are hieroglyphics to us; and the stern Catholicism so dear to the royal lover of Lola Montez. Not but that, below this specious outside, there lies much honest study and learning, much sound feeling for truth, and something even of original genius.

Ah! but the Tyrol would cure any distemper of the mind. The valleys are almost more varied and beautiful than those of Switzerland, and it is far less overrun both by passing tourists and by the influence of neighbouring countries. It seems to be the refuge where the very spirit of feudal Europe has retreated for its last days, and where the Catholic Church and the chivalric spirit and mediaeval art still linger with something of their purity, but nothing of their splendour. You will find there that strange devotion

to the lord and to the Sovereign; the organisation of a spontaneous national militia and pride in the use of arms; you see whole villages pouring out into the Churches both morning and evening, and the humble priest, their fellow and companion; the roads are covered with sacred emblems never neglected by the passers, and with endless appeals and warnings as to the uncertainty of life in quaint honest verses —such as

der Mensch ist sterblich ganz gewiss.

The hand-post which shows you your way points directly to a figure of Christ; the stream from which you drink flows from His image pierced at the heart. There is a simple earnestness in the rude pictures which lie thick along many a rough path painted to commemorate some death by accident on the road—an earnestness and simplicity such as you see in Angelico himself. There is in the poorest mountain chapel the unmistakable feeling of true Gothic art, as in the delicate tapering of its spire as it rises between the pines, in the perfect harmony of its humble ornament, but still more in the lively feeling which placed it where it should be at once the head and centre of the village, and yet fall in best with the harmony of the mountain outline around.

And in the evening, after your day's journey, your host, with much hearty welcome and talk, will give you with his daughters some of those strange Tyrolese airs, which are so pure, so earnest, which come ringing through the ear day after day, and are set so truly in tune to all the impressions one brings away, and none the less that they are somewhat sad.

Vienna is a garrison; and Dresden and Berlin are feeble capitals, so that I spent my time in them almost exclusively in their splendid galleries of pictures.

Gentle reader of 1911, remember that this was fifty-six years ago, long before the mighty aggrandisement and restoration of these great cities, and this is how old un-united and unmodernised Germany looked to a young Oxford tutor who knew Paris, Genoa, Florence, Venice, and who read his Byron, his Ruskin, and his Carlyle.

1857—*The Indian Mutiny*

The terrible Indian Mutiny of 1857-1859 roused up all my ingrained enthusiasm for real nationalities and my loathing for all forms of race oppression by conquerors. I wrote furious letters to any friend who talked to me about "the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race," "the inferiority of Orientals," "the boon of British civilisation," "the value of the modern commercial spirit." I asserted that

conquest and subjugation are, all the world over, tyranny and wrong; the coercion (for any objects) of race by race, in Italy, in Hungary, in Poland, in Ireland, in Carolina, and in Bengal, must for ever by its very existence breed hatred and strife—rebellion followed by tyranny, tyranny answered by desperation, until the oppressed are debased and trampled out, or the oppressors defeated and expelled. I am not contending that English rule in India is *per se* tyrannical. It has been very bad; and still is not very good. Still—inasmuch as it is the rule of men of absolutely different ideas and manners, who have and can have no sympathy, no understanding for the ruled, who in some few respects are the inferiors of the ruled,—above all, men who are only on a distant foreign station, with all their ideas and hopes and efforts turned 10,000 miles away from their post of service, of men who cannot colonise, who are to the natives as 10 to 10,000, and above all who are distant six months' sail from aid—for all these reasons our rule, though it were the rule of angels, must be hated and must be attacked when it ceases to be feared. I am not foolishly dressing up this Bengal rebellion into a war of nationalities, nor am I likening the foul hounds of Nana Sahib to the patriots of Hungary or Italy. I know well that there is no Indian nation, and that their savage instincts are no result of patriotism. But it would be blind folly to deny that there is now waging the inevitable struggle of black man against white — native against European—the governed against governors—subjects against their masters—religion against religion—the East against the West.

CHAPTER VIII

THE INDIAN EMPIRE

DURING the autumn of 1857 I wrote a long letter to a friend in defence of my own contention :—

It is notorious that the Bengal army consists of the land-holders, the small yeomen of India—each man attached closely to his village and his paternal acres, both of which he constantly visits. They are the *élite*, the leading class, the most spirited, the most intelligent, the most thoroughly Hindoo. They lead and represent the rest, as much as Cromwell's Ironsides were the marrow of England. What said Sir H. Munro *thirty years ago* ? " *The ultimate danger of our Indian Empire is a mutiny in our native army. It may be put down once or twice, but sooner or later it will overthrow us. It is nothing but the rising of the Hindoos. Long accustomed to subjection, the army alone will at first feel strength and spirit to rebel—they are in the best position to know our weakness and their strength. No precautions can ultimately prevent it, no kindness avert it. It is the natural progress of the improvement we give them. The people will at first take no part, looking on with Oriental apathy. They may regret our rule—but it is impossible, in the long run, that they can side with us against their religion, race, and nation, notwithstanding the true losses they will suffer.*" If this is a soldiers' mutiny whence comes the throb of expectation which ran through all Indians, even in Madagascar—whence comes the organisation, the prophecies, the religious watch-words ? It is the long-expected inevitable rebellion of a keen race against their conquerors and masters. Now, for our power to subdue it. I think it a grave question. Perhaps we may do so this time—even next time. Even if we were driven out of India we could probably rapidly reconquer it

—but hold it, never. This century—I believe long before its close—will see the last of British rule in India.

I will submit to you the opinion of statesmen. Read Munro, Metcalfe, Malcolm, men of genius who spent their lives in governing India. You will see they tell you, *the permanence of English rule is impossible, that our rule is a phantom, and the effects of a phantom cannot last for ever. That we have no root—no colonists—can have none—no British subjects—no intermediate class—nothing but armies and law courts—that a convulsion would shake the whole British fabric down. That the natives have yielded to the tremendous impression of our energy and courage. They have had no pause to question and suspect. The first rest, the first failure, and the charm is snapped—that many classes desire our rule—all profit by it. But that the confusion and struggles of centuries have not subsided, and all Indians necessarily suspect, dislike, and envy the Whites. Care not to rouse them by any change of policy. Dexterity and vigour may prolong our day, but as we improve the natives we hasten the time when they will see they are our match.* We teach them much, we never Europeanise one—no respectable native class ever identifies itself with us, never says *Civis sum Britannicus*, no throng of colonists pervade all classes—we are too few to civilise, too bad to Christianise. Here and there a merchant thrives under our shadow—a hunted outcast flies to our missionaries as a last hope—but no more. We give them a peace they have never known, a justice they never dreamed of, material advantages they could not get near, but we cannot reorganise, teach, elevate, and Anglicise the people—we are unworthy of the great task.

There is another alternative. If we can take no root among them can we hold them by main force? Ask the Malcolms and Metcalfes. They tell you 150,000,000 of natives (our equals in intellect) require, when prestige is finally worn off, 150,000 European soldiers to keep them down. That the expenses of such an army are so great that all the resources of India could not approach it. That the existing force involves an annual deficit. That the strain would be too great, and would only avail for a time. As to the actual upshot of this affair I feel very despondent. I feel as much as any man the shame of my country, and bitter shame our failure in India would be—but I see no merit in blinding oneself to our national shortcomings or weakness. I don't wish to prophesy, but I see that every

man who knows India best thinks worst of our prospect, and I am not willing to reject competent opinion. Though I believe the Bengal rebellion based on feelings of race and bad government, it is clear that all India is not ripe for a similar move. Still our risk is enormous—we may pull through. On the whole I think we shall. Yet the Madras army is capable of following the Bengal. What we have to fear, I take it, in Bombay and the centre of the peninsula, is the indiscriminate rising of wild hordes, native chiefs, etc., for mere purposes of violence and plunder. We should thus be as much expelled by Southern India returning to its normal state as by Northern India massacring our people. In a word, I should not be astonished if Christmas Day found the British clutching on to a few forts and some coast districts. Now, to weary and outrage you yet more, I have one word further.

Supposing this catastrophe arrived (and what a thrill through Europe it would cause), I do not doubt the courage and will of Englishmen to go through every sacrifice and reconquer the country step by step. We could do it, I am as sure as you are, if—if a great struggle in Europe did not paralyse us, and also if the instincts of the working class did not urge them to forbid it, a deadly struggle, as a war with France, would clearly unnerve us in India: it must go. This is, however, little to be feared. I think it, however, very probable that if our rule in India were virtually overthrown, the working classes (if the effort were prolonged and painful) would not allow their lives, their money, and their claims to be sacrificed in an object they would feel to belong wholly to the commercial classes. Nay, they would be glad to spite them. That the peace-party, gaining strength each time, would join with them—and that, as in the last war, men of hearts and heads would give their deep conscientious vetoes and paralyse the war party, as Bright and Gladstone did in the Crimean War. I know that if the working men set that way (and there are strange signs of their setting that way already) I would do what I could to save England from wasting her prime in a mistaken effort. The working men know their interests best, I should follow them—and their interests are now in the main those of England. I cannot believe the country's greatness depends on its acreage, or its subject millions, or its wealth, but on its moral strength, its internal union, and public spirit. Were England to lose India, after the first shock was over,

we should not lose our position in Europe. The true strength of the people would be only more apparent.

Again I wrote in November 1857 :—

Bridges and I have much discussed the Indian question, on which in the main we agree. I think he is right in saying that we can never look to obtain a permanent hold or any profit from India. Nations with a genius for incorporation might hold such a country. We have only established a few factories and commercial settlements. If all Europeans throughout the peninsula were massacred as they were at Delhi, by the end of the year no trace of their 100 years of dominion would remain. By the year after, we should be doing a smaller Eastern trade, should be finding we were saving about six millions a year—and *should be preparing to show Europe we had suffered no real loss of power.* If this is so—no Parliament bombast or vulgar tradesman's common-sense need blind us to think India of vital importance. India is commercially important—and so is New York—but it costs six millions per annum—which go out to India and never come back. Nothing is vitally important to a nation which does not fall in entirely with its historical growth and its permanent action. Now as to that, England can work out its regular course of progress better without India than with it. We are indeed a nation of colonists; and India is the fairest of our possessions—so far indeed it is an important element in our commercial progress, but for all other purposes of national existence it offers nothing; nay, it draws us off from them. Its only effect other than commercial is to wrap round Britannia a useless purple, which will be trifling to the historian 1000 years hence, who will show how the imperial pomp blinded both English and Europeans to the real position of this country on the map.

Still, being there, we can't without degradation retreat. It should be governed as after all a temporary possession. The attempt to Europeanise or Christianise is puerile. Can 30,000 cursing soldiers, as many lying traders, and 300 canting missionaries, not fit for a day school, overthrow one of the oldest and most elaborate of Oriental systems? I have not a doubt this outbreak is in the main religious. Dizzy was right and made an able speech. What we call the Hindoo religion is a complex system of daily life. People don't seem to know what a theocracy and sacerdotal caste mean. Society with Hindoos being, or having been, under

the rule of a priestly order, every act of life is regulated by them under the sanction of religion. Religion means all family ties, social distinctions, all law, all sanatory precautions, all obedience, all the moral duties, in fact what with us is custom and moving, is with them religion and stationary. It is a complicated whole, and no part can be touched without the Indian's existence being affected in every act. Make a new law of inheritance and you destroy his central feeling of family, you make him an outcast; he has no guide in life, nothing to help or to check him. Convert a whole village from heathenism, the sacred sanctions of common duties are gone, the old boundaries of property are worthless, the ordinary duties of life have no foundation. Habit and common-sense supply us with plenty of grounds apart from religion. Who can suppose a few puling missionaries and their wives can do it for them. Cut their religious obedience from under them and they become morally and socially adrift, they become barbarians. It is not a question of changing one cosmogony for another, one theory of existence for another. I don't mean to say the question is about worshipping an idol or worshipping "a literature"—but the higher class natives must feel a move of late towards breaking up their Hindoo existence, national and social — without supplying them with a better. I believe all that we can do is to crush them like the Roman senate and rule them like a Roman Emperor. Guarantee temporal order—and look on all their religions as equally false and equally useful—and look out for the storm when they find they have had enough of us. It is satisfactory to think that as yet we have only been guilty of folly. I fear we shall follow the same folly to the end.

John Bright, contrary to your gloomy prophecies—in which I shared—seems to have somewhat recovered. I hope he will be returned for Birmingham. I thoroughly like and trust the old fellow, but I more and more grow out of the position of English radicals. A more harmonious system is gradually growing rooted in me. I once was as far gone as any one in the subversive revolutionary spirit. I wonder now how I could ever have found a resting-place there. You have your own line, which I admit you have thoroughly and systematically maintained with entire consistency throughout.

Certainly the struggle of our people is very magnificent. That peculiar character of English courage—its steadiness under any combination of terrible and strange catastrophes,

physical or human, stands out above all. It is not simply that Englishmen can die in their ranks like Spartans, or charge a host like Crusaders, but that whatever comes—murder, torture, tempest, fire, sun, rain, fever, famine—finds them ready and calm; all that is most awful to the human mind—isolation, hunger, mutilation, the death of whole families, death in every form, and a continent in arms never turns a single brain or crushes a single heart, but man, woman, and child meet it with the same natural, steady, almost smiling front. Foreigners may mock at us if they dare, but as they read those letters brimful of cool even playful daring—they must feel (at least on this side of the Atlantic) they could not have done the like. Fail as we may, those letters will tell on them more than the barren story of any possible disasters, and if we go, it will be said "Nothing in our Empire became us like the leaving it." Havelock's march is grander than Xenophon's or Cortes'.

Here my enthusiasm stops, and before I can join in the cry of "Honour to our race," I should like to know more about the leaders and governors and actors in these matters. Again it is lions led by apes, and half apes to be so led. I don't know who it is; but somebody ought to be hung. I should like every ten men in power to draw lots for the one victim; if the lot fell on Pam, Canning, the Chairman of the India Board, and some ten Indian generals and politicals, it would be about right. As I honour the greatness of each English man and woman there, I see the proof of our defects as a ruling nation in the utter collapse of Indian government, in the jobbing, which has ruined it, in the feeble trifling at Calcutta, Madras, Delhi, etc., in the barking and wrangling amongst the English residents in India, in the confused pothouse din at home, and the coarse mouthing of our Cleons. You or I can't say what particular folly has been done, but we know that more should and could have been done by Pam; that 10,000 men ought to have landed in September, and 40,000 more before Christmas. Think of the long weary prayers and warnings of every great general for thirty years neglected. Think of the jumble of double, treble, and quadruple government in India. Think of the selfish jobbing of those wretched cheesemongers in Leadenhall; think of Canning and Smith and bedridden Lloyd and Hewitt; see the troops required to keep order among the factious residents at Calcutta; think of the paralysis of all trade in India. Hear the wrangling, the abuse, the cross

purposes, the stump orations which fill the papers, the hollow mouthing of public men, the trifling of our Ministers, their pleasant recreations in visiting and shooting, the brutal gossip "how the beautiful Miss G. is taken to Nana Sahib's Hareem *and is alive*," the loathsome hypocrisy of a Fast Day, the insincere nonsense about volunteers and crusaders, the beggarly meanness and self-content of every national word and act, think of this and say—*Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam.*

No! we are a great people, but the political fabric is thoroughly corrupt. There is no dignity and steadiness in our public life. Read the brutal placards — "Day of Humiliation! Cheap excursions every hour"—"Massacres in India! Mourning on credit at Jay's Emporium."—"The Indian butcher, Nana Sahib, at Madame Tussaud's." What a day that Wednesday was! how miserable I felt! How I could have joined with my fellow-countrymen in a common show of feeling in a solemn review of our position—kindling one another to a nobler and stronger sense of duty—how willingly I would have listened to any stout-hearted man who would tell what we were to do; who would rouse, warn, and elevate us, and what was there but an impudent mouther spouting coarse epigrams in the Crystal Palace, and priests telling women who believed them, and men who didn't, that they were very wicked and were justly punished; and that, though they did not require either the blood of women or children—it was not too much to ask that every Hindoo in arms should die the death (Dr. Cumming, *sic*). And then we went in our best clothes, and simpering out some parrot fragments of old Jew songs, and especially how "some put their trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will trust in the name of the Lord our God," which nobody believes, unless perhaps the ministry does—and came home and criticised the white-tied idiot, and ate and slept, and as if that degradation were not enough, next day the penny-a-liners fill the papers with accounts of the solemn behaviour of the nation and the amount of church-going (but not of drinking), and the people a second time went through that sewer of hypocritical garbage which many thought stuff, and all acted as if they thought so. What a day it was. Day of Humiliation, indeed; I never felt so degraded. With every desire to fraternise I felt utterly solitary.

With the brilliant campaigns and astonishing victories with which the year 1858 opened, I wrote :—

January 18, 1858.

Recent events have taken a turn more favourable than could possibly have been expected; and it is difficult still to adhere to my conviction that this is a national revolt. Still, though it is difficult to argue it, I have no doubt myself, looking as one must to the inert character of Orientals, and their habits of submission arising from caste—that we have won this time. One change I have undergone in opinion from the unexpected success of our arms, viz.: It is so evident that a large proportion of natives acquiesce in our rule *at present* that I do not feel it would be justice to them to retire immediately. I think a large proportion, perhaps the majority, feel our rule the lesser of several evils. On that footing I am prepared to govern India, but *solely from the point of view of an intelligent and patriotic native*—if it can be done. If not—marchons! I have not learnt to appeal to and imitate Metternich and Radetzky, nor desire to revive the tyrannies of Roman patricians.

The Empire in 1857

The events of 1857 forced all of us to consider the whole question of the Empire. From that day I became an anti-Imperialist, as I am still, in the sense that our vast heterogeneous scattered bundle of dominions is not a normal and permanent development of English nationality, and in many ways retards and demoralises our true national life. I find a letter of this date to a friend which runs thus:—

England's commercial greatness and maritime superiority has gone quite far enough. By throwing all our energies that way we lose now—we hide from ourselves our political and social wants. The widest maritime supremacy may exist without any organisation of labour. . . . It encourages individual grasping and enterprise unduly amongst us; it leads us wandering over the earth when concentration on Europe is essential; it deceives us as to our real position in Europe, as much as to our internal deficiencies. It gives us material power—we want moral power. It gives us wealth—we want progress. . . . The Roman Empire did

not consist of regions scattered in every corner of the round world, without one single tie but a mere name or a flag.

That was a compact living whole—an organisation with a centre—a slowly assimilated mass. It was not so much a conquest as an inevitable union and concentration of nations not wholly dissimilar. In the first place, all were under the same *régime* of war and town life—of kindred polytheistic religion—of one literature. It was a vast Graeco-Roman combination under the supremacy of the greatest nation that has ever trod the earth. Remark these cardinal points—

1. No member of the Roman Empire (except some mountain barbarians and frontier tribesmen) ever broke away after their final incorporation. There was not a soldier needed in all Greece by the time of Augustus.

2. Greek language, philosophy, literature, religion were universal in the Eastern section, as Roman religion, law, organisation were in the Western section of the Empire.

3. All the incorporated people, East or West, looked upon Rome with admiration, learned its *language in fifty years*!—studied its laws—grasped at its honours—bowed to its traditions—and in 100 years became genuine, complete, great Romans, and gave captains and emperors to Rome.

And here let me curse the pedantry which condemns us schoolboys to pore over the filthy stories in the local cynics—and calls it history.

Now that was an Empire, existing for the good of all its members, and that of the future world.

All these conditions are wanting in *our* Empire. It is so scattered that, with steam and telegraph, it cannot make a whole. It is so different that it confounds our schemes of politics. What is good for one, is not good for another part. Much of this Empire is so far beneath us in politics, in religion, in habits that we cannot raise them to our level any more than a man can raise a dog. Genuine conquest requires that the conquerors be not too much above the conquered.

Our Indian Empire is more like the old Spanish possessions overseas than a part of the Roman. We may do them some good, but at what a sacrifice to ourselves. What moral good as a nation do we get? We have our Indian Empire—let us keep it, but not venture a step beyond. If we do we shall be drawing our energies away from the true purpose, which is—reform. And by that I mean political and social progress.

CHAPTER IX

POLITICS IN THE 'FIFTIES

In those days I often heard famous preachers as well as lecturers. In the pulpit I have heard Bishops Blomfield and Wilberforce, Canon Melville, Frederick Robertson, and Sautain of Brighton, F. D. Maurice, Father Roche, Père Hyacinthe, and Charles Spurgeon—not to speak of the more recent. Of them all I think the ἠθικὴ πιστὶς of Robertson was the most impressive, and the eloquence of Wilberforce was the most memorable. But no English preacher in my seventy years of sermon-hearing ever came near one of the great Italian friars preaching to a Catholic congregation in a Jesuit Church or a Mediaeval Cathedral. When I went to hear Spurgeon I wrote to a friend :—

Fancy 15,000 people in roars of laughter and all but clapping! Spurgeon has a large bema and runs about on it, slapping his thigh, as Cleon might on the Pnyx. He is gloriously coarse. His sermon is a broad satire on the Establishment "with its D.D.'s and Reverend Mr. Cloudys and Mr. Prosys, just the fellows (says he) when you have a headache and want to sleep. Why don't they chop up a Bishop or two to feed poor curates, O Lord!" "Vulgar," says he, "why of course I am. I don't give you any of their finicking Latin and Greek. I say—Rouse 'em up in round Saxon. Now, friends, a collection will be made. But don't give a tester unless you wish to. But at any rate stay for a chorus to close with—'All peee-pil thet aun urth do-o-

dwellll.'" He is not eloquent—but has strong common-sense and humour not amiss. I think any one with lungs and face as brazen as his could do the same, if he stuck to the Calvinistic text.

I have been attending Thackeray's lectures. He has a quiet way of making kings and nobles excessively ridiculous, and he never omits to bring it up to the date of 1857. The shop-people go, and he is always asking them if they find themselves just as good as the big ones. It's wholesome, and large numbers listen. "Dickery and Thackins" [an old Oxford jest which a learned person dropped out when half asleep after dinner by a *lapsus linguae*] are certainly undermining our principles. How one instinctively takes the "Circumlocution Office" as part of the British Constitution.

I heard Dickens read his stories. It was quite perfect—though exhausting to the reader. Thackeray's lectures were a treat admirably delivered. I often saw both Dickens and Thackeray, but I never spoke to either. Once when I was invited to meet the great rebuker of snobs at dinner, he was kept away by an attack of "gout." We learned from the *Times* next day that the remedy he had taken to cure his gout was dining with a duke.

Parliamentary Reform in 1858

In 1858 John Bright having recovered from his long illness, and being now Member for Birmingham, opened his great campaign for Parliamentary Reform, which lasted ten years, and ultimately resulted in an even larger reform than he had contemplated—or even desired. I entered with heart and soul into the cause, in spite of the law. It was the year of my call to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. I endeavoured to form a knot of young reformers who would actively support Bright in the Press, and reply to the vicious attacks with which he was assailed by the London journals. I wrote :—

I am getting quite angry about these insults to Bright. He is really the only great public man we have. His present agitation must have a deep moral effect, whether he fail or succeed! Why have men of education who believe in Bright no organ? Bright is no demagogue—does not throw himself heart and soul upon the people—and he stands alone. He is not in any position to disregard literary support. Why should you sit idle at home and do nothing for him and his cause? Let us show the public that men of education and reflection join heart and soul in John Bright's attack on the aristocrats. Let us tell him that some young fellows, disgusted with the howl raised against him, wish to ask him how best they can serve his cause. Suppose, for instance, we started a lot of farthing tracts each on the principal positions of John Bright's two Birmingham speeches. They might be scattered by the Reform organisation.

We laid our plan before Bright, but we issued no "tracts for the times." We were entirely detached from any form of journalism, and we were resolved to keep clear of that, and indeed all forms of professional literature. We quite realised that the defeat of Bright and Cobden on Palmerston's "penal" dissolution in 1857 had been the annihilation of the Manchester party and the inauguration of the Palmerston era of eight years. I wrote:—

If Bright had been thrown out by an ordinary constituency, I should not mind. But the essence of Bright to me was his being the head of a stout and ambitious party. Bright as a mere voice is well—but not a power in the state. Bright with a party of the most go-ahead men in England was. There is no Manchester—no Manchester party now—nothing but a disabled orator, and a rejected agitator. Cobden's speech at Manchester, which I thought excellent and plucky, did for Bright. I should be glad that they were out of Parliament, if they still possessed the vigour and the will for popular agitation—but neither do. Again, they cannot throw themselves on the people—they are essentially party men, who represent the best form of the feelings, ambition, and common-sense of the manufacturing class. The mere working men distrust them; and I don't think

either is great enough to be a real national leader. Their party has thrown them off and stultified itself, and they are political powers no longer. My chief regret is the damage it throws on the Peace cause, for which I believe Bright and Cobden will be remembered in the next generation far more than for Free-trade.

1859—*The Italian Question*

With all our enthusiasm for Bright as a home reformer, we felt that he was not only weak but neutral on the European problems, which to us were of infinitely more urgency and importance. I wrote in 1859 :—

Bright is without a foreign policy and he is hampered, and will do nothing this year. There is a dull feeling that he is inferior to Lord Palmerston and Lord John, because he only talks about "Reform," and knows nothing of "the state of Europe." The latter is the real test of governing capacity. This is the popular notion, and it has much truth in it.

Napoleon's pamphlet on Italy in February 1859, with all its faults, seems to me a statesmanlike and masterly paper, certainly of an order far higher than the speeches of our debaters. Lord Derby's cant about the faith of treaties means nothing but maintaining the Viennese Balance of Power; and even Lord John's "ceevil and relegious libaty" is pure Whiggery. There is nothing in either of the policy of National Independence, which is Napoleon's keynote.

I am sad to see our Radicals supposing France to be more retrograde than Austria, and perpetually snarling at Napoleon. In some senses, he is a statesman. Which of our tricksters could say with him "to govern is to foresee"? Their only motto is—"to govern is to whip up majorities." It is clear the man is not ready to invade the Austrian dominions (Feb. 1859). If we had a statesman of the same vigour, France and England might now certainly (without war) advance the Italian question to a point from which it never could recede. Canning, for instance, would have declared solemnly in the face of Europe that the two great Western Powers repudiated the treaty of Vienna and were determined to act incessantly in favour of Italy by peaceable

means, and that England had surrendered the Ionian Islands in proof of her good faith. Well! Austria would resist—but the work would be done.

With ten years of such a policy, Germany would fall off from the alliance; and Austria in some great internal crisis would be forced to give way. The independence of Italy would then be made, like that of Belgium, an European interest, and its violation would be a *casus belli.* Austria, the real menace to Western Europe, would retire to her native dimensions; the Tyrol and Slavonia, with her 600,000 men, would subside; and the armies of Prussia and of France would naturally tend to be reduced. Half Europe would breathe more freely, and the military despotisms would lose prestige. Such is the true policy; and it is possible now for a really great statesman, if we had one.

This was the spirit of the Liberals, who yearned for a free Italy and a free Hungary, and it was this spirit which, early in 1859, overthrew Lord Derby's Tory administration, pro-Austrian and anti-French as it was, and placed in power Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister and Lord Russell as Foreign Secretary. In the result, the influence of England, without war, counted for as much as Napoleon's army; and by slow degrees and by the genius of Cavour and of Deak, the Magyar leader, the internal independence of Italy and of Hungary was secured. Neither Palmerston nor Russell were "really great statesmen": but by recognising and working with the aspirations of the people they practically attained the true end.

As soon as it was felt, in the spring of 1859, that Napoleon III. seriously designed to act on behalf of the liberation of Italy, I strained every nerve to assist in guiding public opinion. I wrote to my nearest friend thus:—

I have written to Bright a long letter in the most solemn strain, adjuring him by all his hopes of Peace and Freedom to take up the cause of Italy. Also to the *Daily News* to urge them to start an Association. Will you join and work

the same way? The programme to be the foreign policy of the *Daily News*.

Will you join in a small effort on behalf of the Italian cause? What I propose is this—to get together ten or twelve men under the direction of some well-known writers or public men to agree upon a programme of an Italian policy and to work it. They might first issue an address explaining their views — announce a small committee to receive offers of adhesion and support—obtain the co-operation of all available (especially cheap and Sunday) papers—write constant letters to them, from one consistent point of view—send about two or three leaflets on the political question,—address personally M.P.'s, writers, and public men—hold meetings ultimately.

I need not say the policy I mean is—Peace—non-intervention—hearty sympathy with the Italian people—respectful watchfulness of Napoleon — reasonable precautions as to defence—exaltation of the Italian spirit—condemnation of "bugbears"—whether Russian, Napoleonic, or any other—hostility to all coalitions, Holy Alliances, Treaties of Vienna, Balance of Power, any support of the Austrian or the existing state-system.

I have written to the *Daily News*, who strongly approve and offer to support by all their means. They print letters of mine on the subject (Wednesday and Thursday). I have also communicated with Francis Newman, who I really hope will not be unwilling to take this up. Do you read his strong letter to Lord Derby in to-day's *Daily News*?

There are, I am convinced, crowds of people who are ready to do anything in this matter. Newman's "historian" I suspect to be Froude. Miss Martineau might possibly lend her name. I hear of several likely men in London, and I have written to several in Oxford. Bright's language at Birmingham is not warm enough. I hope you are ready for more than that. As to Napoleon, I do not trust him, but believe him to be forced into a line of which much might be made.

An Italian Committee

As soon as Napoleon's invasion of Lombardy began (in May 1859), I busied myself in getting together a group of Liberal enthusiasts. I got into touch with Francis Newman, and through him

with Count F. Pulszky, Kossuth's friend and agent. They both knew many diplomatists, editors, and politicians, and had very accurate information of what was known to Liberal statesmen, and through Colonel Türr, Hungarian leader, of the French policy. We arranged a small private meeting in my chambers at Lincoln's Inn, at which Pulszky and Francis Newman attended with their friends, amongst others, Count Carlo Pepoli of Romagna.

Unfortunately, the hatred and fear of Napoleon, still maintained by Italian Mazzinists and by British Radicals, made many Liberals neutral or hostile. Saffi and his friends never forgave me for hoping any good out of Napoleon. Bright could not countenance a movement which encouraged a policy of invasion and war. And Peter Taylor and ultra-democrats would have nothing to do with any scheme that could condone the man of December 1851. But with the aid of Francis Newman I set about forming a band of writers to support the Italian cause in the Press. We were to send articles to the popular journals up and down the country, as the only papers which reach the masses. Twenty men writing with special knowledge would influence opinion. Of course the proposed body of writers were to be volunteers, bearing all outgoing expenses themselves, strictly a private association, and without any paid agents, office, or advertisements. They were to use the Press as it was willing to accept their help.

My musty drawers of old rubbish are full of sketches and drafts of manifestos and programmes of work—how the subjects were to be appropriated—how information was to be communicated—and how unity of policy was to be secured. The scheme, as I find in an old draft of June 1859, was not ill conceived. We were to insist—

1. That war in Italy has been inevitable for years, and will always be periodically imminent, whilst a German remains south of the Alps.

2. Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, and Cavour are only the instruments of the united will of Italy, which will find other leaders if they fail.

3. The present attitude of Italy exhibits high political capacity and public virtues.

4. Napoleon, by his alliance with England, has broken with the Napoleonic legend, and France as a nation desires the freedom of Italy.

5. The German race is far too strong to admit any possible invasion of Germany proper by France.

6. There are no symptoms, and no danger, of a general European convulsion, apart from a war in Lombardy.

7. Yes! "A despot can make men free"—as Louis XVI. secured American independence.

8. Italy is not going merely "to change masters." The successful close of the war by the allies would leave 300,000 or 400,000 Italians in arms in a state of rare patriotic enthusiasm, quite beyond the power of France to enslave again.

9. The difficulties of the situation and the secret designs of Napoleon might lead to scandalous intrigues and an oppressive resettlement, unless England were able to support Italy with vigour and good faith.

10. To support Italy will strengthen the cause of freedom and progress in Europe—will strike at the cynical conservatism of the day, elevate and purify public opinion, and enforce respect for the rights of nations.

These were the grounds on which all our letters and statements were based. It cannot be denied that in the event they were justified; and, in the main, they formed the policy of Palmerston and Russell in their ministries from 1859 to 1866.

We followed the progress of the war with breathless anxiety and minute attention to topography; and a few of us did our best by letters in the Press to keep Liberal opinion sound. For my part, knowing Lombardy well, and being kept informed of the strategic incidents through Count

Pulszky and his Hungarian friends with Napoleon's staff, I studied the campaign from day to day, and for many weeks I could think of nothing else. The armistice of Villafranca, of 6th July, came upon us like a clap of thunder, and reduced us to silence. Those who know Mrs. Browning's poem on the occasion can well understand what some of us felt. But, for myself, though I shared the disappointment to the full, I did not feel so sure of condemning Napoleon's *coup de tête*. It is now common knowledge that Prussia would have fallen upon France ten years earlier than she did if French armies had entered Austrian territory; and we knew at the time that, in order to enter Venetia and to evade the quadrilateral, Napoleon had to pass into the Tyrol. We certainly did not estimate adequately the extreme peril of Napoleon's exposed front on the Rhine. But we understood that, after the formidable French losses, the balanced aspect of the campaign as a whole, and the menace to France on her denuded flank, Napoleon felt that his duty to his own people was now paramount. It has never been properly explained why Francis Joseph was so ready for peace. Having been rescued in 1849 in his Hungarian war by Russia, he was too proud to be rescued in his French war by Prussia. In seven years he was destined to know what kind of friend Prussia would be to him.

As soon as we had recovered from the shock of finding our hopes of Italian independence shattered —Cavour in disgrace and practical exile, and the Duchies and Romagna awaiting the return of their oppressors,—we saw that the resettlement of Italy would entirely depend upon the wisdom and the energy of the Italian statesmen and people, and to a very large extent upon the support of England. The British Government was now in the hands of Palmerston and Russell, who were able together to

insist on a Liberal policy, in spite of the dynastic prejudices of our Court and the House of Lords. I now saw clearly that much more was to be done in influencing public opinion, now the war was for the moment ended, than in the midst of a campaign. I made up my mind to go to Italy and study the situation on the spot, and I left England for Turin in August 1859.

The state of despair to which the Peace arranged at Villafranca, on 12th July 1859, reduced all sympathisers with the hopes of Italy may be read in a letter which I wrote to a friend in the first days of our disillusion :—

LINC. INN, *July* 20, 1859.

I could not write before. I have turned away from everything serious for ten days. I will confess to you I have been quite prostrated by the late news. I put the best face on matters. I answer taunts with taunts and ridicule with sneers. I back up the *Daily News*, and add up the shillings and pence of our credit account. But for all that I am quite unstrung, and somewhat humiliated. My interest in this business had been gradually growing until I had positively given up every other occupation or thought. For months I have done nothing (except what I was occasionally forced to do, much cursing, in chambers) but dwell upon the course of the war. I believe I did nothing except read newspapers (four or five every day) and write letters, etc. We had just got our small band in working order, and I had some letters ready. The struggle really looked one of the most important which has occurred this century, and had everything which could engage and excite the deepest feeling. I had thoughts of making off to Italy to study as far as possible the Italian question at home, and learn the real facts of the national movement, of writing home letters to the newspapers, and perhaps subsequently writing a short volume or long pamphlet upon the Italian question. Whilst preparing all this, and having abandoned all other objects, having no other hopes or interests, I really felt that it would be worth living to see the possible realisation of such immense hopes. In the midst comes this peace.

I did not know what to feel. Everything was suddenly

left in suspense. I saw at once and feel now quite clear *that Italy gains very greatly*, but that it is impossible yet to say how much, and *impossible yet to criticise finally either the peace or Napoleon's conduct.* My impression is that he has simply played a wary, mean, and rather bad game. He is just able enough to see the limits imposed by French and European opinion of the higher class, and just mean enough to use his opportunities for his own purposes, which are neither very great nor very iniquitous. I think he has consciously betrayed the Italian cause, and I still think *not under compulsion*, but it is not possible to speak yet positively. However, I am not inclined to attribute any unusual villainy to him. He is a selfish man who took up a cause for his own purposes, and being very wary and seeing too many difficulties ahead, selfishly lays it down, and tries to cover what is really weakness by a show of magnanimity. I don't see, for instance, that his conduct differs in kind, though it is worse in degree, from Palmerston's support of Hungary in '48. He took it up to gain popularity, and gave it up when he found what a mess he was in.

It is an impudent falsehood to say that he has injured the Italian cause. He has done it immense service, and it may be no great harm. He stops now in face of difficulties which it is hardly decent of us to make light of. I admit no superlatives about L. N. He is able but not great, unscrupulous but not treacherous, selfish but not madly ambitious, vigorous but not audacious. He is not immovable or profound, or insatiable, or inscrutable, or malignant. He is simply a keen selfish player, who generally sees his true interest, but has not honesty enough to pursue it fairly, though he has not courage enough to fling himself free from it altogether. I believe all the absurd tirades about invasions and alliances and Napoleonisms to be more foolish than ever. This peace and his own words prove him to be within European fetters, and that he feels them. He knows what nonsense men talk, for no man must feel better than himself that he is not capable of these schemes. He is simply not up to the mark.

Turn it which way you will, *this peace proves his weakness.* The Italian question is too much for him, and he knows it and says so. He has only one-tenth of Napoleon's genius, and only one-hundredth of his opportunities. And knows it himself. At the same time this war and this peace show that his will can do a good deal, and that he is still bent on bolstering up his dynasty by such schemes as he feels safe.

Hence he may do a good deal of harm and go on from bad to worse; so that his peculiar position makes him a source of rational mistrust. Hence my uneasiness and self-reproach. The mortification I feel in the breaking of Italian hopes might be easily borne. After all we only accepted him as a pis aller, as a last resource, and never encouraged the war. And the result proves right, as to Italy, which gains very largely. Our only grief is that it does not gain all. Still, if it prove that, so far as Napoleon was concerned, this war was a wanton raid after "gloire" in order that the army might support his miserable son, we should have done grievous wrong to have countenanced the war at all. Hence I feel, from a European point of view, that this war is lamentable, and if Napoleon entered on it trusting that we should be deceived into applauding him in it, we have committed a great and irreparable mistake. If sympathy with Italy has blinded us to what was in truth a wanton outrage upon Europe, we really are humbled and discredited. If I ever came to think this, I should feel it such a cardinal error as to feel little heart for politics at present. The evil of this war in Europe is great, as things now stand. National antipathies redoubled, armaments trebled, international difficulties of all kinds inflamed, French pride engaged to justify aggression, English and German patriotism evoked to show hostility to France.

I cannot, however, believe that we have made this mistake. In this first burst of disappointment, or rather the blank stupor caused by the Peace, it smote upon my conscience. But it is clear we are *not yet in a position to judge finally*. Everything depends upon the spirit in which the French nation went into the war. If it went to war to benefit Italy, to put an end to a fatal situation, to strike a blow at tyranny and papacy, our language is justified. If it wanted only excitement, glory, and revenge, we have done a great wrong. I still believe the former. The war will soon prove. If French opinion forces Napoleon to do Italy true service in the Peace, and to withdraw without doing any harm, then we were right. If, on the other hand, it yields to Napoleon's intoxicating draughts, I for one will publicly and loudly recant. My position here is most unpleasant. Taunted on every side, I am internally weakened by this painful suspicion, whilst I would honestly and frankly recant if I didn't still believe we were right. How all this illustrates what you say of Bright. How clear his position

is, he needs no defence or explanation. Were we wrong to leave him? No, I think not. Any men who are not apostles must in politics study the relative and the practicable good. We judged according to our lights. I still think not wrongly. But I must make a regular *exposé* of my views as soon as we are *in a position to judge.*

August 25, 1859.

I have made up my mind to start to-morrow. I shall go direct to Turin, thence to Parma, Modena, Bologna, and Florence. I shall get introductions to persons there, and I think I cannot fail to pick up much information. If Napoleon really intends to use force or intrigue it ought to be exposed and proclaimed on the house-tops.

He is behaving very badly; but I think if the Italians hold on they will thwart him. If even they can continue to maintain a respectable government to the end of the year, whatever be the result eventually, they will have done much. They will have proved to Europe what they can do. They will gain confidence in themselves, and make the case against Austria still blacker. The Dukes, even if they return, will no longer be the tools of Austria. In fact Sardinian influence will take the place of Austrian.

I hope they will not proclaim a republic. It would frighten people. But the more active spirits will do so, if kept waiting much longer. I believe these are all lies about Mazzinian agents. I believe Mazzini is quite willing to let Farini have his way if he will only show that he means something energetic. It is the knowledge that Mazzini would step in, if they abdicate, that makes the nobles so furiously anti-ducal. I would recommend the Duchies to form as close a league as possible, and establish a regular government in the name of Victor Emmanuel. It perhaps would hardly succeed in the long run, but the moral effect would be immense, and would produce striking results *in the next round.*

Bologna is the bar to a satisfactory settlement, but it is also the battlefield. It will die hard.

CHAPTER X

1859—ITALY AFTER THE WAR

THIS was the year of the Franco-Austrian war in Lombardy. I had already known Saffi, Campanella, Pianciani, and other Italian republicans, and had met and conversed with Mazzini, and I was keenly excited by the diplomatic imbroglio between Napoleon and Austria. At the house of Mr. Stuart, correspondent of the *Morning Post* in Italy, I met many Italianissimi, English and foreign. I received letters and visits from Professor Francis Newman, and through him I made the acquaintance of Count Francis Pulszky, the colleague and friend of Kossuth. I had, whilst at Oxford, assimilated Francis Newman's political pamphlets and books, especially *The House of Hapsburg and its Crimes*. I gave most of my time during the spring and summer to form a league of English writers to rouse the Press in favour of Italian independence, and meetings were held in my chambers.

I offered through Stuart to send letters to the *Morning Post*, and also I offered through Walker, editor of the *Daily News*, to send them news. Newman, Countess Teleki, Pulszky, Pepoli, Stuart, the *Daily News* gave me letters of introduction, and I understood that Lord Palmerston and Lord J. Russell, then Foreign Minister, approved of my

offer, and would help me, if necessary—but I had no official credentials beyond the Foreign Office passport. I set out on the 26th of August and travelled over the Mont Cenis to Turin.

The journey across the Alps was wonderfully interesting by our meeting every ten miles brigades of the French army returning. The order of march was regular and in perfect discipline. Had they been coming from a review they could not have been more orderly and in better trim. I must have seen 30,000 or 40,000 troops of all arms. At Turin I saw Count Mamiani, Baron Poerio, the prisoner of Naples, Gladstone's friend, whom he strangely preferred to Mazzini, and Matteucci, a senator of Florence, who all gave me abundant introductions. Matteucci offered to introduce me to Count Cavour, but begged me not to press for an interview, as Cavour was, after his fall and abandonment by King and Emperor, in seclusion and profound chagrin. To my utter and perpetual sorrow, I agreed to his request. Poerio, a genial, energetic, sympathetic, and simple creature, delighted me. Mamiani was an amiable enthusiast. I sailed from Genoa to Leghorn in a ship full of volunteers going to join Garibaldi in Romagna. They had to go round, some from Venetia *via* Piedmont, Tuscany, and the Apennines. They were in high spirits, drank and sang, and seemed full of confidence. One sat silent and melancholy, as they asked each other whence they came (Piedmont, Lombardy, Venetia, the Duchies, etc.). "Io son Romano"—said he. There was no chance for Rome — as yet. They saluted him, and let him alone. I reached Florence, which I made my headquarters, visiting the Tuscan towns round.

From Florence I went to Bologna, and thence to Ravenna, and so on to Modena, Parma, Milan, Lugano, Lucerne. At Florence I saw Baron

Ricasoli, Count Digny, and other Ministers of the Provisional Government; I attended at the Soirée held by old Vieusseux, the librarian, and there made the acquaintance of Gallenga, the author of *Dr. Antonio.* At Bologna I was received and entertained at dinner by Marquis Pepoli in his Palazzo, by Martinelli, the Minister of Finance, and I held conversation with Count Annibale Ranuzzi, the Prime Minister of Bologna. At Ravenna I was taken about by Count Cappi—a very old literary man, who remembered Byron and the Guiccioli, nearly forty years previously. He took me to the tomb of Dante and stood there weeping, with the words "*é vuoto.*" At Modena I had conversations with Farini, then Governor of Parma and Modena, and told him that Parma was in a very excited state. He laughed, and disputed the fact; a few hours afterwards Count Anviti, a creature and emissary of the Ducal party, was recognised in the train in which I was travelling, seized at Parma station and lynched with a butcher's knife. His head was cut off, and stuck on the marble column in the Piazza, where I then saw it, the blood still trickling down the pedestal. I stood there gazing at the gruesome spectacle absolutely alone. As Italians do, every living soul had disappeared from the square. Troops were poured into Parma, but no disturbance took place. I telegraphed the news to the *Daily News* and the *Morning Post*, who were the first European journals to announce the true facts, and I wrote full accounts to both papers, with information supplied me by Alphonso Cavagnari of Parma.

The letters which were published in the *Post* and *News* during September and October were received with very much approval by both papers; and I was told that they had given a favourable impression to the Government and the Foreign

Office. I think that they helped to guide public opinion to adopt the Italian cause. I was at the time the only English correspondent in the four principalities; so far as I know, the only Englishman, the only correspondent, and certainly the only one then in the field who had a complete knowledge of the whole story, and a hearty desire to see the independence of Italy. I returned home on the 18th of October, my twenty-eighth birthday, having been abroad fifty-three days.

1859—*Visit to the Insurgent Duchies in Italy*

This expedition to Italy, after the war in Lombardy which lasted from May to July 1859, was in many ways the most interesting and instructive of my life. I had credentials from the editors of the *Morning Post*, of the *Daily News*, and of the *Westminster Review*. These journals would accept any telegrams or letters that I might send them. I chose, however, to be perfectly independent, to write gratuitously, to pay my own expenses, and to remain a volunteer correspondent, but not on the staff of any journal.

Though in no sense a politician, Poerio was a genial and noble soul. He gave me introductions to his friends in Tuscany and the Duchies, including some to Farini, the Provisional Governor of Modena and Parma, to Marchese Pepoli, the head of the Government of the Romagna in Bologna, and to Baron Ricasoli, then head of the Tuscan Government, and to Count Cambray Digny, then at the Foreign Office in Florence. I visited all of these and had long explanations from them as to the determination of the Italian people to assert their unity and their independence. Another most interesting patriot whom I met was Count Terenzio Mamiani, originally of Rome, and even

Foreign Secretary of Pio IX., and afterwards Minister of Education under Cavour. He was at once jurist, philosopher, and statesman, an enthusiast in high aspiration and of graceful and winning manner. All of these men vividly impressed me as admirable types of the wise, conciliatory, ardent lovers of a free and reinvigorated Italy. These men have been admirably and justly recorded by Countess Martinengo Cesaresco in her *Life of Cavour* and of the other leaders of the *Risorgimento.*

From Bologna I wrote to the *Daily News* (30th September 1859):—

North Italy is already a free and single nation. A feeling of devotion to the nation is aroused which penetrates all classes, so as to root out the most inveterate vices, so as to subdue the fiercest passions. Every form of excitement is forborne. The word has been passed through the people to act and not to talk, and the masses are as much convinced of the necessity of calm as any Government could desire. In the gentle race of Tuscany, order is habitual and natural. But in the energetic race of Romagna and in the hot populace of Bologna, the same spirit reigns. Offences against public authority have ceased; assassinations and robberies are no longer the order of the day; the police receive a ready and unaccustomed support from the people.

The unanimity of the people in the four States, Tuscany, Romagna, Modena, and Parma, is as striking as it is genuine. It is the result of one idea—that of national unity. The one object of common effort is the formation of an Italian State strong enough to resist all foreign influence from one end of the Alps to the other. In every house in Florence and throughout Tuscany, even on the crests of the Apennines, every door throughout Romagna and the Duchies, we read the inscription—"Victor Emmanuel, our King elect."

These four small States have now a fine regular army of 40,000 or 50,000 men. The single province of Romagna has in two months created a complete and excellent army of 14,000 men, thoroughly equipped on a footing of war.

From Bologna I wrote to the *Daily News* (1st October):—

The whole country is perfectly safe, for the police receive the entire assistance of the people. The ordinary robbers have disappeared or taken themselves off to the Papal preserves. In such a small town as Ravenna men may be found full of activity and public spirit, and they may be heard in any public place treating the question of the day with a breadth of view and knowledge of public affairs rarely found out of large capitals. Such men cannot be deprived of the common rights of civilised communities.

I sent to the *Morning Post* an account of the popular rejoicings in Florence on the acceptance by Victor Emmanuel of the sovereignty of Tuscany. The old civic pride in their autonomous Grand Duchy and beautiful capital had manifestly been exchanged for a larger loyalty to United Italy. The return of the ex-Grand Duke was impossible. During the night festival and its illuminations of Duomo and Palaces the most perfect order and good humour prevailed. And yet the Florentines were in the midst of a national crisis—the change of dynasty—the transfer of provincial autonomy to a new kingdom—whilst uncertainty and intrigue surrounded them, and the only extant governing body was unrecognised outside the frontiers, was avowedly temporary, and had no constitutional validity whatever.

On my return to England in October 1859 I saw the editors and writers in the Liberal Press, as well as members of Parliament and friends of Italy, and I pressed on them what I had seen and heard.

I continued correspondence with my Italian friends in Parma and Bologna, and was thus kept well informed during the struggle of 1860 when Cavour returned to power, and ultimately North Italy was annexed to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. I gave Charles (Lord) Bowen and other friends letters of introduction to some of those whom I had known during my tour.

This formed the material of the article I wrote for the *Westminster Review*, January 1861 (vol. xix.), entitled "Cavour and Garibaldi," the greater part of which is now embodied in three essays in my *National and Social Problems*, 1908. The article in the *Westminster Review* obtained for me a holograph letter from Count Cavour—which is amongst the most precious of my autographs. It is in English, and was not connected with any communication on my part. It is as follows:—

TURIN, *Jan.* 22, 1861.

Ministero degli Affari Esteri.

SIR—I am told that the article lately published by the *Westminster Review* under this title, "Cavour and Garibaldi," is due to your masterly pen. Though the portrait you have drawn is too kindly flattered as to allow me hardly to recognise myself in it, I feel bound to express to you my best thanks for the benevolent sympathy which inspires the judgment you carry on my political exertions. The deep and generous interest you take in the Italian cause has enabled you to perceive, better than many amongst our political men, both the social and national character of the Italian revolution. Let me take this occasion to say how grateful I am to the English Press and to the English nation for the encouragements they have yielded to me. Let me express my hope that their moral aid will never fail to Italy in the struggles which are yet impending on her. God has laid before us a heavy task, implying a solution of many a problem of the greatest moral and social description. We cannot hope to resolve them without the assistance of public opinion of the enlightened world; but if we are so happy to resolve them, our success will not be without a real and beneficent influence on the whole civilisation of Europe.—I am, sir, your most grateful C. CAVOUR.

To Mr. Harrison, London.

This long agitation, which had lasted from Easter till the November term, seriously interfered with my legal work. I was now having regular briefs, and I was in several spirited suits, and I

remember being with John Duke Coleridge in Ponsford *v.* Langley. In this year we began to reside at Eden Park, Beckenham, which was my summer home until my marriage, eleven years later.

CHAPTER XI

1860—LITERARY LONDON

THIS year was that of my first appearance in regular literature, and of my intimacy with two of the greatest writers of our time—John Ruskin and George Eliot. It was in January, shortly after the publication of *Adam Bede*, that I first met "George Eliot." Mr. and Mrs. Lewes dined with Mr. and Mrs. R. Congreve at Wandsworth. She was then at the beginning of her left-handed marriage, and wholly unknown in general society, having only one or two intimate women friends, such as Madame Bodichon and Mrs. Congreve. She was, in 1860, nearly what she was in 1880—reserved, earnest, dignified, speaking with deliberate force, and wholly free from pretension or exhilaration with her success. He was, as ever, the brilliant and affectionate Bohemian—irrepressible and "caddish," and giving an impression of being far more superficial and mercurial than he really was. It was not for some years that I came to be intimate with them. Of her literary powers and of his I have spoken enough in several published essays.

John James Ruskin

My acquaintance with Ruskin arose out of our association at the Working Men's College. I was

deeply stirred by his papers "Unto this Last" in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and I wrote to him my expression of admiration and sympathy. He invited me to dine on Sunday (December 22) at Denmark Hill. It was a beautiful old country house in a fine garden, with noble trees and lawns, and the rooms hung with Turners, Titians, etc. He welcomed me with charming grace and bonhomie, and his whole attitude was that of fascinating genius in a magnanimous and loyal soul. His old father—a canny, stalwart Scot, a man of sterling sense devoid of genius and grace, was a contrast to his brilliant son, whom he but half understood. "John! John!" he would cry out at table, as his son poured out splendid paradoxes, "what nonsense you're talking!" in rather broad Scotch.[1] John was the pattern of a good son. He, at least, understood his father, and behaved with cheerful reverence and unhesitating submission, with the motto, *maxima debetur patri reverentia*, though he was himself turned of forty, and already a literary giant. I visited them several times, and always came away charmed and impressed with a brilliant genius in a true and sympathetic soul, living amidst material conditions of entire beauty and peace. His public work I have sufficiently described in many published essays.

Neo-Christianity

During the summer of 1860 I wrote my first serious literary piece on *Essays and Reviews*. This famous book had been published in the spring, but did not attract much attention. When at Oxford

[1] Ruskin, the father, seriously asked me (à propos of *young* (?) John's heresies in *Unto this Last*) *to talk to* John, and put him right about Political Economy. I was a scholar, he said, and had read Philosophy and studied Economics. I should point out to John the accepted authorities on these things.

Talk to John!! Accepted authorities!! As well talk to a storm at sea, or ask him to accept the authority of Chinese Mandarins!

I had a long conversation with W. L. Newman, then Fellow of Balliol, and one of Jowett's inner set. He and I agreed very much as to the importance of the book as a solvent; he told me that Jowett was afraid that it was falling rather flat, and that its anti-orthodox nature ought to be more widely known. I urged Newman to do this. But he said, as Jowett's friend, disciple, and colleague, it was impossible for him, but he pressed me to do this, and gave me many suggestions as to how it might be done. The more I read the book, the more I felt its real importance as a manifesto of latitudinarianism, and its cynical insincerity, shallowness, and muddle-headedness.

I now was constantly with Dr. John Chapman, editor of the *Westminster Review*, who kept a boarding-house then in Albion Street, W., Dr. Bridges being one of the lodgers. He had Sunday evenings, attended by Herbert Spencer, Francis Newman, Fraser Rae, Robert W. Mackay, and many of his writers, and many foreign men and women, amongst others Old Garcia, the musician, brother of Malibran. I proposed to Chapman this article, which I wrote during August in Eden Park. It occupied me about a fortnight. I wrote furiously, neither pausing nor correcting, at the rate of five or six pages of print *per diem*. In its original state it was quite one-third longer than in the print. I remember that I wrote it with passion, without any "fair copy," without notes, and that the majority of the pages were without erasure or change of word. I wrote the whole under violent excitement, looking on it as a public duty, and not doubting that its publication would cause my expulsion from Oxford, and perhaps my ostracism in clerical society. Chapman came down to Eden Park to read the MSS., with which he was delighted, as also with the title—*Neo-Christianity*—

a new word which I claim to have added to the language. However, he suppressed nearly twenty pages, of which I had no copy, and which I destroyed.

I left for a tour in the Lakes about the 1st of September, as soon as the MSS. was off my hands, and I corrected the *proof* at Lowood on Windermere, without books. It was published in October of this year, and for a time made no particular stir, though it brought warm letters of compliment from Huxley, Tyndall, F. Newman, and *Westminster* writers. I made no attempt to conceal my authorship of *Neo-Christianity*, but I did not suppose that its origin would be noticed outside the small *Westminster* circle. I was surprised to find that it caused a good deal of lively excitement and curiosity. It was furiously assailed by the *Saturday Review* and similar prints, and angrily denounced by Dean Stanley in the *Edinburgh*. Jowett wrote to me letters which I have allowed his literary executors to see and to use. The story is fairly (but not exactly) told in Professor Campbell's book. I was on friendly terms with three at least of the *septem Contra Christum*, with Mark Pattison, Wilson, and Goodwin, the latter two thinking that I had served the cause. I was received with hearty welcome by the *Westminster* and F. Newman set, and was astounded to find myself regarded as a promising young man.

In a letter to a friend from Windermere, before the *Review* was out, I wrote :—

Nobody in Oxford is forced to speak out, and no one asked Jowett to state his views. But he, seeing the great strength of the attack on orthodoxy, and not having courage or strength of mind to join in it, has deliberately set to work to construct an entire system of compromise—which, turn it which way you will, is nothing but a ridiculous and equivocal adaptation. Jowett is not in the position of Fénelon (except, as I tell him, he parallels Quietism in initiating a religion of

feeling without creeds or forms). Fénelon was up to the best lights of his age—not savagely and insanely destructive. Jowett is not; he is distinctly retrograde. I have compared him to Hypatia (who, like him, saw a spiritual meaning in an exploded mythology). Had I space, I would have drawn out an elaborate parallel between the Professor of Greek and Julian the Apostle.

I find in my locked diary an entry of 1863 explaining my object. It runs:—

I felt acutely how hollow was the ground on which the book rested, and how many minds were being drawn into this shallow compromise instead of fairly seeking for sure truth. Being convinced of the need of an entire regeneration of religion, I repudiated with energy the adaptation to Western notions of a useless and discredited creed. It is the very type of all that is puerile in thought and timid in character in Oxford. I said what I had to say under the influence of strong emotion and tension of mind. I recall with pain and fear the storm of feeling in which day after day I paced up and down the grass walks brooding over the folly and wrong of the book—facing the abyss it opened personally to me—under the anxious eye of my mother, fearing something, she knew not what. . . .

It was, I know, somewhat spasmodic and somewhat too combative. . . .

I retract nothing. I adhere to the views it expressed. Further thought and knowledge only convinces me that all the charges and deductions made against the writers *fall far short of the truth.* As to the base notions attributed to me, their authors themselves regret them. The noise made astonished and perplexed me. I expected the article to be confined to the anti-orthodox world, and if it had any effect, to lead to my expulsion from Oxford.

The shock that it caused my mother will remain the dark cloud in which the matter is covered round in my memory. The blow must have come to her some time. All that I had done for years to prepare for it was of no avail. This is but one case of the dreadful anarchy in which we live.

In the same diary I find a note as to a scheme that at this time I sought to get signed by Oxford graduates, who should state in a petition to Parlia-

ment that they regarded compulsory signature to the Thirty-nine Articles as nugatory. I found that, whilst the Liberal graduates whom I approached declined to treat such signature as a declaration of personal belief in the Articles as *truths*, they took the most curiously different views as to what their signature implied, and as to what it bound them.

A. thinks it means that he is not an atheist.

B. thinks it means approval of the moral purpose of Christianity.

C. thinks it means a general adhesion to its leading doctrines.

D. thinks it means that the subscriber goes to Church, and so on.

No one thinks it means that he literally engages his belief in each proposition. Virtually all men of sense are willing to regard subscription as a form.

The diary runs on (June 1860) :—

Garibaldi.—My principal interests at this moment are with the issues of Garibaldi's expedition. As a mere story, the progress of his band from Genoa to Palermo is as wonderful and as brilliant as anything in our memory. Nor do I doubt for a moment that he will not rest in Sicily, neither in Calabria, nor in Naples. And as in the present temper of Frenchmen Napoleon can hardly fight him, he must retire from Rome and leave the Pope to find a new home. . . .

Be that home Madrid, Vienna, Jerusalem, or Jericho, Catholicism will receive an irreparable blow.

Home Politics.—One is more inclined to turn the eyes abroad from the utter disgust which all affairs at home create. It is certainly a melancholy prospect. The false pretence and insincerity of every single act or movement of public men is quite disheartening. I cannot see much to choose between Tory, Whig, or Radical.

In a letter to a lady whom I constantly consulted at this time, I wrote on

The Creed of a Layman (*in* 1861)

February 1861.

They whom irresistible facts have shut off from old and recognised beliefs are not therefore scoffers, or materialists,

or sceptics, or blasphemers, or indifferent, heartless. The eternal truths of the human heart and conscience remain with them, the very essence of religion stays, the solemnity of human life is impressed even more strongly. Faith, hope, charity—are we shut out from any of these? faith that purity, self-devotion, constancy, and earnest work are not all in vain, faith that they have their reward, that the world is the better for them, and the Creator sees them well pleased, faith that the least tittle of goodness has its part to do, its due to receive, and its endless result to produce.

Hope—can we not hope that the good will, in spite of circumstances, must triumph, that out of pain may come good, and our weakness may yet be inspired into strength?

Charity! at least we can have that, the very bigots themselves can hardly say it is impossible for us. Nay, if we love much, do we not gain much? Can we not approach the most awful meditations of religion with tranquillity and happiness, without trace of the terror, the doubt, the agony which crushes too many minds. That nightmare of religion which sits upon hearts, is a thing unknown to us. *We* hear no groans of the damned; *we* see no fires, nor do we tremble at the frown of God. God is good, and *we* only can feel this truly and always.

Nor are the impulses of our affections, or the motions of our enthusiasm, of our hopes, measured out, cramped, and curtailed by stiff, inhuman dogmas. We have not to carve our hearts into the shape of some fantastic mould, and watch all day, lest human nature should overstep the limits of the Creeds.

Nor is the teaching of sacred books denied us. The Bible is not a sealed book to us. Its teaching is not to us either worthless or false. We may use it and draw from it much to console, to teach, and to inspire. Its sublime words strike home upon us now, just as ever. Much no doubt is old, and past all use. Much is living, true, and sacred. Can we not find lessons in the great lives and greater deaths of patriarchs and prophets? Is the Gospel a fable to us? Can we not break out into triumph with Paul in his noble outburst in Corinthians? We feel all this, and it is sheer falsehood to say we do not understand.

The truth, the theories, the philosophies therein are changed—but the human heart remains, resignation, self-forgetfulness, devoutness, adoration, patience, courage, charity, gentleness, honour, remain for ever. These are there, and these

we too may have, and feel, and keep, if we seek it resolutely. And thus that Book is ours, and never can be taken from us.

But is that Book all—sacred as it is, sublime, touching, and deep? No! *We* are not confined and cramped into the words of one poor race, however gifted, nor are *we* tied down to the ideas of a distant age. The whole range of sacred truth is spread out before us. Where, in all human utterance there is religion, earnestness, elevation, and moral strength, there we may find food to sustain us.

Is not the *Imitation* for us? How tender and solemn is the spirit of à Kempis. I have just been reading him—the *Meditation on Death*—surely one must be narrow-minded not to see how true that is, in spite of all the half-crazy theory on which it is based!

That "man is weak and yet strong"—"strong only in duty, weak only in indulgence"—that "self is nothing," that "death is not too terrible to see or to bear to the good," that "labour is the lot of man," and "to labour well is the essence of religion,"—were these truths ever put in words so plaintive, so earnest, so simple? I used hardly to like him. He seemed to me mystical, vague, and rhapsodic. But I have now learned to see the spiritual meaning within the form.

But there is much beside à Kempis—all the range of Christian writers. And why stop there? There is something about the noblest Roman greater than any in its way. For practical and manly life, as for tranquil and wise death, he is in many things a truer model to us. I find as much religion in Marcus Aurelius as in à Kempis. Personally, I think, I find even more.

I soon had a mournful occasion in which my ideas had to bear a cruel strain. My closest friend, a young physician of brilliant promise, went out to Australia in search of a practice, with a young wife, the eldest daughter of a Suffolk clergyman, whom he had just married. I had been his "best man" at the wedding, and immediately afterwards they sailed in one of the old liners for Melbourne. He had taken a house, and had begun to find practice, when she took a fever and died. He returned home at once, sending the body of his

wife by another ship, to be interred in the churchyard where she had been brought up. In case of his death on the long voyage of three months, he wrote me full instructions for the taking charge of the remains and the funeral.

It was a mournful task, and on receipt of the injunction for such a trust I wrote to a lady of his family, in fact his mother-in-law in future, a letter which I copy as containing the ideas I felt as to *memory*, by which Positivism could offer consolation in death.

March 10, 1861.

My dear . . . —I have a letter to-day from Melbourne. It was written the day after the funeral. It is solely to give me certain necessary directions as to the intention he has formed to send home the body. This is terrible, but he shall not find me wanting. I know what he meant, and I will do it. But it is very trying. Each day seems to bring me something more harassing than the last. First came the bare news, then your letter, then this of his. How can you ask me to say anything to you. I fear I can but add to your grief. I am quite unconscious of what the affliction of a family is. I have never been face to face with death. This last letter is fearful. It brings before me all that he will have to go through. . . .

I could hardly believe he could ever leave her in the cemetery alone and rush home. It seemed to me incredible and utterly unlike him, and it was, now I see it all. His decision to bring her home was quite natural, knowing something of what he feels about death. I understand all. I know that of all things nothing would be to him such an enduring pain as not to be able to stand beside her grave. Could he live in Australia alone? To have her grave connected with all the other memories of her life—the house which he first remembers, the scene of the marriage—to know that she lies beside all that she loved best, in the midst of those who knew and loved her, for whom she spent all her life working and teaching,—to know that her memory will be more closely guarded by her own family, and all the peasants of the village may year by year sometimes come and stand over the grave of one whom they knew and from whom they received so much—ah, I remember that one of them brought

as a present on her wedding-day a poor book-marker worked *with a grave stone.* I remember her showing it to me. To have her lying beside her old home will be a consolation unspeakable to him. What her life was before death, an active life of work in that quiet village, such her life will be after death. I mean her memory, and all the nameless influence of her doings, feelings, and thoughts, working still around her, amongst those who have known her, all kept alive tenfold, a hundredfold more distinctly and beautifully and really when her grave is under the shadow of the church tower beside her sisters.

Yes, if she had been left in the dusty cemetery, all alone, without a friend to visit the resting-place, he unable to realise the appearance or place of her last sleep in that hideous roaring city, he could hardly live. Now every memory will be sealed up with all that dwells most deeply on his mind respecting her, her memory will be one unbroken thread of images of the past, and will irradiate his life. Yes, he did right in connecting me with this duty, I feel it and know it. It is terrible to contemplate, but all that I can do shall be done. I will see if I cannot forecast and provide for his every wish and instinct in this task. It is my own deepest feeling about death—I think I know him somewhat. He shall not, I think, trust to me in vain.

Again, I am writing to you mainly about him. Yet your sorrow is twofold. Naturally my thoughts turn chiefly to him, his future, his present. You speak to me solemnly, and I must tell you what I feel. At such a time as this the consolations of religion are very real. They have borne up many a shattered heart and given strength to a half-broken life. The true and pure Christian whose heart is really warmed with the spirit of the Gospel has in these moments a sure and touching support, and may rise into a right and tranquil life; who can be so heartless as to doubt it? Do we not see miracles of endurance by the force of true religious faith. Such a one too has a right and good cause—so that he do it kindly—to point out even with pity, almost with scorn, how poor and weak is human nature, with all its pride of will or intellect, to struggle against fate without any trust in a higher power, without any true system of belief to practise, without religion. It is very true and very terrible.

Man without religion is a nutshell in the wind. Did Christ and the prophets die in vain, or have eighteen

centuries of Christian men and women believed a lie? No, assuredly not; but if a true and sound Christian points out how barren is life without faith, shall we not believe him? What he says is true. No sounding truths, no philosophical generalities, can bear up the heart against a crushing blow like this. Human nature revolts against the blank of atheism, and turns away fainting from the thought of extinction. These awful questions force themselves upon the mind at such a moment in spite of science, philosophy teaching conviction and common-sense. For my part I feel that to answer blankly No to all these questions is so cruel an outrage upon human nature that I will not do so. Who dare say that *there is not*? Until there be some real religion to supply their place, until the yearning of our human instincts knows some object to pour itself forth upon, let us not pitilessly burn out our past feelings and emotions.

Yet there are some, nay many, some good, some bad, to whom the very foundations of religious truth are gone beyond recall, who know that they know nothing, to whom even the awful words read over the coffin are sublime and beautiful, but hardly true. What then are they to do,—cheat themselves into fancying they hope what they do not and believe what they do not, or speak peace where there is no peace? No! they must see and acknowledge their sad state, neither deceiving their own hearts nor fancying their own state happy. They must endure the pity, even the taunts of those who are happier in ignorance. They must feel their own shortcoming, know that they are the victims of a change all round them, that they suffer as only those suffer who live between an old and a new faith. Truly they are martyrs, and must have humility and courage. Yet not without a martyr's hope. They know it cannot last thus for ever. They know that those who step over their dead bodies will enjoy greater peace and rise to a confidence and strength they cannot have. Let them suffer and hope, acknowledging how beautiful and noble and great a thing it is to have a faith and a religious guide, blessing those who have it, pitying those who have not, longing, hoping, striving, labouring, and dying, that they who come after them may have it.

Yet even for them religion has much. They who have truly known what religion is, must ever feel much of it; the best part is with them under every change, in spite of all doubt. That wonderful faith which has sustained millions

and millions of hearts, the noblest of created beings, the high priests of our race, was not a fable or a superstition. Its life and essence is still with us. All that Christian truth has in it of forgetfulness of self, of resignation, humiliation, and love, all that it tells us of sorrow purifying the heart, all that it tells us of the worthlessness of life save of good works alone, all that it tells us of the mysterious bond of kindred amongst men, all that we have ever heard the priest say, how the body goes to dust, but the soul, the man, the woman, the life remains, all that we have heard from our childhood, from the Book, how utterly nothing is the individual beside the great Power, yet how tenderly watched, loved and thought of by him, all this we have, nay much more.

It matters little how one reads or explains the thing. The essence of the religious emotion remains with us, nay, brighter and truer far in reality—unsullied with the dark fears and the hard dogmas of churches and sects. Human nature over the grave asks some awful questions. Let each mind answer them for the present as it can best and can find most right. Do we know how the spirit may fare when parted from the body, do we know what is beyond the tomb? Let each answer these questions for the present as he finds in his heart. Let no morbid doubt or book-taught question perplex him. This we do know, in this we meet in sympathy with all true religious hearts, let them utter their creeds in any words they will. This we do know, that death is one of the most sublime of our tasks to front, in some sense it is the highest effort of our lives. This we know, that in enduring it with resignation, learning its lessons and accepting its duties, is the crown of our lives. This we know, that all that is well done lives after us, that the life, the action of each never dies, but goes on for ever, living and bringing good to perfection bound up for ever in the life of our race. This we know, that a good and pure life is not without its reward, that good is good, and a good life is holy, and that such as live a good life inherit the most glorious crown of our race.

Let one say one thing and one another, Heaven, judgment, immortality, and glory are but forms of speech. We all know this, we all meet with solemn trust and thankfulness over the grave of a good child of man, and say to each other, a good fight is over, a good work has been done, a good spirit does not die, but changes, all that the Creator has given of good to good men and women, has he given to this

one. We can almost shout for joy that a true spirit has won the crown in the race of life. Oh, do not think it necessary to torture the mind with narrow questions or to deny oneself the beautiful consolation bound up with memories of childhood. All these feelings of solemnity, of self-abasement, of trust, peace, of duty, resignation, tenderness and devotion which good Christian men and women feel beside the corpse of a brother or sister, we feel. We share that sound elevation of mind, we rise into that holy peace and comfort. It may be that much of what they say is strange to us, they may fancy they know more than they do. But do we lose by this? No! All the moral and purifying spirit of that faith we may, if we will strive earnestly, share with them.

But it is well for us to be free from much. We are spared their narrow, harrowing doubts and questions, we know nothing that tears the fibres of the human heart out of us and leaves a seared scar in its place. We are free from vain regrets and mystical yearning, our spirits are not paralysed by morbid hopes and fears, and human life wasted by the desire for something unknown. Remember this. With us every emotion, every regret, every thought, every hope, tends directly to life, to action, to actual, tangible good, to work, to be strong, to be resolute, to be constant, to be wise. With us to sorrow is to strive. To love the dead is to labour for the living, to be true to one lost is to be unwearied for those we have. Every memory is a sermon. Every memorial is a spur to action. Every recollection is a hope. Remember that that elevation of existence, that depth of religious solemnity which the grave gives us is not with us to be wasted on nothing, or in useless aspirations and vague yearnings. No, with us it has its direct use. It teaches us and sustains us here in life active, useful, energetic, and unflinching. If our being is raised into a loftier key, it is that it may perform a truer work, produce more, toil more wisely, more steadily. No, the truest religious consolation in the presence of death is the religion of duty.

It may be that in the first moments of agony or sometimes through life, when the spirit rises into more than usual solemnity, we may ask ourselves questions that we cannot answer, and look hopelessly it may be into the abyss. Perhaps in our present state, standing on the verge of a crumbling faith, the weakness of our human instincts may from time to time force us into mysticism, but, those

moments past, our sorrow is wholly real, practical, active, and rational. Grief neither leaves us in indolence nor drives us to dreaminess. It is the rational basis of acting, living, and being. It gives depth, solemnity, and tenderness to all our deeds and surrounds us with a halo of duty. If we sorrow, it is that we may act better. If we meditate on the dead, it is to carry on the dead one's work. If we love, it is without mysticism. When we feel the religious awfulness of death, it is to know better the religious nobleness of life.

Such are my feelings, I do not know if I do right to open them to you thus.

As for him, remember, his hopes and thoughts are not so vague and half-proved as these. He, if free from any confusion and vagueness such as I too sadly feel, has within him the life of a real religious faith equal in extent and meaning, and no doubt to him as powerful as that of any Christian saint. By that he lives and suffers. It will bring out his life beautiful, peaceful, and prosperous.

My friend came home, himself laid his wife in the graveyard of the church where he had been married, beside her father's Rectory, and he resolved to settle as a physician in Yorkshire. I wrote (May 1861):—

John Bridges has been with me much. Can I tell you how much I have rejoiced to be with him again. He is much changed in every way. His look is aged and somewhat worn, but he seems withal full of life and spirit. I am hopeful as to his strength. But how wonderful is his peace of mind. How quiet, how resolute, how vigorous, how gentle, how warm, how hopeful, how—all but happy he seems. Hour after hour, as we sit and talk, he is just what he was; unsubdued, only somewhat deeper and somewhat softer. When I wrote to you after the first news of his bereavement, and we were so full of anxiety,—do you not remember what I wrote to you? that he would rise up under his blow more full of life than ever, deepened, expanded, and refined. All that I imagined has fallen far short of the truth. With all my hopes I was quite unprepared to find his mind so elastic under the pressure. He seems indeed cheerful, easy, collected and provident,—not strung with an unnatural tension, not weakened or disheartened, but as if he had gathered up his whole mind and character with new

care and thought. His character has indeed undergone a change. His sympathies have grown wider, his ways softer, and his purpose not indeed deeper but broader. Men, circumstances, and ideas interest him in a new way. Most of all I remark an increased turn for the practical, a more tempered judgment, especially a tenderer spirit. However imperfectly I see all this, I do see much, and I see its meaning and cause. Never have I seen anything in human nature which seems to me more beautiful. But you must see and understand all this far better than I. At first I felt very much opposed to his going to the North. I feared his health and spirits would hardly suffice. But now that I have seen him more, I can judge better and no longer regret it.

My friend settled in Bradford as a physician, and was appointed to the Infirmary in that great and busy town, where he formed a very interesting friendship with the leading men in business there, the politicians, speakers, and writers, and also with the more active spirits in the co-operative, trades-union, and secularist movements. He ultimately married again, the daughter of a leading manufacturer of Halifax and of the lady to whom the foregoing letters were addressed. I often visited him, saw much of his Yorkshire friends and relatives, and made many excursions with him to the moors, villages, and manufacturing centres of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

CHAPTER XII

FIRST VIEW OF THE LAKES

MY first visit to the Cumberland Lake country disappointed me, as I had been a devotee of the Scotch mountains for twelve, and of the Alps for ten years. It was very paltry and almost snobbish; and I have lived to be ashamed of my bad taste; nay, I have long since repented in sackcloth and ashes, for I now hold the Lakes to have a rare and peculiar charm. But a crazy gletscherman, as I then was, knew no better. I wrote :—

I was prepared for something on a small scale, but I never expected anything so like a toy. . . . Not merely are the lakes so incomparably tiny, but they are so spruce and dapper that I can hardly believe them natural.

Every corner is trimmed out in parks or lawns, and you wander between brick walls as if you were at Fulham. . . . The hills along the Rhine are not lofty; but then they don't pretend to be mountains. The Scotch are hardly real mountains, but then they are savage. The Italian mountains are civilised, but then they are of exquisite shape. I planned three tours, to occupy me three successive days, and I used up all three tours before dinner. I shall take one of these lakes for a trout stream; and I would wager I could run right up Helvellyn and back within the hour.

Ah, well! the lakes have another side too. If they are small they are pretty—exquisitely pretty—far prettier than I ever imagined. The foliage far surpasses any that I ever saw. The variety of Windermere is endless, and nothing can be more graceful than the grouping of the hills. The

whole country reminds me of the country round Lucerne, and the view from these hill tops is like that from the Rigi looking north over the lowland.

But oh! the trippers one meets—male and female in solemn pairs—like all manner of beasts just out of the Ark. One sees incipient matrimony in every human thing. The very waiters seem on their honeymoon—at least they are quite absent-minded and heedless of all around. The bus-drivers and boatmen expect *double* fare, and will hardly take a single man. Every bedroom has two washstands, and a bed big enough for three. Oh! the horrors of these English Inns. They are not meant for bachelors—much less for mountaineers.

The worst of being a lonely bachelor is the company into which one is pitched. The coffee-room re-echoes with the Lancastrian burr. Fancy a young Manchester bagman insisting on walking with me half the day, proposing "to travel together"; and, when we passed a tap-room, coolly asking me "what spurrit I took." Ye Gods! think of this to ME. The decent people, as well as the honeymoon couples, shun a stranger as if he had the plague.

Ah! now I see how the beauty of the Lakes gains on one when the first shock of their petty size wears off. The forms of the hills are certainly very beautiful, and nothing equals the richness and variety of the verdure and the foliage. The land lies in so small a compass that a day's walk affords a constant succession of exquisite and different views. Indeed you may see four Lakes in that short space, and all in vivid contrast and with new charms. My paper is exhausted—but I have half a mind to *cross* this letter to tell you more of my delights.

From the Lakes I went over to Yorkshire, to Bolton Abbey, and thence across to the East Coast on foot. I soon repented me of my silly contempt of our English hills, and drank in the intoxicating charm of that noble county.

First Visit to Yorkshire Moors

I walked up and down the best of these Yorkshire valleys and moors—Wharfedale, Wensleydale, Swaledale, Teesdale, Eskdale, from Ingleborough

to Leyburn, Helmsley and Pickering to the sea. Yorkshire as a county, though I had seen York City long ago, the moors and rivers and abbeys and castles were new to me, and aroused in my heart a storm of delight.

"How glorious—how inspiring—how dear is this epitome of England," I wrote in my diary, "the very essence of our native country—how homely, familiar, and welcome is its beautiful scenery! How delightful those luxuriant valleys, fed by winding or rushing rivers, with the free fresh moor above, the hamlets perched on the hillside or nestling in the hollow of the glens. The great valleys walled in with beetling cliffs and fringed with various foliage—then some grim old feudal castle, brimful of historic memories with the annals of our country graven on its grey walls—the old Gothic Church crowded with traditions, names, and works of many long successive ages—the princely park with noble trees and rich pasturages and delicately reared cattle, the very type of nature developed and elevated by man—the awe-inspiring wreck of an Abbey, quiet, tender, and piteous like Rievaulx—so exquisitely graceful, so humble, silent, and deathlike—the very image of a bygone age yet remaining in secluded solitude—recalling an almost forgotten time in its beauty and its mournfulness, like the corpse of one loved, and then the mediaeval and not yet modern town, Richmond in Swaledale, fairest of English towns, an endless picture and ever fresh joy. But above all in memory most dear remains the vision of that softly smiling gentle valley of Bolton Abbey in Wharfedale—so severe, so simple, so inspiring—of all spots in the world I think the richest in its fulness of calm, and joy, and peace."

As a reminiscence of how these Yorkshire moors, abbeys and rivers, parks, cathedrals, and fashionable spas struck a young London tourist in the early Victorian era some fifty years ago, I have had copied a pair of letters which I wrote home to my mother. She preserved them with others, and returned them to me before her death. As I read these again after the experiences of half a century in many lands, they recall to me some delightful

memories and the morbid pessimism of my vagrant youth. How many things have changed since then! Harrogate is no longer a sort of Pickwickian Bath. Studley Royal remains, and Bolton Abbey, and York Minster; but these and most things in Yorkshire have now been brought very much up to the standard of the twentieth century.

Bolton Abbey

Here I am in the most delicious place in all England. I have long thought of Bolton and the banks of the Wharfe as charming; and, half afraid of being disappointed, I made up my mind to see. I drove across here this afternoon from Windermere through a country full of interest to me as uniting the characteristic features of Yorkshire—rapid and wooded rivers winding through open moors and broad hill-sides. At last the road turns down into a valley surrounded by hills and rich in foliage. They put me down at the inn, which stands about a quarter of a mile from the ruins of the Abbey. A model of an inn—an ideal inn, such an inn as you read of in Scott's novels and never see—a mediaeval hostelrie—a picture of simplicity, elegance, brightness, and comfort. A real inn, with the whitest of curtains, the sandiest of floors, the demurest of maids, the cosiest of windows and chimney nooks.

It is really like the wing of a college or the Elizabethan rectory at Wickham Court. As I strolled out to the Abbey it was one of those still, clear, rich sunsets after rain that are very beautiful and very melancholy: I could hear the gurgling of the Wharfe, and soon came upon the ruins of the Abbey, standing at the edge of one of the sweeps of the river, just where it has dashed over some rapids and settles into a still, deep bed, shadowed by splendid trees. Many of these must have seen the Abbey in its prime. The ruins stand now in the most lovely park, forming a long vista of knolls and slopes and wooded crags and grand forest trees. Association makes the true charm of every scene: and there was nothing to break the charm. The glow of the evening, the picturesqueness of the ruins, the beauty of the landscape, and the sound of the river and cascade made a perfect whole.

I returned to the inn, thinking I had never seen anything more complete. What can one have more? I do not know

except it be enjoyment. And I am wretched. It is delicious —but delicious misery. I am absolutely alone. There is not a sound in the house. There is not a sound outside the house but the murmuring of the Wharfe. This is the only way to see it. Of course, one does not want picnic parties or noisy excursionists pouring over the ruins—to enjoy it one wants only absolute quiet, which I have indeed. Good-night!

Then comes a second letter to my mother, when I had gone out of Yorkshire to Manchester, and being there at night lonely and idle, I sat down to write home my impressions of Yorkshire as a whole:—

I wrote last from Bolton Abbey, the delights of which still dwell in my recollections. The morning after I wrote I spent in the park and along the valley of the Wharfe. It was the most glorious summer weather. You wander for miles along the stream, which at times is still, at times rapid, with splendid rocky cliffs or wooded slopes on either side. The whole country around the Abbey is delightful, and although the ruin is not very fine, when seen in broad day-light, it is picturesque and most exquisitely placed, having trees which can only be grown by centuries of English seasons. As one wanders about the ruin, all quite free and quiet, the continual peeps of the river and the banks through the windows and arches are delightful. It is the very perfection of English scenery, and in its way surely the world has nothing more pleasant.

The inn, some half mile from the Abbey, is all that it should be. Quaint, bright, and simple—the rooms are hung round with sketches by David Cox and other artists who have made it their headquarters. From Bolton I drove across to Harrogate, over a most varied country, sometimes through deep glens and wooded valleys, then rising up on to a high tableland of moor and waste, the highest land in England, from which the streams descend on all sides to the sea. Harrogate is, without exception, the vilest hole I ever was in in my life—but I could not avoid it. It stands on a bleak and endless moor, and straggles over some two miles of common, singularly like Blackheath. The hotels are of the last century, and remind you of the days of the Georgian beaus,—with old-world assembly rooms, dingy, musty, and

ugly,—with galleries for the fiddlers and chalked floors for the dancers. The season is just over. There is no one left but the very dregs and refuse of the fair—the spoiled wares and the remnants—the Irish widow who hasn't gone off—the toothless old crone who has not had time to discover a new excitement, and the very middling girls who are reduced to their last shot.

Anything more hideous than the young women there I never yet beheld. There sat near me at dinner two sisters, whom I take to be types of disgusting ugliness—one squab, bloated, and boisterous, the other cadaverous, cancerous, and collapsed. I could not eat my dinner for them. The old skin and bone on my left gabbled about the season and the balls till I was half wild, and a monstrous specimen of a coarse Irishwoman above nearly produced sea-sickness. Every type of vulgarity mimicking every insanity of fashion. "Waiter, waiter, was it a good ball now last night at the Dragon?"—"Yes, ma'm, and Lady . . . was there."—"Lor, waiter, how delightful!" "Waiter," I said after dinner, "what is the next train for York?"—"York, sir, oh, sir, York is very dull, sir, until the Hunt Ball on the 28th, sir, and the Review will be very fashionably attended, sir." I could have thrown the water-bottle at his head. It was like a ghastly revival of the days of Beau Brummell—the ghosts seemed rotting about one, and their bones might be heard rattling in their skins.

Fountains Abbey stands in Studley Park, the seat of Lord de Grey, and one of the most splendid places in England. It was planted in the middle of the last century, and contains now some of the most magnificent groups of trees in England. There is an avenue of Spanish chestnuts half a mile long, at the end of which are seen the towers of Ripon Minster in the distance. The Abbey is brought into the grounds, and most carefully preserved and cleared of débris. It forms one of the most extensive conventual ruins in the world. The entire monastery remains with little actual destruction. The outer wall and porch, the cloisters, the dormitories above the refectory, the chapter house, the buttery, the kitchen, the brew-house, the mill, the dungeons and the cellars, all remain, not merely visible, but still with every part and use plainly indicated. The whole monastery, in fact, remains, and forms a perfect picture of a grand conventual establishment at a time when a monastery was a centre of civilisation and intelligence.

Nothing can surpass Fountains as a complete ruin, but in beauty of architecture and situation Rievaulx is far finer. It is one of the most graceful specimens of Gothic architecture I ever saw—indeed quite faultless. Every turn shows it in some new light. It stands hemmed in by a secluded glen, narrow enough to give the impression of entire repose, yet opening sufficiently at intervals to give varied and rich views. You come upon it quite as it were by accident. Finding my way there with difficulty, I almost fancied I had discovered the ruin for the first time. Beside it is a little village which can hardly have altered its appearance for centuries. You can climb all over the ruin without a trace of its being "preserved" or fenced. It is entirely secluded, wild, and natural. Of the three Abbeys the scenery of Bolton would most delight a painter—the ruin of Fountains, the historian—the solemnity of Rievaulx, the poet. Rievaulx is far more than a beautiful spot. It is impossible to see it without some new ideas upon the mediaeval church.

What, I wonder, makes such a spot so impressive? Other churches are as beautiful, other valleys as rich. It is the association. I suppose the Abbey reminds one how the beauty of the valley delighted men in distant ages as much as now—how infinite generations of mankind have seen in it peace and happiness—how, in savage times, it attracted fine spirits and tempered them to thought—how this spot of all others has been for ages the scene of devotion or contemplation—what eyes, weary with poring over manuscripts, have been refreshed with the hillsides before us—how for ages the sound of vespers and matins has mingled with the roaring of the stream. Then the ruin reminds us how all this had passed away, with what a crash it fell, how little it belongs to us. Cathedrals which stand are perhaps as beautiful, but nothing gives us such a sense of the loveliness of Gothic architecture as some perfect ruin.

Then the scenery around us is in absolute harmony with the rest. We see how admiration for the forest trees and love for flowers and plants grew into a Gothic church, reviving and recalling in stone the best features of the landscape. The ruin gives a charm to the scene, and the scene leads up the eye to dwell upon the ruin. The whole together carries us back to times when men could live whole lives of unbroken repose, beauty, and devotion, when mediaeval life was surrounded with every grace—a time when the earth swarmed with abominable ruffians and not a few real saints.

I daresay, writing as I do now in smoke-stained Manchester, Rievaulx Abbey once had to hold some of the dirtiest and coarsest blackguards in all Yorkshire, which is saying a good deal. I will bet half-a-crown that they had winking images under those lovely arches, and that the abbots got very drunk every Saturday night in the stately refectory, that the monks played queer games at nights up those back stairs. Quite as true, I daresay, as that there is a head as well as a tail to a sixpence. But I did not think all this when I was there.

As I had to pass through York, I went to see the Minster. When I saw it eleven years ago I had seen none of the foreign cathedrals. But it was far superior to my recollections. Certainly it is a glorious pile. It is almost equal, I think, to the best of the French. I had quite forgotten—I suppose I never observed—that the details were so fine and the separate parts so graceful and complete. The mass and breadth I remembered. I spent the whole morning there. I really think very few people so thoroughly enjoy both sides of the question in these matters as I do. I get quite maudlin in admiration of a Gothic church, and can also enter it with a very lively sense of the intense humbug it is now. I was wandering about the Cathedral whilst it was still empty, meditating carefully upon each part, until something of the richness and beauty of the entire creation of the Gothic cathedral, far more than the labour of the stonecutter or the builder, grew visible to me. I saw in window after window the picture of some legend of saint or martyr—a long, rich gallery of Christian heroes—an *epos* of Christian poetry, and noble tales of courage and love. From them, and above (mingled with angels and cherubim beaming all from the groined roof), the saints and martyrs looked down upon the congregation gathered in the long aisles to receive the blessing of the archbishop, or stirred up by the preaching of an eager Dominican or Franciscan.

What fine faces and heads stand forth in the carved cornices and brackets and capitals, what solemn tombs hold the ashes of saintly men, how sweetly the angels support their calm earnest heads, and how grim knights who have fought the good fight have lain down in full armour beside them to die. What a world of tender fancies and patient labours is around one. What a noble gallery of statues, what graceful carving in oak, what monumental slabs and graven marbles, what memories of all fair things upon the earth,

and of all noble arts among men. What an endless stream of holy song has ascended to heaven, age after age, night and day, for a thousand years. The choir has not ceased crying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth. What harmonies have risen as the crowded aisles took up the hymn, or as a few sweet voices have sung the evening song, whilst the setting sun streamed through the western window. How infinite, rich, and harmonious the whole. How enormous, immovable, and aspiring, and how worthy to be a temple of God. What a pyramid of infinite energy, devotion, and skill, the centre whence all North England was evangelised, the noblest efforts of the best hearts and brains of countless generations.

Such were my fancies, and I almost heard the psalm rising up to the roof, and saw the long procession passing down the aisles, when my reveries were abruptly broken by a choirman deliberately walking up the church *in his hat*, and bawling across the nave to his fellow—"*Hev yer seen Ponshe for this week?*" The spell was snapped. The windows turned into odd bits of glass, the pillars seemed giving way, the strings behind the winking images appeared, the Dean and Canons looked bloated. I saw the ghastly monument of the sporting squire of Queen Anne's time, and the cold whitewashed nave, the stripped chapels, the empty stalls for the canons, the deserted church, the sham, slovenly, half-tipsy choir, the naughty choristers. I waited for the service. It was scandalous. The port-wine dean looked imposing, two old women and one old man formed the congregation. Some excursionists walked straight up and into the chancel, on to the altar step, and poked their umbrellas into the tombs, and sprawled about during the service. Of all the humbugs of this age a Protestant cathedral is the most dismal. A whitewashed sepulchre full of dead men's bones. What good on earth are deans and canons, unless it be to keep up a fine quality of port wine? Better far a fair corpse like Rievaulx than a galvanised skeleton like York Minster.

How shall I tell you all the wonderful things at Scarborough, and the still more wonderful persons. The dressing, the promenade, the band, the balls, etc. etc. In the hotel are some 200 who live all together, take all their meals [four a day], and retire to the drawing-room in the evening, when flirtations, cards, and music are the thing. I had scarcely arrived before I heard of a wonderful family, intensely vulgar and forward, who occupied the piano and

sang out of tune, who monopolised the drawing-room and made fearful practice at the eccentric baronet. Well, in marched . . . of . . . , Kent. These were the beauties whom the General monopolised, and to whom countless heavy dragoons laid siege, betaking themselves, when dead beat with their fair ones' cruelty, to a mild flirtation with the two Australians, ages fifteen and sixteen, just like Chinese dolls. Old Mrs. ——, with an immense mass of *false* hair, painted up to the eyes, lost her *wig* one night at the Spa rooms, and kept the servants looking for it with dark lanterns till two in the morning.

The whole country from York to Manchester is one enormous city—factories, towns, railroads, canals, furnaces, and mines—all throbbing, revolving, and whirring furiously. The country, too, is beautiful. Nothing out of Switzerland is more picturesque than these valleys. It resembles the country round Rouen, but is far finer. I have been doing nothing but going over mills, workshops, churches, town halls, etc., which are here fine. I am now going to find my friends in Lancashire. I don't expect you to read all this stuff. But it has served to spend my evening.

CHAPTER XIII

1860-1898—RUSKIN

It is one of the most cherished memories of my life that over a period of nearly forty years I had some small association with this bright light of the Victorian era, one of rare genius and beautiful nature. I visited him in his London home in early life, and also in his Coniston home in extreme old age; and he visited me in my own house. I was his colleague in a school and in a learned society; we had an active, and at times a keen controversial, correspondence. I published on various occasions some five or six different studies of his work and influence. And at last I wrote his *Life* for the "Men of Letters."

As in many things I deeply shared his views and felt sympathy and admiration for his efforts at social reform, and as this was not incompatible with—nay, made inevitable—a good deal of mutual criticism and lively debate,—of which the points appear both in his books and in mine—it is natural that I should try to put into clearer light a part of my activity on which I look back with tender thought and no little keen enjoyment.

It was entirely in the second half of his life, and in relation to his social and economic theories, that I came into personal contact with John Ruskin. This was in the year 1860. He was then forty,

living a bachelor with his father and mother at Denmark Hill. All his great works on Art had been published. He was in the full tide of his popularity as artist and as writer; and the clouds had hardly begun to settle on his habits and his thoughts.

At that time I had devoured with delight and sympathy all he had written. I knew the Alps, and Italy, and France almost as well as he did; indeed, if my travelling had been far less a profound study than his, mine had been perhaps far wider in variety and extent, for I had travelled in many parts of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy which Ruskin never saw during his life. But, like Ruskin, under the inspiration of Carlyle, of Maurice, Charles Kingsley, of the founders of the Working Men's College, and of the foreign republicans whom I knew, I also was preparing to turn my devotion to Letters and Art towards social reform and industrial regeneration. Ruskin's essays "Unto this Last," which I read as they appeared in numbers in the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1860, filled me as with a sense of a new gospel on this earth, and with a keen desire to be in personal touch with the daring spirit who had defied the Rabbis of the current economics.

Towards the end of 1860 Dr. Furnivall, then the most active spirit in the Working Men's College, introduced me by letter to Ruskin. He wrote inviting me to Denmark Hill "for a chat." "It is to be only a chat," he wrote; "we might as well talk over the method of Fluxions as over Political Economy." "Some things I know—others I am only working out." Fifty years ago the fine house on Denmark Hill, with a miniature park and farm, lawns, old timber, and thick shrubs, was a delightful home. The father was the very type of the grave, courteous, rational, reserved

Scot of the old school. "John" was the ideal of an airy, generous, fantastic, lovable man of genius, whose fancies bubbled forth clear and inexhaustible like a mountain spring. He was everything that one could imagine of friendly welcome, of simple nature, of incalculable epigram and paradox.

Of course I wanted to induce him to study Comte—not on any matter relating to religion or philosophy—but solely as to the social and economic principles laid down in the *Positive Polity*. The basis of the economics of Comte and of Ruskin were, if not identical, distinctly parallel. Both saw that organic society rested on property—but property as created by the social co-operation of Labour and Intellect, and also as being rightly devoted to the good of society as a whole, and not to the enjoyment of individuals. I never dreamed of Ruskin reading Comte himself, but of his taking the ideas from me. Little did I know then that John would take no ideas from the Angel Gabriel himself. The father asked me to direct John to some standard authorities on Political Economy. I might as well have asked John to study *Hints on Deerstalking*, or *The Art of Dancing*. He wanted no man's books, no ideas, no principles but his own. He would make it all out for himself.

He was always ready to talk—to ask questions—even to listen. But as to allowing any man's thoughts, any book old or new, unless it were the Bible, or some poem, to assist, qualify, or enter into his own thoughts, it was not to be endured. Finding him in no mood to attend to Comte, I asked him how far did he go with the *Utopia* of Plato. "What did Plato write," he asked, "and what did he propose?" "Did Plato write anything about what you call social organisation?" All this to me, whose mental food for ten years

past had been mainly the digestion of the *Politics* of Aristotle, the *Republic* of Plato, the *Polity* of Comte, Herbert Spencer, Mill, Buckle, Maurice, Mazzini, Michelet, Louis Blanc, Saint Simon, and Robert Owen,—all this sounded as wild as if he had asked me what was said about sin in the Pentateuch, or in the Sermon on the Mount. "Come when you like," he wrote, "and take the chance of what may be eatable on the cloth at half-past four on Sundays." He went on to thank me for "my kind offer about books"; for, acting on the father's suggestion, I had tried to get John to read something which might help to clear his mind. "But for the present," he said, "I hate reading, thinking, writing, and anything that reminds me I have—or have not—a head. So I won't have any books."

I came away delighted with the charm of this brilliant and generous nature, full of admiration for the marvellous agility of his inspiration, but puzzled and even saddened by the sight of such impracticable audacity and waywardness. To defy the phalanx of Social Statics as recognised up till today, without even a glance at all the great thinkers on modern society from Pythagoras to Comte, seemed to me hardly sane; or, if sane, a somewhat tasteless joke. I remembered an Italian musician who, hearing the name of Auguste Comte pronounced, said, "Ah, yes! I improvised the religion of Humanity myself in a moment of despondency." And yet—with this immeasurable levity, or arrogance, or waywardness—whichever it might be—I felt profound admiration for the genius by which John Ruskin, alone, untaught, erratic as he was, had pierced to the bone the Giant Despair of Plutonomy in its decrepitude. And I was proud to have been admitted so generously to the intimate circle of one who, in magical gifts of expression,

and in irrepressible eloquence, had certainly no living rival.

When I began to write in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1865 on Strikes and Trades-Unions, Ruskin wrote very kind letters of sympathy and approval. He had read the article on the "Iron Masters' Trades-Union" "with great admiration," and he pronounced the essay on *The Limits of Political Economy* to be excellent. He wrote—"What I want to see insisted upon is the fact that there can be no such science as long as wealth is an undefined term." He said he wished some one would write out "a list of the articles which a Utilitarian calls useful." This idea was admirably worked out both in *Unto this Last* and in *Munera Pulveris.*

Some years afterwards, when, in 1868, I was trying to put before the reading world the general ideas of Comte, I wrote a long letter to Ruskin to show how largely the doctrines of Positivism formed a scientific ground for his own economic theories. He did not care to discuss the question.

"I cannot now read through a severe philosophical treatise, merely to ascertain that its author is, or was before me, of one mind with me as to two and two's usually making four, nor do I care at present to ascertain wherein Comte differs from me, which he certainly does (I hear) in some views respecting the spiritual powers affecting animal ones." . . . "I am a little provoked both with L—— and you for not helping me long ago to beat at least this into people's heads—that very different consequences are likely to result from making a cannon ball—or a pudding." But, though he would have none of my books, he was as usual gracious and hospitable. "You know how happy I am always to see you yourself; if you care to come

so far to tell me more about Positivism, I shall delightedly listen."

When I began to put forth the religious aspect of Positivism, and especially the theory of Subjective Immortality after death, Ruskin fired up, as I ought to have expected, and broke out with indignation. "If indeed these enthusiasms give you any consolation in the loss of any person whom you care for, or the decline of any faculty of your own (such as Turner's or Scott's—bursting into tears as their hands ceased to obey them)—Heaven forbid any one should interfere with them." And yet after all he ended kindly,—"ever affectionately yours."

When the Metaphysical Society was founded I became one of the early members, as did Ruskin; and we met there, and he dined with me in London. I well remember the first time that he entered my house, we took pains to remove from sight a copy of a Turner which I feared would scandalise him. We rather doubtfully let him see the Arundel reproduction of Holbein's Madonna and Meyer Family; but of this he heartily approved. I was rather uneasy when he went up to the engraving of the interior of the Colosseum at Rome by Piranesi, of which I happen to possess a peculiarly fine impression. He stood before it silent, with his hands behind his back, gazing intently; and at last I said—"I fear you find that poor work after Turner." "No," said he, quite seriously, "I think it finer than Turner." I cannot say, if this were irony or serious. But for myself I always regarded this particular engraving of Piranesi as his masterpiece, and I doubt if Turner himself ever united such perfect architectural realism to high imaginative idealisation.

Another art judgment of Ruskin's much surprised me. I felt a deep interest in the French painter, Jean François Millet, whom I had visited

in his studio at Fontainebleau, and spent an afternoon of delightful talk with the simple old man. Some years before, when on a visit to Mdlle. Souvestre at Fontainebleau, we had driven through the Forest to Barbizon. I was deeply interested in the famous painters' village, and especially in its then *doyen*, François Millet. I was told that he never suffered a visit to his studio—"Bah!" said I, "L'Anglais excentrique est capable de tout." And I boldly confronted the master. Madame Millet, a stout peasant, was at the wash-tub before the door, and chubby children were making mud-pies in the yard. "Come in and look round, here is my studio," said the quiet old man, "you will not trouble me," and he went on painting. By degrees he became quite affable, and brought out a dozen canvases which he had never "felt in the mood to finish." For a couple of hours he talked about his life and his art, with entire simplicity and frankness. No! he had never seen any paintings whatever but those in the Louvre, had never travelled out of his own department, and knew nothing of styles, schools, or technique. We knew the story of his refusing his daughter's hand to a young nobleman of good estate, until the lover agreed to learn and follow the trade of printer, which he did. Yes! said the old man, he was now quite easy, and happy to be free to work, whatever hard times he had once known. Was it true, said a lady present, that he had a standing agreement with the Art Publishers to pay him an annuity in return for all he might paint. "Oh! yes, quite true," he said; "they pay me 1000 francs a month, which is amply enough for me." "But they sell a single picture of yours for 50,000 francs." "That is their affair," he replied; "as long as I have all I need, and can paint what I like, and as I like, it matters not to me what they get for my work." When the

pictures of Millet were exhibited in Bond Street in June 1875, I induced Ruskin to see them. He wrote to me—"I entirely concur with you, of course, in feeling the man's power and honesty. But he has never seen Beauty. And the ugliness of the world comes into and out of every pore of him,—a black *sap*. No painter has any business to represent labour as gloomy. It is *not* gloomy, but blessed and cheerful."

One of the pictures in Millet's collection was a scene in a French paysan's cottage, where the family were dragging out a fat pig to the slaughter-house. The children were full of grief at losing "chère Popette," whom the young farmer was hauling by the leg. The pig had an indescribable air of tragic defiance. The whole scene was redolent of French rural life, and the pathos of the favourite pig's last agony. Ruskin would none of it. "Killing a pig," he wrote, "is not a tragic fact, to anything *but* a pig. It is carved by all Lombardic sculptors as the proper occupation of humankind in November. The pig surrenders himself in the spirit of Pope's epitaph at East Hampstead:—

> From nature's *temperate* feast rose satisfied;
> Was thankful he had lived—and that he died!"

Was ever anything more whimsical? Millet's picture was a revelation of the French peasant home; where the fattened hog, often tended by the girls like a baby, becomes a plaything and a member of the family. The painter had brought home to us the tragedy of this familiar but inevitable sacrifice. If the killing the domestic pig is a fit subject for Lombardic sculpture and is recorded in marble for centuries, it is a fit subject for a modern *genre* picture. Had Ruskin ever seen a *temperate* pig in England, France, or Lombardy? Had he ever seen a fat pig "surrender

himself" to the butcher with meek thankfulness and satisfied to have lived? No! but this is a bit of *persiflage* to cover his strange indifference to Millet's genius. "The execution also is entirely second-rate—*i.e.* based on false notions of breadth. But, of course, the man is a power—and I can entirely understand your interest in him." This of the painter of the "Angelus," and by the critic who went into raptures over Edouard Frère! "Execution second-rate!" How did Ruskin ever establish his reputation as a judge of painting? He wrote this in 1875, after studying an entire gallery full of Millet's best work. I groaned, but said nothing.

There was a droll correspondence between us when I agreed to buy a house in Lancaster Street in Paddington, which was part of his father's invested property. I was a willing purchaser, for I particularly wanted the house, which stood close to my own father's. But Ruskin's lawyers could not make a legal title, and mine would not let me complete the contract on a defective title. The "legal estate" was in a bankrupt builder, who had gone off to Australia and could not be found, nor could his death be proved. I waited three months, being put to some inconvenience. But Ruskin complained of the dilatory conduct of my lawyers; and could not be convinced that, till his own agents showed a marketable title to the property, he could not expect to see my money.

My articles on "Positivism" in the *Contemporary Review* (November and December 1875), and then that on "Humanity" (May 1876), led to a vehement correspondence between us, of which the public part appeared in *Fors Clavigera* and in my *Choice of Books*. Ruskin was passionately stirred by the very idea of a religion of Humanity; and, as may be read in his *Fors*, he used the most abusive

language about men of science and of every one suspected of Evolution, Democracy, or Modern Progress. As a humble follower of Comte, Mill, Spencer, and Darwin, I came in for many a shrewd knock. All the time he wrote me private letters full of affection, intended to mitigate the effect of his public denunciations. He warned me of the Letter LXVI. and offered to print a reply in *Fors* if I wished. He apologised for telling me that I knew nothing of "good traceries"—which was an undeserved snub to me who had hunted after good traceries since I was fifteen.

If you ever took up the subject—or any other branch of great art, so as to know thoroughly the difference between the designer of Salisbury and Mr. Scott, or between Titian and Mr. Leighton, your constant sense of the degradation of the existing human intellect would become so horrible to you that you could not think of any general conditions of development—but only of the immediate causes of the intellectual ruin.

And this terrible anathema was closed with, "ever affectionately yours."

Again, on the 19th, he wrote—"I wish I had time to answer your kind and tender private letter—but it is impossible"; and he asks me if I consent to publication of some references to myself. I objected to nothing; but I answered him in the *Fortnightly Review* (July 1876), reissued in the *Choice of Books*. I entirely stand by every word I wrote more than thirty years ago. But I feel bound to show that in making a public reply to Ruskin, I was goaded into doing so by direct demands or rather taunts, which hardly left me any way of avoiding a public controversy.

"You won't be able to stop at this point," he wrote, "I did not put you into *Fors* to let you go so easily. You will have to answer for your creed, or else let it be what you call 'reviled,' to an extent which—all I can say is—I wouldn't

stand it if I were you—but then I'm not you. I am going to attack you—not at all for what you believe; but for mere impertinence and falseness of language—for bad *writing* in short—which I abhor as I do bad painting.

"I shall attack you—not for professing Positivism—but for not knowing the meaning of the word Positive; and confusing *Pono* with *scio*, and both with *sapio*—until you even translate *positio* into *sapientia*."

Of course *positif* was French—a word which for a century had been in use in French philosophy, meaning scientific, resting on evidence and not on intuition. Ruskin, who knew little French and nothing of French philosophy, chose to assume that any one who spoke of "Positivism," arrogantly pretended that his opinions were infallible—*positive* in the colloquial English sense, intolerant of any question or doubt, as "Old Poz," in Miss Edgeworth's delightful play. "Well!" he added, "I hope, whether I plague you into reply or not, you will remain in your present trust that I care for you all the while. And now just let me know two things more privately,—what do you mean by my 'genius'—genius for what? And what do you feel 'blasphemous' in anything I have said?—Ever affectionately yrs., J. R."

In the midst of this controversy, my wife's mother, who had been taken with pneumonia in my house, died on 8th July. I had a graceful letter, written the day before her funeral, from Brantwood:—

Dear Harrison—You shall not be plagued while this burden is heavy on you. My own are always equally heavy on me—or increase, if anything. I miss my father and mother *more* every year. And Religion with *me* means, belief in the Resurrection.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

As soon as my mourning duties would allow me, I did my best to answer Ruskin's letter:—

I have had much to do and to care for, and have been of a heavy heart. By all means let me hear, or let men hear (as you please), all that you think about my creed and its belongings. It never came home to me so clearly and so brightly as it has done of late. It seems to me the one religion which can meet death and sorrow with utter truth and real sympathy, making the life after death a satisfying and ever-present thing. By all means let me hear what you have to say about it.

As to the word "Positive," nothing can be more philosophical and accurate than the meaning assigned to it by Comte. With him it always means that which is laid down as the conclusion drawn by logical methods from the best obtainable evidence. He never uses *positive* for absolute truth, or absolute knowledge. The distinctive mark of his teaching is, that all our ideas are *relative*. He does not put Positivism for wisdom, or knowledge, or truth. It is never more than "what we lay down as practical data to act upon" from scientific reasoning upon our observations.

You ask me two questions, and I will try to answer them.

You say—what is your genius, and what have you taught rightly? I can give no definition of genius. All that I can say is, that it is a faculty which you and perhaps two other Englishmen possess, of seeing what we, the rest, are blind to; and I think you have taught rightly—above other men in our age, the life, the tenderness, the truth of art, the loveliness of what we see around us, or might see, the faculty of insight of the great poets, and much as to the vileness of modern plutonomy and industry, and the dignity and beauty of true work.

You ask what I feel "blasphemous" in your sayings. I answer, when you say in your haste that all men are liars, and when you turn your great powers against that Humanity, which (spiritually speaking) made you what you are, and keeps and blesses you and all of us.—Yours with most affectionate regard, F. Harrison.

This letter was kept by Ruskin with his papers, and was returned to me in 1900 by his executors when preparing his *Correspondence* for publication.

Ruskin did not insert in *Fors*, as I consented, this letter of mine; but he told me that he was deeply touched by it. He could not understand

why, with all the feelings of regard for him which I had continued to show, I never wrote to him as a friend or attacked him as a foe for all the sayings in *Fors* which I thought so deadly.

He continued to write with passion against "my misunderstanding of language," but with warm kindness and friendship, asking me to explain what I could mean by talking about "life after death," and reminding me that the second article in the Creed of St. George was—"I believe in the Nobleness of Human Nature." He continued to encourage me to write to him:—

Your letters do not weary me; far from it. I could only attribute their cessation to your being offended with or intolerant of mine. I hope, nevertheless, in further course of public or private letters, to make you feel that the real insolence is on the side of those who suppose men like Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Dante, or Plato, to be without logical power, and to be spoken of as merely one condition of Dancing Dervish.

Ruskin little knew that these very men are amongst the "Worthies" in Comte's Calendar, and are duly honoured in the *New Calendar of Great Men*, of which I was editor.

I had remonstrated by letter at his describing Stuart Mill as a "crétin." He seriously defended the term as a physiological fact:—

The form of insanity in which Turner died, and by which Blake was paralysed, and which partly affected both Tintoret and Leonardo, gave me, ever since the year 1851, an intense interest in the phenomena of the insanity of minds of integrity in intellectual gift. This was deepened by the illness and death last year of the person I cared for most in the world, in religious madness. But coupled with this study of insanity pure, I was led into close study of insanity *impure*, *i.e.* of minds not in integrity, but deprived of some brain-organs.

Now in stating Mill's brain to have been cretinous, I state an accurately *constaté* fact, according to the results

before me of an investigation carried on under peculiarly sorrowful advantages, for twenty-five earnest years.

This melancholy nonsense was written in a letter dated 9th August 1876. It is true that his own cerebral attack followed in the years succeeding. But *Fors* continued to appear monthly down to December 1877, and many of his books were of dates of 1876 and 1877.

In spite of the furious words he would use about men whom I knew and honoured, and the peremptory tone of his rebukes to myself, he continued through 1876 and 1877 to write in most friendly spirit.

You are the strangest mystery to me of all the men I know in this world, and I want to understand more of your personal thoughts and experience, if I might.

But alas! my own growing duties—I spent three months of 1877 in France, and was correspondent there of the *Times* during the famous Elections when Gambetta overthrew MacMahon; and then I became Professor of Jurisprudence to the Inns of Court, and then Ruskin's illness interrupted correspondence for some years.

In the autumn of 1880 I was at Howtown on Ullswater, "that bay of peace," he called it, and he regretted that, as he was in France, he could not receive me at Brantwood, hoping that it might be possible in the year following.

"I am much happier than I expected to be," he wrote, "in reading and collating Moore's *Byron*; and Moore himself is much nicer than I had remembered or imagined. And the 'heroic' parts of Byron are so much more grand than I had before seen—or felt—while for the intellect of him—it is like reading Tacitus."

Ruskin read and, it seemed, somewhat approved of the article I wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*, October 1880, pp. 537-540, vol. viii., "Creeds Old

and New." On October 10, 1880, he wrote to me:—

> What a *lovely* bit that is on Protestantism! I wish I could give you some of my feelings about Jupiter—I no more care about his naughtiness than Byron's—and have very nearly the same sort of feeling to Olympus as to Sinai.

This is a curious illustration of one of Ruskin's passing moods of belief.

When I began a controversy with Herbert Spencer about the "Unknowable," Ruskin wrote me the violent letter published in the *Correspondence*, volume second, beginning "Dear Frederick" —he was in too great a passion to spell my name correctly. "I was so furious at your praising Herbert Spencer," he wrote, "that I couldn't speak—but I should like to see you again one of these days." I was not able to go to Brantwood, but I wrote to clear up his misunderstanding of my "praising Spencer," at any rate for his Unknowable idol. Ruskin wrote to me from Brantwood, "I'm *so* glad of your letter—you left me in misery because I could not pray pardon for my misinterpretation of the article."

Some little time after this date of 1884 Ruskin's illness supervened. *Fors* was broken off, and he wrote nothing of any value afterwards, except *Praeterita*. I had no further correspondence directly with him. I sent him my books, and had letters in his name from his cousin. In October 1898 I visited him at Brantwood, and in my *Life* I described the deep and pathetic impression left on me by the presence of his silent and tranquil decline. I have known Carlyle and Tennyson in the last year of their long lives; but the sunset of Ruskin was in some way both more touching as well as more absolutely restful. Truly his end— in his last years of end—was peace.

On his eightieth birthday, February 8, 1899, I published the address in the *Daily Chronicle*, now reprinted in my book on Tennyson, Ruskin, etc.; and I naturally wrote a private letter of birthday congratulations. I was happy to learn by a letter from Mrs. Severn that my little article had been keenly appreciated by all at Brantwood. "I read every word of it aloud to him," she wrote, "and we both shed tears over parts of it—with pride and pleasure—he listening to your eloquent praise, not as if *personally* deserving it, but so proud of having suggested the writing of such an article, and I glorying in its truth."

I was one of the Committee which placed the Memorial to Ruskin in Poets' Corner in the Abbey, just above the bust of Sir Walter Scott. And now that he is gone, I am never tired of turning to the thirty-eight volumes of his Collected *Works*.[1]

[1] Besides the three essays in my Tennyson, Ruskin, etc., 1899, the *Life* in the "Men of Letters" series, "Past and Present" in my *Choice of Books*, I wrote the "Ruskin" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, vol. xxxii., 1902, and also that in Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, G. Bell and Sons, 1906.

CHAPTER XIV

STUDIES IN SOCIOLOGY

It was at this time that I finally made up my mind how I would arrange my life. It was indeed high time to do so, for I was just thirty; I had begun practice in the profession, and quite apart from it I had a comfortable income and good material prospects. One may well ask me—why did I not marry—or think of marrying? It is sad to think that this poor colourless memorial of my life should be so absolutely devoid of the light touch of tender passion which usually gives interest to the most humdrum memoir, and which is the supreme charm of almost all the famous biographic notes. I am utterly unable to contribute one ray of the kind that might make these pages less prosaic. "What, nothing in the shape of love?" says one. "Not a dream about marriage at all?" says another. I have not said this—and yet I have nothing of an amatory kind to record here.

Living in a large family, having considerable social opportunities at home, of course I met charming women and took delight in their society. But however much I might be charmed from time to time, cool reflection on the morrow ever pointed out to me that, with such a life as I contemplated—the difficulties and failures and disappointments of which I no doubt greatly over-estimated—no

one of the charming girls of our own habits and class would be otherwise than unfitted for a life such as mine was likely to be, and with good reason she would be truly unhappy. I felt instinctively that the only wife who would be happy with me—with whom I could be happy—must be entirely one with me, by birth, habits, training, beliefs, and hopes—at least my equal in mind, in taste, and in common ideals—one, in truth, whom I could have watched as she grew up from childhood, to the forming of whose powers of intellect I could myself contribute. And then my cousin, with whose family we were in such close intimacy, had hardly yet entered on her teens—and she had not passed out of them, when I married her. And here, as I write so close on my fortieth wedding day, I feel how some unconscious wisdom guided me — how blessed it has made me. So on that head I have nothing to say—either sentimental or piquant.

As to my profession at the Bar, I was quite resolved, after having had a trial of a year or two and having held briefs in important cases, that I would not allow it to absorb me altogether. I regarded the profession as the most obvious mode known to me of making a small existence. And I quite felt that I was wholly unable to combine really active practice with systematic study and any public social activity. What repelled me were the intellectual puerilities—the *barbara celarent*, the consecration of pedantry in the old law of property. But I resolved (I find) "to devote a considerable portion of my time to legal study." Was this to waste my life? I asked myself, and with great doubt and weighing many *pros* and *cons*, I came to the conclusion that it was a course to follow for the time being.

But my principal object was to redress some of the defects of my previous education on the lines

of the Positivist scheme of the correlations of the sciences—a scheme which I now entirely accepted and adopted in practice. This involved a pretty general course of study in physical science as well as history and philosophy. As in 1910 I look back on the course proposed and the books to be read set forth in the private diary of 1861, it is interesting to me to see that after nearly half a century I find the scheme to have been carried out, however imperfectly (indeed as to Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry, in a way quite rudimentary). As to history, I find that all the books to be studied have been my constant companions; and a curious entry of 1861 is this: "Study all the lives in the Positivist Calendar." It was not until thirty years later that we published our *New Calendar of Great Men*, of which I was the general editor, and wrote about 130 biographies. I am glad to think that the lives of these great servants of Humanity, especially of Charles the Great, Alfred, Cromwell, Washington; of Sophocles, Aeschylus, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Scott, Byron, Molière, Mozart; of St. Bernard, Joan of Arc, St. Louis, and William the Silent; of Raphael and Michael Angelo—have filled my thoughts and have employed my studies during so large a part of my life.

Agenda et Legenda

Then follows in my diary a list of Agenda. First comes "Religion."

The first object of thought must be to clear up the mind on the question of religion. Religion does not mean the satisfaction of our internal emotions. It means the peace and good of mankind and of nations on earth. That is what religion should mean. If it is to be permanent it must rest on scientific proof. If it is to be efficient it must embrace every act of separate and common life.

The second object was to be "Knowledge of the working classes." I saw that nothing can be done by one who looks to any social action, except by a real and intimate sympathy with them. To know them in their strength and in their weakness is to know the future of England. For this end I

resolved to know the best of them personally as friends, to feel the quality of their minds and hearts, to enter into their spontaneous institutions and practices, and witness by personal inquiry the sufferings and the necessities which weigh upon them. Thus—thus only—can one learn to know the true social evils of our time in all their extent and intensity. Thus it must be a task to visit and study the great centres of the most advanced industrial life, to compare them one with another, to understand their leading features and wants.

The third urgent problem was *Popular Education*.

Resting on the Positivist maxim that "all social remedies must be moral, not material," we cannot make any true progress until a more general education is diffused. Hence popular education has to be the practical object of work.

The literary classes, the reading classes, the middle classes, are so devoted to pedantry, detail, or display, that it is mainly from the working classes that we can seek those who desire to study for social purposes and for real results. The old zeal of the last generation is spent. It is time that a new movement were attempted on wider bases and more human interests. There is needed an education at once general, simple, useful, and moral. In this spirit may it be my lot through life to attempt something—having first indeed educated myself.

All this was written in 1861, in the early days of the struggle for elementary public instruction, upon which Churches, Governments, and Parliaments have been troubled and divided now for half a century—still without any final result. It was in this aim that with many friends I joined the Working Men's College, that we started classes at

Cleveland Street Secular Hall, then at Chapel Street, and ultimately at Newton Hall and Clifford's Inn. In a similar spirit, but with more orthodox, conservative, and academic ideas, were founded Toynbee Hall, Ruskin Hall, and so many colleges, settlements, and extension classes. I need hardly say how very little can I deem any of these schemes to meet the necessities of the case, nor how very moderate was the response made to those attempts by the working classes in the mass. Socialist visions and material gains have absorbed the energy of many among the most aspiring and able of the working class. But I bear witness with real joy that at institutions such as Newton Hall, Working Men's College, and Toynbee Hall, some of the finest characters of the wage-earners—both in London and in the Provinces, have succeeded in giving themselves a solid education, such as fits a citizen for public life.

After all, our small group, in the forty years since Chapel Street was open for lectures, has done something towards the essential end, as I described it in 1861—

1. Public, oral, gratuitous teaching.
2. Propaganda of public elementary instruction.
3. Popular handbooks and manuals in the leading sciences and on general education.

Fourth in the Agenda I note "Social Improvement."

What is most urgently needed, I wrote, was the sifting of the great social evils: as to—

1. The relations of Capital and Labour.
2. The hours of labour.
3. The conditions of labour.
4. The labour of women and children.
5. The homes and lodgings of the labourers.
6. Provision for paupers, criminals, and sick.

7. Sanitary reform.
8. Domestic improvement.
9. Social intercourse between classes.
10. Sobriety, cleanliness, health.

He who can say at the end of life that he has effected one jot in these things has not lived in vain.

All doubtless are included in one—the duties of the capitalist — the manufacturer — the landowner. And the most urgent of all these problems are—

1. The hours of labour.
2. The employment in factories of women.

In all these things the first effort must be made by the workers themselves. But it will not avail until the consciences of the employers—or of the best of them—are equally awakened. By their wise co-operation only can success be attained. There are needed some to stand between the two: to give utterance to the dumb sufferings of the people, and to impress the truth on the mind of their masters. Legislation, force, agitation, and excitement are all equally dangerous and useless. The movement must be quiet, slow, and internal. It must be a gradual improvement in tone, reaching slowly through all classes, not due to a quite spasmodic compunction.

Half a century has done something—not very much as yet—towards this result. And, on the whole, if legislation has taken some useful steps, it is the "gradual improvement in tone, reaching slowly through all classes," which has effected most of the good in the social changes we have witnessed in the twentieth century.

Great Building Lock-Out of 1861

Early in the year 1861, for the first time I took active part in the great industrial struggles and the Trade-Union problems. The strike in the United Building Trades (masons, bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, and painters) arose out of an agitation to demand "a day of nine hours' work." The great employers refused, and retaliated at once by forcibly introducing a system of "payment by the

hour." This the men resisted as an innovation, which defeated extra payment for "overtime." One of the biggest and most obstinate of labour disputes in London followed, the masters soon agreeing to a regular day of ten hours, and the men finally accepting a Saturday half-holiday at noon in lieu of a nine-hour day.

Several men of mark, lawyers or journalists, actively supported the men's demand.

Thomas Hughes, M.P., J. M. Ludlow (late Registrar of Friendly Societies), R. H. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, E. S. Beesly, late Professor of History, and (Sir) Godfrey Lushington, with myself and some others, formed a small Committee to examine and report on the men's case, and present it to the public.

We met the Delegates and Secretaries of the Trades-Unions, who were then George Potter, (Sir) W. R. Cremer, late M.P., Henry Broadhurst, late M.P., George Howell, and Richard Applegarth, and others.

Our Committee examined the cases stated to us, attended the Union Committees and meetings, and wrote letters to the *Spectator*, the *Daily News*, and other papers. Many of these were drafted by Godfrey Lushington or myself, and many were signed by my initials.

For some months I devoted myself to this work. Amongst other things I endeavoured to induce John S. Mill to support the view we took; but he was not at that time satisfied with the policy of the Unions. In our public letters we insisted that the sole question at issue was as to the hours of labour, not the amount of wages (then 33s. per week), that it would abolish the higher rate for overtime, that to substitute "the hour" for "the day" was to make employment precarious. From *my private diary* I make a few

extracts, as being a contemporary record of personal impressions.

28th May 1861.—Attended with E. S. Beesly the meeting of the men on strike in the Surrey Theatre. This thoroughly convinced me on which side was the right. The building was full. The men decent, honest, earnest. The speaking was not remarkable—only a plain case stated by plain men. I can never lose the deep impression it left on me. The whole spirit of the movement was utterly unlike all that the newspapers represented. Here were men united, intelligent, resolute, and moderate. Their story was intelligible and just—and yet hitherto it had been entirely suppressed. The strong moral emotion that it had given, by the unanimous resolve of a body of men, quite penetrated me. I saw the force of right—the manly, simple, and elevated tone which pervaded the men, their speakers only giving half utterance to what was in them. I could see how wise and generous sentiments struck a chord in their hearts—how truly the desire of moral and intellectual improvement stirred them—with what honest scorn they put aside the calumnies of a hired Press.

It was the sense of this systematic and interested misrepresentation which roused me and others to place the matter before the public in its true light. I vowed that night to do my best to see justice done. We went amongst the men, attended their meetings, committees, and their homes, examined their case step by step, and resolved to make it public.

I can never forget that time. What an abyss of social tyranny, wrong, and false witness it opened. One seemed to be living in the midst of an oppressed race bent on their own emancipation and improvement, and yet kept down by power of wealth and by literary sophistry. How society seems to me standing over a mine. How great the main cause seemed—the intelligence, lives, health, and morals of the great labouring class involved in it.

This little incident of the "Builders' Strike" was, of course, but a drop in the ocean. It opened to me a vision of a great battle going on all around us and beneath us.

Confidence, trust, constancy, moderation on one side, deliberate selfishness, chicanery, and meanness on the other side. This, I well know, is a one-sided view; for working men have their own vices, and few employers of labour are

the cunning tyrants they imagine who manipulate the speculations of great "contractors." How they lied and intrigued and fawned on the public. I do solemnly believe that in this particular struggle the men were *all* right and the masters were *all* wrong.

And the trash of political economy—what jargon, what pedantic blindness, what sophistical absurdities. Political economy, with its charlatan rules, has turned the heads of the public and the Press. They could think of nothing but their old-world precepts to get rich—they were ready to commit any injustice and to deny any facts in order to maintain these dogmas. "Men cannot alter the laws of supply and demand by combination," they say, in face of hundreds of successful strikes to raise wages. "Strikes are useless waste," they repeat, in spite of the effective success of so many strikes. "It is positively wicked," they argue, "to shorten the day's labour and so to deprive the community of so much work." Then why not lengthen the day? Why ten hours?—why not sixteen?

Nothing can ever be done in England in the way of great social improvement until the cruel jargon of the Economists is discredited. Go amongst the men, and there learn the folly of it. See them as living beings—not as joints in the industrial machine. Know them as citizens, as fellow-men. Hear them talk of their own lives and wants, and cease to speak of them as labour machines, and the sophists' science is shattered. Talk to an actual working man of his life and his labour, and you will find yourself forced to regard his work as it affects him *as a man*, as part of his *daily life*, not in the abstract as an element in the rules of the black art. You will become a Social Economist—not a Plutonomist.

In another place I wrote under depression:—

As to the Builders' Strike, I can talk of nothing else. It quite absorbs me. There is perhaps nothing more awful than to descend into the mines upon which we live, and see the subterranean fires and the hidden forces beneath society. It is not a knowledge that can be got from books. It frightens and depresses one. Day after day one hears the same unvarying tale of insolent oppression and meanness, craft, fraud, and selfishness—stubborn resistance, intelligence, devotion, suffering, and despair. I feel quite helpless and wretched to look daily beneath the surface and see only one

wild chaos and noble natures crushed and blighted. It is a dreary and wearing business. It clouds the spirits and confuses the mind.

To a friend in the North, wife of a large manufacturer, I wrote :—

As I have spare minutes, I send you a few lines to say how things are getting on in the Building Strike. The *Observer* says that last Tuesday the masters met to consider our letter, when much discussion arose, and they separated without any determination, eight only being found to sign a reply. That reply, indeed, is full of incredible falsehoods. So much so that I think their cause must be hopeless. With my present knowledge of the facts I am quite filled with disgust. A more malignant and wilful misrepresentation of facts was never perpetrated. It is like coming upon the traces of some old crime, a black social crime which will leave its sting in class antipathy for half a generation. What a society we live in, when a vile speculator, with not even intellectual merit more than suffices to construct smart epigrams, can succeed, in order to rig the market for his gains, in setting hatred between two classes and crushing the helpless.

There is in the *Times* to-day the statement of a frightful fact, proved by statistics, of mortality. Several instances of loss of work in different regions (the Preston Cotton Strike, the Coventry weavers' distress, etc., etc.) establish the rule that periods of absolute stoppage of work and of wages in women's industries largely *decrease* the rate of infant mortality, in spite of starvation, sickness, cold, and depression which cessation of earnings produces. *The mothers are then obliged to remain at home*, and look after their infants themselves.

Evening Lectures to Workmen

I am going very carefully through the "Report of the Social Science Committee on Trades-Unions and Strikes," J. W. Parker (1860). Let it be the first serious book you read. It seems to me the best collection of materials for obtaining a knowledge of the actual ways and wants of the industrial classes. We have been revolving a plan for starting some sort of night schools or lectures in connection

with Trades-Unions. As far as I see yet, the thing is at present impossible in London. The scattered homes, the overwork, the exhaustion, the luxurious tastes, the dissipation and want of ambition of the London workmen, are said to be the cause which makes regular education impossible for them.

Pray do not think I have fallen into the literary groove. I am every day more and more disgusted with literature and all its works.

Maurice's Working Men's College

I gave a lecture last night at the Working Men's College. Very pleasant, well-intentioned young fellows they were. But somehow the whole purpose of the thing is desultory and purely literary. The men are simply anxious to learn how to write passable English, and they repeated in a faded way the dullest literary twaddle. I came home convinced for the twentieth time that it is mere waste of time to be improving the style of some semi-middle-class youths aspiring to be correct. They have no purpose, no wants, no convictions. On the other hand, the strong, horny hands, who have something to live for, are not given to literature, and have no taste for study at all. I should, I know, be spending my time better if I simply tried to learn myself.

I visit the Northern Factories

In the autumn of 1861 I made a tour through the manufacturing towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, in order to obtain further study of the great labour questions.

I had introductions from the Secretaries and Officers of the London Trades-Unions, with which I had been in relation, as well as from George Jacob Holyoake, Francis Newman, and others, and I stayed for some time in Bradford, where John Bridges was now settled as physician, and also at Rybourne near Halifax, where the Hadwens owned and managed silk weaving mills. I was

thus brought into personal touch with a great number of Trades-Unions, co-operative and industrial associations, as well as with many independent employers and workmen.

I visited Manchester, Bradford, Saltaire, Halifax, Huddersfield, Rochdale, Staleybridge, Oldham, Leeds, and Low Moor.

I also had an invitation to stay with Mr W. E. Forster, M.P., at Wharfedale, on that lovely valley of the Wharfe, and was greatly struck with his mill at Burley, and with himself, his family, and his workmen.

Another visit I made was to the Rev. Joseph Rayner Stephens, an Independent minister of Staleybridge. Stephens was a Tory-Democrat, agitator, journalist, and preacher, who had worked vigorously with Richard Oastler in the Factory Act agitation, 1830-1840, and then in opposition to the Poor Law. He was a powerful open-air speaker, and still in his old age retained the devoted loyalty of a congregation at Staleybridge, of which he made himself sole Pope and spiritual guide. He had endless stories to tell of the iniquity of mill-owners, the virtues of his flock, and his own triumphs and persecutions, for he had been sentenced to two years in Chester gaol for incendiary oratory, which had ended in riot and arson.

In his old age—he died in 1879 in his seventy-fifth year—he was an inimitable talker, a genuine relic of the old Evangelical philanthropist, a born orator, democrat, and autocrat. He gave me an entertainment that I cannot forget—Shakespeare's *Coriolanus,* played in his own Chapel by his own people in costume—all mill hands, and speaking the broad Lancashire brogue.

Primitive as was the archaeology, droll as were the costumes, and cruelly mangled as were the lines of the immortal drama, the mill lads and girls acted

with spirit and no small zest and intelligence. It amused me to imagine an Anglican dignitary turning stage manager in his own Church on a Saturday night, and preaching from the pulpit on Sunday as soon as the canvas walls of Rome were removed. But Pope Stephens did that; and, I regret to say, he preached at me, pointing the finger of scorn at the infidel, as I sat beneath him, to the visible and risible emotion of his flock. When I remonstrated against his breach of hospitality, he offered me a reply in his own pulpit that afternoon. But I told him I had too much respect for the sacred office to carry on a controversy in the house of God.

My general impressions of the manufacturing world were collected in a lecture which I gave at the Working Men's College. And I made a careful diary of my impressions from town to town, and of the conversations I had with representative men.

This was lent to Mrs. Gaskell, the author of *Ruth*, who was good enough to read the MS., and told me that it had much interested her. The notes and all the information I had obtained, together with similar inquiries in later years into the mining, smelting, and engineering trades, formed the material for the articles I wrote on Trades-Unions, Strikes, and Co-operation in the *Fortnightly Review*, vols. i. and ii., which have been re-issued in my *National and Social Problems*, 1908.

In my diary I noted how much I was impressed with

> the wonderful opportunities and capacities for good or evil which the manufacturing district possesses—with the high gifts and fine characters of the mass of the labouring population—with the splendid position that lay ready to be seized by the mill-owners, if they only knew how to use it—

with the contrasts of vice and virtue, misery and prosperity, displayed—with the chaos it presents as a whole, and withal a capacity to be even yet completely regenerated.

Wonderful, indeed, is that skill of brain and of hand of the workman! How enduring, how dextrous, how docile he is. What a world of energy and combination it is. What an opening for improvement—what a boundless career before them, employers and employed. How much may be hoped from the organisation of labour, being in the mill system at once simpler and more complete than elsewhere, from the social habits of industry and the concentration of activity that the factory system necessitates!

Such an institution is Saltaire, where one man, who after all is no great genius, can do so much to raise society around him in the mass. Take Burley, where W. E. Forster exercises well and wisely an immense and noble power. Take Staleybridge, where mill operatives can perform Shakespeare's drama with thorough appreciation, and can give the "Messiah" and the "Elijah" with full orchestra and chorus, with their own men acting as conductors and teachers. Or Huddersfield, where a first-rate Mechanics' Institute educates a large town—or again take Rochdale, where a few men of high character and real industrial genius have organised a vast new social experiment.

I have spent to-day with various working men. One whom I saw in the morning very much impressed me. He is an ardent secularist. I notice everywhere the really striking and valuable men, the leaven of every movement, are secularists. I notice about all those whom I fall in with a certain freshness of feeling, a sort of poetry and sentiment which is rare enough. There is about most a certain delicacy, even of feature, which is unmistakable. The finest examples of the working men I meet remind me much of my Italian friends,—they have that same union of sensibility and practical sagacity, so separate amongst other classes. I have been nearly all day at Rochdale seeing this wonderful institution, and talking over its prospects with the managers and founders.

Bradford

To a lady in Yorkshire I wrote:—

We were at Leeds until very late. We have been seeing all sorts of people. I have many stories, which I think you

would feel interest in. I have been calling on the Union men whom my friends in London introduced me to, at their own homes. On Sunday morning we got rather into the Irish lanes, and then went to see the Secretary of the Stonemasons. His wife is in a worsted factory, and cannot keep out of it. She says she never has her health, and can eat "no flesh-meat" without the invigorating exercise of standing at a loom from 6 to 6. She was very incredulous that I had not left "t' missus" at home, and when I said I never could find any one who would have me, she suggested quite seriously asking some of them "in t' mill." After dinner we visited the Secularist Institute, a very lame and dreary affair, where a gentleman wished us to purchase the works of Rousseau, "a noted Frenchman." We declined with thanks. In the evening we went to Mrs. Hertz, where we were, much against our will, entangled in a stormy discussion about Herbert Spencer. The day before we walked over to Saltaire and saw the outside, the houses, church, etc. I got introduced to an engineer who lives there, and heard something about the ways of the inhabitants. Yesterday we were at Leeds, we saw the People's Mill and Co-operative Store, and had a good deal of very interesting conversation with the founders. They are sensible men, not over sanguine, and not fanatical. We also went to see, and saw, Rev. Mr. Jackson, whom I much liked. Men like that confirm me in my intention to remain in the Church of England until some one turns me out. It is, I think, clear that it represents the most valuable and soundest of all actual spiritual bodies. It alone keeps alive the ancient spiritual traditions. There is something very mediaeval in its best form about Mr. Jackson, I should think. John and he seem on the most friendly terms.

To-morrow there is a service at Leeds at the opening of the Co-operative Mill, to which I am going. These things are very much worth looking into, I think, for if nothing else they serve to show many things not otherwise discoverable. At Leeds we saw a man who much struck me, an old Owenite, who is a sort of general adviser and manager of the Mechanics' Institute's penny savings-banks and co-operative unions, etc., all round the country. He seems quite a practical genius, and makes everything succeed. But beside this he has written a volume, not unremarkable, on social science. He knew F. Newman, and keeps alive with everything going on, religious, political, social, and intellectual. He was in a ragged school

once, and is now a managing clerk in a warehouse. He is certainly worth knowing, and John must be made known to him.

Bradford Reformers

We are in (*i.e.* I am dragging John into) a regular stream of curious people,—all fanatical on some point or other,—secularism, temperance, suffrage, co-operation, Turkish baths, or Trades-Unions. I must send you a connected journal of my experiences. It is of a very varied description. We have fallen in with some strange characters.

Optimism and Hopes in 1861

I answer a desponding friend (June 1861) :—

I really take a very rosy view of life,—too much so indeed! Do not put into my head discontent and foreboding. As yet there is not much of it there. I have a fair field before me, abundant opportunities to do whatever I purpose, nearly every incidental assistance possible, and a very fair share of the combative instincts. If with this, I cannot walk through life like the rest of the world, I should be a poor creature indeed. However, as the case stands, I intend to win. I know what I want to do. And I intend to do it as long as I can keep going above ground. When I go under some one else will go on; but I hope to get an innings first.

Happiness is humbug. It generally means inactivity. It may mean something desirable in a more tranquil state of society. But as things go nowadays, the best thing in life is,—the opportunity of executing one's plans of life. Now, as far as concerns myself, I hope to be tolerably able to do so, and I see no very serious impediment, nothing that I need care about.

People object to my unorthodoxy, you say. Not the people I live amongst. This little outbreak on "Neo-Christianity" has not altered my position in society. I am astonished and delighted at the toleration, courtesy, and forbearance of even very serious and religious persons. Human nature is very good and compensates for its defects. My college has acted with real consideration and good feeling.

But you know that whatever difficulties may meet me on

matters of dogma, I never saw any reason for distress of mind. I do not believe that any eternal torments are in store for those who seek for some certainty. And as I never experienced the agonies of scepticism accompanied with superstition, I make no difference between convictions held on religious or on political questions, except that the former are more important. I desire to see both cleared up; but I cannot make myself unhappy about either. I see no doubt but that the world is very good and going to good; and there exists no cause for impatience or for distress. So let us go on, believing neither in the wrath of God nor in the despair of man. Those who regard religion as a device for rescuing souls out of burning fire may well be uneasy, if they suspect that they have got the wrong key to the enigma. But those who regard religion as a means of elevating human life may wait tranquilly for the full development of its purpose. In the meantime, we see the ideal and something of the method towards it. I seriously think that only people whom the Record calls infidels are able to enjoy the true religious peace of mind.

My Thirtieth Birthday

October 18, 1861.

I had this morning from . . . a letter of congratulations. It happened to be my birthday, a very melancholy day with me. I am getting awfully old. Three decades of years come to nothing, and if I died to-morrow I could have no other epitaph than *vixit annos XXX*. In a few years I shall be getting an old man,—and still perhaps have only a dull list of hopes, attempts, and regrets to look back upon. Still, old or young, alive or dead, one can only do what one sees the way to, and it will not be amiss to do that.

Yesterday afternoon I spent alone in Kirkstall Abbey, walking up and down the aisles and cloister, thinking about the buried Crusaders, saints, and monks, and feeling almost in a sepulchre, shut out from the forges and the mills roaring all around.

It is well to spend an hour or two there, and well, perhaps better, to come out into daylight, whilst one has the chance, and to see in those same mills and forges more life, work, and happiness than in all the ghosts and echoes of the Abbey cloister. So, by all means let us have fresh air to

breathe, and work to do, whilst we have a chance. Meditate awhile, yes! but not too long. The night cometh when no man can work. Pray write to me, and do not think I would have failed you, could I by any means have helped it. *P.S.*—I have lost my B. T. H. ring, which accounts for this tone.

Controversy with Goldwin Smith

About this time I was much occupied in controversies arising out of the article I wrote on "Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Study of History" in the *Westminster Review* (vol. xx. p. 293). The great discovery of Auguste Comte, the idea of *law* as permeating social equally with physical facts—had been insisted on by me in my article "Neo-Christianity," but was vehemently attacked and ridiculed by the Professors of History at the Universities, by Charles Kingsley at Cambridge, and by Goldwin Smith at Oxford. Professor E. S. Beesly and I resolved to reply to these criticisms and to defend our views in the *Westminster Review*. Mr. Beesly's admirable article on Kingsley appeared April 1861. I followed with a reply to Goldwin Smith, whose brilliant lectures at Oxford had just been published. My article began thus:—

> Whether the facts of human nature and society are capable of scientific treatment is the question upon which the course of all future thought must depend. Every fresh discovery, theory, or controversy gives new importance to this central problem.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was then a keen opponent of Positivism, had filled two most eloquent Oxford addresses with much theological and philosophical argument, as well as biting satire on Comte and those who advocated his system. The ridicule of many things in my own article justified and required a reply. I refused to treat

the universal application of *law* as being in any sense a religious question. The conception of *invariable sequence* in social affairs was no more the negation of the idea of Providence than it was in physical phenomena. And I was indignant to see a Professor—a Liberal and an earnest Reformer—using his brilliant literary gifts to appeal to the religious prejudices of old Oxford against what I believed to be the foundation of all progressive thought and the greatest achievement of modern philosophy.

I determined to write in a spirit of real admiration for his splendid style and true nobility of character, and to do my best to expose sophistry and unfairness, but mainly I resolved to examine the entire philosophical question as closely as possible. The preparation in reading had occupied me for three or four months. During this time I studied Mill's *Logic*, J. Bain on *The Will*, Jonathan Edwards, Hume's *Essays*, Hobbes, Spinoza, Locke, Hegel, Montesquieu, Comte, Sir W. Hamilton, Thomas Brown, James Mill, Buckle, Samuel Clarke, Leibnitz, Pascal, Cornewall Lewis, G. H. Lewes, Hallam, Herbert Spencer.

Goldwin Smith's irritation at the retort on his satire by epigrams was surely unreasonable. My own article was a serious examination of the entire problem—whether the idea of *law* could be applied to social and historical facts. I have never seen any reason to modify my argument. And having often been closely associated with him in many public causes, the controversy, sharp as it was at the moment, has not at all interfered with our friendship and common activity, and certainly has never caused me to stint my admiration for his generous nature and his brilliant pen.

I wrote an article for the *Westminster Review*

in reply to the Professor, but I did not publish it. I decided to be silent.

BECKENHAM, *October* 30, 1861.

My friends are stirring me up in this wretched Goldwin Smith controversy business. I must compose myself by a few moments with you. I have not yet had time to talk with my mother. When I do you shall hear from her. She is, I fear, in much distress. These absurd letters of Goldwin Smith have puzzled and frightened her. She sees me in the thick of a fight in which she can distinguish nothing clear, but sees "atheist," "infidel," and "antichrist" flying about. I will withdraw out of this Donnybrook fair for a space.

I have many things to do which I must set in order. The Masons' Strike stands in this position. The four trades have ceased any active interference. The Unionists (that is) have simply retired from the works of the hour-system masters (about fifteen), who have supplied their places badly with very inferior hands. They have no men on strike, and have had very few for months. The masons remain in *statu quo.* They have 250 men on strike pay, whom they easily support. The rest have work elsewhere. The masters are much pressed for good masons, but still hold on. I fear it may go on in this unsatisfactory way for months. As soon as I can thoroughly understand the state of things I shall try if we cannot apply to some influential person to take it up and make a compromise. We have access to several. But it interferes with quiet consideration to take up the paper every morning and find yourself called a calumnious liar and ribald backbiter, whilst one's friends are slapping one's back and calling out for "one with the left." But really at my age one has other things to do. I shall at once get on with the translation of the *Politique.* The example of the work performed by John Bridges on that long voyage home has inspired me.[1] I think I will make a solemn vow to abstain from writing in any form and only read and talk for some time. Writing is waste time—at least for me. I am very glad to get home at Eden Park. There is something delicious about it, and my home is and looks so pleasant. We have delightful weather—a second summer. Hardly a leaf has fallen; as I look out of my window all the

[1] Dr. Bridges, returning from Melbourne immediately after the death of his wife, occupied himself, during the three months voyage home in an old-fashioned sailing liner, by translating Comte's vol. i. of the *Politique Positive, the General View of Positivism* (438 pages, cr. 8vo).

country looks bright and green, we have only the first autumn tints. How bright too by comparison with Bradford even London looks. It is like returning to regular life out of a desperate struggle in a grimy vault. However, this is only by comparison. There is room for improvement *even there.*

I commence Public Lectures

Full of this idea of educating the people—rather than promulgating a religious creed—I lectured frequently at the Working Men's College on my experiences in the northern industrial towns, on Co-operation, Trades-Unions, and popular schools. I wrote in the College Magazine on "Industrial Progress from 1800 to 1860," insisting on the enormous change from rural to urban life, from agricultural to manufacturing energy, from domestic industry to the factory system, and all the social efforts required to meet the needs and the dangers of this new world. And I prepared and read a paper for the Social Science Association on the "Nine Hours Movement." I also opened classes on History at the Working Men's College, lecturing on the Renascence in Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and on the history of the Revolution and European wars from 1789 to 1815.

But as I found the students of the Working Men's College rather imbued with academic and bourgeois ideas, and greatly under the influence of the shallow theology of Maurice and Hughes, I determined to open a course of lectures for myself at a perfectly independent ground. I chose the Secular or Free Thought Hall in Cleveland Street, to which I was introduced by George Jacob Holyoake and Edward Truelove, the bookseller of Fleet Street; I gave the lectures which I afterwards published by Trübner & Co. (at a cost of £20) entitled the *Meaning of History.* This little volume was ultimately sold out and was

embodied in the enlarged *Meaning of History*, 1894, now in the Eversley Series. The course of free lectures to men and women was then carried through with a general synopsis of ancient and modern history—of course on the lines of Comte's "Scheme of Social Dynamics" (vol. iii. of the *Polity*).

The account of this in my diary runs—

I have long wished for a free ground on which to attempt some popular teaching. The classes at the Ormond Street College do not satisfy me. The students are mere parasites of the middle classes, not really working men. The education ends in the ordinary literary trifling. I desired to deal with men independent of the existing system, who would look at education from a social and political point of view. The lectures were written without any thought of publication, but were the result of much thought and reading. The delivery was rather an effort. The nauseous entourage of the "low infidel hall" came full on me, and one was made rather a part of a serio-comic entertainment in the introductory platform addresses in the large hall. But a class of some twenty contained some excellent fellows quite of the right sort. It was not so bad but that one could laugh at oneself, and (for a wonder) no unpleasant results have followed out of doors.

We went through ancient and modern history in about twenty evenings. Nothing could exceed the attention, pleasant manner, and intelligence of most of my hearers. It was a sad failure in execution, though the design was right, and it certainly cost me a disproportionate amount of labour and exhaustion. In publishing the two introductory lectures (at my own cost) I hoped it would open the ground for future classes of the kind, would serve as a specimen of what we meant by popular education, and would publicly define my acceptance of the Positivist synthesis of human evolution. I was quite aware how damaging, in a literary sense, would be the publication of a slight sketch, attempting to cover so vast a field. As I expected, it has escaped any notice from the *littérateurs* except quiet contempt; and it has got into the hands of several of the class for whom it was intended. So that I think it has answered its main purpose.

Popular Lectures

The account of the lectures I gave to a friend was this:—

I have just accepted an offer to give two lectures in the Cleveland Street Hall on two Sunday evenings. I wish to make them an introduction and an invitation to some classes on History which I have long in vain tried to start. I expect that, on the whole, the most likely men will be found in such a place. It was Secularist, but is not now identified with any particular principles. The platform is usually occupied by Holyoake, Barker, or such. I have been in no hurry to decide. For to say nothing of the horror such a proceeding may cause some people, I feel a strong disgust to mount a public lecture platform, at least in London. The whole atmosphere of the professional lecturer is so repulsive; and the accessories, the music, the chorus, the chairman, the cant, etc., etc., are so inevitable that I had half given it up. However, I shall try to make the thing answer as well as I can.

First is the doubt whether I can lecture so as to keep the interest of the audience. People who have listened to Joseph Barker will hardly care to hear me. He is a really skilled lecturer. I shall stand by myself, and make the whole thing my own. I will only be responsible for what I say. I think the best chance of finding men who care for the general interest of history is there; and they most need a general conception of the influence and governance of the Past over the Present. So I shall try there.

Meaning of History

I have just begun my lectures. I like them much. The men whom I have to deal with are just such as I want. They seem to come with real interest, and we discuss quite unreservedly. I feel it a great comfort to be quite free. I can say what I please, and teach just what I desire. No rules, no examination to be consulted. They come or stay away as they please. I say or omit just what I think fit.

I try to combine an account of the main facts with a theory or *rationale*. The clue which I hold by is, to confine

myself simply to those points and ideas which seem most useful towards forming a judgment on political questions, and understanding the social spirit of Positive history.

The accounts of the London Builders' Strike we sent to the Social Science Association have been suppressed to make way for some ideas about the Rights of Women by an American lady of colour. My sole object in having anything to do with that absurd Institution was to get a short history of the strike in a permanent record. Last night I gave the first of my lectures on the *Meaning of History*. I think the general public found the affair very dull. They seemed bored by being preached at, and I was not intelligible enough. However, if some working men come, it will be worth while, though I found it a very repulsive "task."

The second lecture was listened to attentively, but being very long and the subject strange, the bulk of the audience grew very weary. But some were interested. As I only wanted these I was indifferent to the sufferings of the others, and very willingly I let them feel me tedious. However, about twenty men came to join the class; I think most of them very desirable and intelligent. They all understood that the social and political is the main or sole question. I look forward to the class with pleasure and with hope.

The New History Class

My lectures continue steadily. The men are just what I want. They seem to come regularly and listen intelligently. But unfortunately I fear the thing will come to an end soon from my utter dumbness. I always was a most awkward speaker, but in these conversations my incoherence reaches sometimes the point of utter collapse. I get worse and worse. And after reading and thinking over my subject for a week, I go down and drop out with much difficulty unintelligible platitudes. However, I have one man, a literary person, who knows ten times as much about the subject as I do, and being full of strong ideas, and able to give them utterance, he takes me up when I break down and gives a lecture for me.

You ask me what I have been doing. Really nothing beyond my busy idleness. My reporting in the Courts takes up rather more time than I expected, indeed for a month at a time exclusively. But perhaps it is useful, if only that it

keeps me out of mischief. On Sundays I have a Sunday school, *i.e.* a class of men and women in history. I am going over Mediaeval History from the fall of Rome to modern times. They are a most agreeable and intelligent set of people, and I like it immensely. They are all Secularists and very democratic. I smile sometimes to think of the jumble of things it is to find myself on a Sunday morning in an "Iconoclast" hall, with Owenites, Secularists, and ex-Chartists, expatiating on the greatness of St. Ambrose and St. Gregory with all the unction of a Neo-Catholic. They stare and listen. I think I realise sometimes all that Comte in his poetic moods tells us about the Catholic ages.

I lately expanded my lecture in an article on "St. Bernard" for the *Westminster Review*, but the Editor found it "contrary to the profoundest principles" of that periodical, which it certainly might be, and was intended to be. So I have had to keep my enthusiasm for St. Bernard bottled up to myself.

My "St. Bernard" was indeed "bottled up" for more than twenty years, but at last I stuck it into my *Choice of Books*; and long before that, I had given the name to my eldest son.

Another of my special heroes was King Alfred —of whom I wrote to a lady, who was busy with a drama:—

King Alfred

I have just been giving my class a sketch of Alfred; and am more than ever anxious to see you complete your task. If I might give you any suggestion or recommend anything it is that you should continue this. I am sure you will find the subject—the character of Alfred—grow on you as it does on me. I am convinced his life is the most beautiful and the most romantic of any hero in history. He is the only *perfect* statesman and king, one who to consummate policy brought a religious heart and a spotless character. He unites everything that a great public leader ought to be or can be. He is Lycurgus, Hadrian, Hannibal, Godefroi, Jeanne Darc, St. Bernard, Lorenzo, Milton, and Cromwell all in one:—general, sovereign, lawgiver, theologian, preacher, moralist, philosopher, poet, historian, artist, engineer, inventor, student,

seaman, hunter, crusader, deliverer, and regenerator. Seriously, I do think it can be shown to demonstration that no ruler has ever united qualities so high and so various to a moral and religious temper so lofty. Cromwell, the only man, besides St. Louis, fit to compare to him, was cast on evil days and had a desperate revolutionary task and a fanatical creed. St. Louis came at the death, not the birth of mediaeval civilisation, and was utterly beneath Alfred in practical genius. In Alfred, there is not only no flaw, but no deficiency: he is perfect in fulness as in goodness. His early life is that of knight-errant, his middle life of statesman, his later life of philosopher. I believe his life is the only complete type of the ideal king, *i.e.* the man who knows the co-ordination of spiritual and temporal powers, the man who with a true genius for civil order, personal freedom, and material well-being, recognises that these exist only for moral and intellectual growth, and submits his own heart and his people's government to the spiritual guidance and education of a competent order. He lived just at the time when this was possible. The ancient and the oriental world never properly separated king from priest. *Since* Alfred, or rather since the middle age, the priest had been unfit for his work. He lived too, just at the moment when the whole practical, moral, and theoretical forces extant were sufficiently harmonised to be within the reach of one extraordinarily gifted being. They have never been since. Therefore Alfred is the greatest of all the rulers of this world, Q.E.D. You will perceive I have been talking Positivism. So it is written by the Master.

I fear my enthusiasm for my cherished hero has led me to run on much to your annoyance. What I wish is to urge you to work at *your* Alfred. Your success in the old world requires you to do like work for the modern. The character and the story of Alfred is yet nobler than that of Hannibal, and I live in hope of seeing it unfolded even better than was his. Your own poetic instinct will make him live, so forgive my crude technical analysis. I am convinced the key of the Master is the only one to unlock him or his times. Analyse it thus, and then fuse it into a poem, as you can do. The most poetic of heroes! Only pray cut the "sentimental" short. Alfred married a very good girl at twenty, and never was in love except during the ten days of his wedding fête.

This letter was written to my friend Miss Louisa

Shore, who had published in 1861 a fine historical drama on *Hannibal*. She had a beautiful sense of romantic and lyrical poetry; and with her sister, Miss Arabella Shore, published several volumes of verse. She died in 1896, and to the posthumous volume of her *Poems*, published by John Lane, 1897, I wrote by request an appreciation by way of introduction. Her sister, who also died many years ago, sent me some of the letters on literary subjects and on foreign tours which I was in the habit of writing to both ladies—neighbours of our own at Eden Park.

I reject Plutonomy

It was about this time that I made a careful study of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and of the economical system which pretended to be based on this. As this has formed the essence of my social views throughout life, I extract the passage in my diary, now nearly fifty years ago, in which I gave form to my impressions on this famous book.

How utterly different is Adam Smith from all the herd of economists who call him their Father! He is not an economist at all. He is a social philosopher. His main idea is always the general good of the community, and especially the condition of the poor. The so-called "Political Economy"—the Abracadabra of McCulloch and Ricardo is a delusion to which Adam Smith gave no countenance. With him the *Wealth of Nations* means the prosperity of the community. With them it means the accumulation of capital.

The process by which these narrower minds *distorted* his theories is very obvious. There was in the age a strong tendency towards finding social laws, and introducing science into things political and social. The book of Adam Smith did this partially and with very striking results. The theories as to mercantile exchange, prices, and rents, depending very much on monetary conditions, are much

more fixed, and are more easily reduced to exact or mathematical statement than are more general social relations. These minor facts were seized upon by the feeble imitators of Adam Smith, as being the substance whilst they are only the accidents of his science.

All human acts being voluntary, economic acts depend on the whole of human motives. These are determined by the sum of all the human conditions *plus* the whole of the human instincts acting together. No rules of human activity of any value can be constructed unless based on a complete consideration of man as a whole and his surroundings as a whole—that is, on a systematic social philosophy. This Adam Smith never loses sight of. His parasites never acknowledge it.

There are no doubt certain human transactions wherein the general motives are almost invariably similar, and sundry special motives come regularly into play. Thus very good empirical laws may be formed, especially in fair purchase and sale in an open market—so far as *price* is concerned. If two similar legs of mutton, cut off the same sheep, are exposed for sale at adjoining butchers' stalls, a person needing a leg of mutton, and *knowing nothing whatever of shop or shopmen*, would almost certainly buy the leg offered at 10d. per lb. rather than that offered for 11d. But even that is not absolutely certain. A fascinating butcher might persuade a silly purchaser to take the leg at 11d.; or the butcher at 10d. might have a bad reputation for giving short weight. In either case the cheapest article would not be bought.

For all practical purposes there are many *empirical rules* which do usually regulate price and similar things. Even here, these rules, philosophically considered, are unsound, for their assumption is false, viz., that men will always buy in the cheapest market, etc. They usually do so, and hence in many of the lower operations of civilised life some general rules are useful. But these are very trivial matters. Directly we deal with operations of a more general kind—such as those touching men's lives as a whole, these generalisations break down. Men's conduct is determined by these circumstances and their qualities *as a whole*. The pretended science based on a narrow observation is a delusion and an absurdity.

Economists have pretended to set out the laws regulating the price of wages. Wages have no *price*, such as legs of mutton have in open market. Wages are determined in

some degree by the ideas and habits subsisting in respect to employers and employed, and the condition of the employment. Supply and demand has much to do with it, but not all, and ideas, habits, and conditions affect both supply and demand. There are no laws regulating wages other than the laws of the relations of capital and labour generally. Wages do not depend exclusively on supply and demand. They depend also to some extent on the notions which employer and employed have of each other and of their own merits and their wants in life. A moral stimulus affecting either class or both might raise wages in separate trades, or even in the mass, whilst supply and demand remained unchanged. Decent householders would not care to offer a cook one shilling a month as wages, even if there were a thousand cooks willing to be hired.

It is in vain that economists pretend that their science is mathematically certain—*given its assumptions.* The popular assumption is, that provided men follow their material interests. As a fact, no such assumption is ever true, or consistently kept in view. The economist insensibly makes the assumption when dealing with the general prosperity of the community. Again, if the assumption were true, it is demoralising to insist on it as the antecedent condition of human life. To lay down a general explanation of social affairs on the hypothesis of the baseness of human nature, whilst you refuse or are unable to give the explanations due to higher motives of action, is a dangerous sophism.

You might expound with scientific pretension and minuteness a doctrine that marriages are invariably governed by the wealth of the suitors. But this would be a falsehood very degrading to those who state it and to those who hear it stated. The falsehood is not cured but is made worse, if it is defended on the ground that "of course it rests on the assumption that men and women will follow their pecuniary interests." Men and women as a whole do nothing of the kind, and therefore your "law of marriage" is valueless as well as cynical and debasing.

I study Social Economy

About this time an idea gradually took shape in my mind that the most useful task to which I could devote myself would be a real history of

Industry; meaning by that the actual life of the workers. There was no existing evil in the world, I said to myself, so urgent as the depressed state of the labouring masses. This depression is in part due to the anarchy which reigns in things religious and social, but largely to this, that a "Devil's Gospel" in Political Economy has been formed in order to justify and give system and force to all the other influences which crush the workmen. To argue with economists is mere wrangling and word-splitting. The only effective reply to them is to make a full and true picture of the workmen's life. This would mean:—

1. An accurate and detailed account of the hours and conditions of labour in various trades.
2. Of the risks, changes, and unhealthiness in certain trades.
3. The life passed by men and women in different trades.
4. The working of the Poor Law System from the point of view of the workmen and of paupers in "the House," or outdoor relief.
5. The actual state of agricultural labour.
6. Histories of typical strikes.

These various studies in fact did occupy me over a series of years between 1860 and 1870, in constant association with the Secretaries and other officials and members of the Central Trades-Unions, in frequent visits to the factories of textile, iron works, engineering and mining industries, as well as the building trades. I have been down coal-pits in Yorkshire and in Nottingham; I was admitted as a full member of the Amalgamated Carpenters and of other Trades-Unions, and I am an honorary member of the Trade Society of the "Cooks of Paris." I attended

many Trades-Union Congresses as well as Committee Meetings of Co-operative and Industrial Associations. And during the years 1867-68-69 I was an active member of the Royal Commission on Trades-Unions, and collected and tabulated an enormous amount of evidence on both sides. In 1885 I organised the Industrial Remuneration Conference in London, of which a full report was published in that year by Cassell and Company. It may be fairly said that, apart from my primary interest and my dominant work in promoting the Positivist creed in the moral and spiritual sphere, my main practical and social task in life has been the study and discussion of the Industrial problem.

1863—*The Lancashire Cotton Famine*

A great opportunity to extend this inquiry was opened to me by a visit at Easter 1863 to observe the effect of the great Cotton Famine resulting from the Civil War in the United States. The sudden stoppage of supplies in American cotton threatened to close or to ruin the factories of Lancashire. The operatives were thrown on short time, no time at all, on Poor Law relief, and finally on the help of funds subscribed for their maintenance. Bitter resentment was called out by stringent rules to control this relief, and alarming riots broke out in Manchester and other towns.

My Lancashire friends took some part in the agitation to reform the relief system, and I resolved to see the state of things on the spot. I induced Godfrey Lushington, afterwards Permanent Secretary to the Home Office, to join me. Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., and other public men, urged us to make the inquiry and publish our results. We at once made Manchester our headquarters, and put ourselves

in communication with officials of the Corporation, of the Relief Committees, of the local Press, Trades-Unions, and Industrial Societies of Lancashire. We visited Preston, Blackburn, Burnley, Rochdale, Stockport, Ashton, Staleybridge, and Oldham, as well as some smaller towns, and in each we visited representatives of employers, Relief Committees, Trades-Unions, and independent workmen, as well as the clergy and dissenting ministers. The results of our inquiries were published in two long letters in the *Times* of 24th and 27th April 1863, signed by us both ; and I wrote an article on the subject in the *Westminster Review* of July (vol. xxiv. p. 191).

We were present at many meetings of the official managers, and also at two meetings of delegates of unemployed operatives sent by some sixteen of the Lancashire towns to discuss their grievances and consider remedies. One of these meetings arose out of an amusing incident. The whole manufacturing district was seething with discontent, and a certain Tory-Democrat M.P. thought it would be a good opportunity to arouse a political agitation. At his own cost he summoned a delegate meeting, whom he intended to inflame. We had permission to attend this, but when we reached the place of meeting the member-convener telegraphed that he had been carried to a wrong station and would not arrive for some hours. Lushington and I at once constituted ourselves temporary chairmen of the meeting, and in two or three hours we had obtained a mass of information on all points from every part of Lancashire.

The object of our letters in the *Times* was to protest against applying to a mass of intelligent and self-respecting working men and women the Pauper system of relief, with Labour "tests" and

the like, seeing that some 100,000 operatives were suddenly deprived of the means of living by no fault of their own. We urged that these people, who were neither unfit nor unwilling to work, should be employed on suitable work at wages instead of being kept alive on a dole of 2s. per week. The great thing needed was to avoid a system of pauperisation—which the minimum dole with a "school" of idleness inevitably tended to produce.

"The people of Lancashire," we wrote, "are not demoralised as yet. No one can mix with that people as we have done in their homes and in their meetings, so full of courage, energy, and good sense, without being convinced that their character is unbroken."

I wrote to a Yorkshire friend about these *Times* letters :—

In this time of distress, positive want of food was not the rule, but was accidental and individual. With large relief funds at hand, the suffering was less than when a mill is burnt, or suddenly closed with no relief fund ready. No! it is rather the silent wasting away of civilised and manly life, the loss of pride and decent self-respect, the *moral starvation* which is so fearful at such a time. How fine, frank, and true has been the temper of those people! What hearty strength of endurance and fellowship, of good feeling we met. Patient simplicity in almost all. They are a race worth an effort to help. If for nothing else, I should feel glad to have been refreshed by meeting such genuine English pluck and worth.

You will see our two letters in the *Times*. They are watered down till they are almost unmeaning. We felt it absolutely necessary not to get involved in any doubtful points. It was against my judgment to write at all. Writing to the *Times* on a critical topic of the day is like standing in the pillory to be pelted. An unknown man can't help being more or less ridiculous, no matter how decorously he holds his hands in the holes, but John Bridges vehemently insisted on our writing, and others thought it would be useful to stir the waters.

Studies of Distress

Our friend Dr. Bridges had aroused violent opposition by some letters he wrote to the Lancashire Press on the Famine :—

Our friend went into the story of this Lancashire Cotton Famine with nerves unstrung. It will not do to go into a great national question like this with the feelings of a "philanthropist," I had almost said, of a man. One must have nerves like the surgeon's, to watch torture patiently, and study all its phases coolly and scientifically. Frightful language this! but you will understand me. I know that if one were to probe our social sores, say in the East of London, or the case of the sempstresses, or the Coventry weavers, or the agricultural labourers on 12s. per week, or the "Casuals," the outcasts, the—well! everything in the way of suffering—and were to give way to one's feelings, well! one would go nearly mad.

To do any good, one must not go mad. And therefore one must brace the nerves and set the teeth.

Pessimism and Despondency in 1863

I find a gloomy page in my otherwise cheerful diary :—

I can't help feeling very despondent at my very irregular and useless mode of existence. Most people about me are engaged in some useful occupation, and have the comfort of feeling that they are steadily employed on something. I have no recognised position or occupation. My profession is unpromising and precarious. I shall find myself soon in middle life, without so much as work that honestly supports myself, much less supports others, without any useful and honourable object in life, irregularly wasting my time in fussing over public questions, which I have no vocation to deal with, and no capacity to take up in a worthy manner. One will soon be as bad as the half-crazy "ne'er-do-weels" who muddle about at the Social Congresses. Good intentions may be very well in their places. But the social reformers who start with nothing better than good intentions are invariably very useless and generally mischievous.

I am seriously thinking of withdrawing before it is too late from this nibbling at literature and politics, and following contentedly the course of life to which God called me, and my godfathers and godmothers in my baptism ordained for me.

A Sad Death

Suicide of an excellent friend who broke down under the strain of striving to do his duty.

A letter to a lady friend (July 1863):—

It is useless to disguise from oneself that it is a mournful spot in memory and a very real blow to our friends and our principles. It will be a stigma on all of us that one who lived and worked with us has fallen under this strange calamity, and has met so dismal an end. The world will have a right to say that those who break with society assume a very dangerous part. And it is hard to feel that one who has shared our most inward convictions has passed away to be remembered only with remorseful silence.

The first impulse of his friends now is to feel that they have not done enough,—that they ought to have understood him better,—and to have helped him more. What a long agony his shattered mind must have passed through,—a state of mind that could have been reached only by congenial hearts, had they but known how to touch it.

It seems now that this result to an overwrought mind, has been possible, more or less, all his life. His physical frame from the first was more than unfit to resist such a strain. Such a collapse is the simple condition of our bodily existence, no more terrible than death, or sickness. For us now nothing remains but pity, respect, and silence. A friend of whom we hoped much is gone, a victim to mysterious disease. There is no other thing clear to those whom he has left but to be calm, active, resigned, to feel sorrow as resolutely as possible, to face it, not to yield to it.

We have plenty to do and not too much time to feel. The recollection of his end might rather make all who knew him more careful how they waste time or strength, should warn them most impressively that action, not emotion, is the business before them. It is impossible not to feel this blow, but we should be fellow-sufferers with him, we should be sharing his malady, if we allowed this sense to affect our action and life.

It is easy for me to say this. I was not an early friend, and I do not feel to be one of the small brotherhood he has fallen out of. Besides which, my unhappily combative temper stirs up within me, on occasions like this, my instinct of resistance. But for John, I know, it is something very different.

One of the earliest adherents of the Positivist cause, a pupil and friend of Dr. Congreve, finding himself in command of a great landed estate, had striven to carry out his ideas of social reform in the teeth of opposition and ridicule. Named High Sheriff for his county, he even allowed farmers on his estate to keep down foxes and ground game. A delicate and very sensitive man sank under the strain, and mysteriously disappeared abroad.

Study of Comte

From my diary (1862) :—

The more I work at Comte the less dogmatic he becomes to me. I find him full of broad practical tolerance. I cannot see that he ever contemplated forming a sect to which the human race were to be added one by one. I conceive him to have thrown out a coherent *system of principles*, calling upon men to live by these and to promulgate them.

I believe his disciples and successors ought to seek to make his *principles* actively felt in society, addressing first the most hopeful and the most central sections of society. They ought to found a school, not a sect. At least that only is the limit to which I can go.

The more I study its history, the more I am impressed with the wonderful completeness with which the new moral science has been created.

Translating Comte's Politique

February 1862.

There seems some chance of the *Politique* getting translated. I more and more see the importance of it. J. B.

will soon complete his part, vol. i. As to mine (vol. ii.), it goes on very slowly. I have only just realised the difficulty. It is immense. It is a melancholy reflexion that, after our fifteen years of education (?) upon the art of translation, we cannot translate a bit of French. Probably we, or rather I, do not sufficiently understand the subject matter.

Ah! how slowly things go. The first volume of our *Positive Polity* was not published until 1875, and the fourth volume not until 1877.

I adopt the Positivist Faith

Literary work of this kind forced me to make up my mind on the whole problem of Positivism. I had come to it through Richard Congreve; and neither then nor now, could I doubt how much my mental and moral education was due to him. He was to me, a young man—his junior by twelve years,—the type of conscientious energy, thoughtful self-culture, and unflinching self-reliance. As tutor of Wadham he was the centre of the most active spirits in the University. In his retirement he was almost alone, held by the world to be a lunatic or a fanatic, shaken in health, unheeded and almost unremembered.

Yet with all my respect for his nature and work I was repelled by the way in which Positivist belief affected him, and as he presented it to others. I was in full intellectual adhesion to the ground plan of the system, and in practical sympathy with the ideal of life it presented, but I was startled and pained by the form in which I found it offered. Why this withdrawal "from the world," I asked. Why all this bitter condemnation of mankind around us?

"The human race, the warm-hearted race of men," I wrote in my diary, "are not in the gall of bitterness and the shadow of death. Our own friends are not blind castaways, but are

wise, tender, and true. Positivism—if it is the religion of duty—is surely not to be preached as a new and strange doctrine, to be learnt painfully like a new speech. It is here! It is come! The earth is full of it. The time is ripe. And the best of the world are all unconscious disciples and apostles of it."

They who follow Comte's steps had but to draw it out,—to systematise and explain it. The Positivist ought to have all the Christian virtues and none of the Christian vices—must be really, not falsely charitable, ready to join with all working men in spirit—accepting any practical good—enjoying all forms of happiness that are harmless, and in sympathy with all that is frank, happy, beautiful, and sound in human life, even though its form belong to the past, and it need much correction and long regeneration in practice.

Full of this spirit I wrote in my diary thus :—

I see no need now of a separate Church—of a few half-prepared, half-trained, half-hearted enthusiasts—drawn together by strange chance from spheres, ideas, and habits most different, without any means of making a real social union on an adequate scale. Can this mere model of human association sustain religious life, impress the emotions and the imagination—give comfort—give life—give beauty—to the daily distractions of a discordant existence?

When a large section of mankind are really imbued with the truths of Positivism, a grand worship, a touching communion of hearts and faith, a systematic governance of action—an organised priesthood—may—perhaps will—what do we know?—shall arise. But till then, could it minister to anything but vanity to have a group of men and women, whose previous lives were just those of the crowd, collected in what they call a "Church," and fancying themselves better and wiser than mankind—fancying the vast religious associations of mankind—Christian, Mahometan, and Buddhist—to be mere shadows and ghosts compared to *them*—the chance group of men in a lecture room?

No! Positivism as yet can be only *Education*. Educate men to it! Educate yourselves for it! Learn how you are

henceforth to be able to organise a community when you have collected a sufficient body of men prepared to work together. After all, in the distant future the great end of Positivism will always be to found a moral, mental, and practical education. Compel them to come in and acquire this education. Address men through all channels. Ask them for little but to prepare their minds and hearts. A John the Baptist may be needed to prepare. We are not yet ready for a Christ.

Professor Huxley

I find a letter to my friend and colleague in the educational work of Positivism (1862):—

My dear Beesly—"The intimate alliance foretold by Comte between philosophers and the Proletariat" has undoubtedly commenced. Last night I was at Professor Huxley's lecture in the Jermyn Street Institution. They are, you know, courses for working men exclusively—each applicant for a ticket must bring a certificate of being actually in employment. The 600 tickets were all taken up in 1½ hours after the first distribution commenced. The theatre was crammed. I never saw an audience more intent, intelligent, and sympathetic. They were all literally thirsting for knowledge. As I looked round I could not but be struck with the vigour and acuteness of their looks. It was a perfect study of heads, such foreheads and such expression of hungry inquiry. In consequence of the way the Bishop of Oxford attacked Huxley at Oxford he has determined to popularise the question, and has devoted this course to the "relation of man to the quadrumana."

Last night's lecture I thought a type of a popular exposition, central, broad, clear, positive, suggestive, and elementary. It at once took one into the radical ideas of biology and handled them from a social and practical point of view. It was on the development of the embryo as seen by comparative physiology from impregnation to parturition. He took a frog (by diagrams) and detailed the outline of the process, then ran down the scale of life into plants, showing an identical process less developed throughout, then up the scale of life, showing the same in gradually increasing complexity. Having carried the inquiry to the mammalia he analysed in detail the process in the dog, then came to his

last stage by exhibiting identical and scarcely distinguishable processes in man, showing that the changes from the dog to man are infinitely less than from the frog to the dog, etc., etc. Thus in the cardinal idea of life he established one grand analogy, delicately graduated through the whole scale of life, from the lowest plant to man himself.

The proposition to which his six lectures are devoted is this, "Biology shows less structural difference between man and the higher apes than between the higher and the lower apes ; and far less than between the higher apes and inferior animals." This is the *provocatio ad populum* with a vengeance. J. Chapman and Herbert Spencer were there. It will want many sermons to undo last night's work.

Colenso on the Pentateuch

Colenso's book I have just looked at. It is a very poor affair, full of puerile and stale difficulties, and in spite of the profession of earnestness in the preface, somewhat of a statistical and wrangling spirit. He is a good man and his book may do good, if it breaks the charm of that superstition which in the name of the Bible commits many black acts.

Yesterday I saw Goodwin, one of the Seven Essayists, who says the Bishop and he see the connection of the Gospel with the Pentateuch, and they are not likely to shrink from the inquiry. They desire to force on the public a more spiritual conception of their religion. But he is bound to write another book on the *constructive* side.

Colenso is a disciple of Maurice, who feels indignant at the criticism of the Pentateuch. He is bent on answering it, and thinks of resigning his own orders, in order to be on an equality with the Bishop who is to be deposed. This is like the Japanese courtier who proposes "Happy Despatch" to a rival, and begins by ripping himself up. The idea, though romantic, and, I think, extravagant, was worthy of Maurice's sensitive scrupulosity. A friend says Maurice's answer to Colenso will be a groan of indignation—"What are numbers to a God of Infinity?"

An Alpine Holiday

My spirits were quite restored by a few weeks in the Alps. I had been in the Oberland, and then

at Zermatt, doing peaks and passes, and came home refreshed :—

A long vacation makes a great hole in the year. What a space it occupies in the memory! I was away from home just five weeks, and these weeks seem to fill up the year. The whole of the period which precedes and that which follows seems coloured by it. How I seem to have been transported into a new world and to have forgotten the everyday life altogether. Lotus-eating truly! I can, and I do, not seldom go over each incident, each picture, each sensation, and recall it like reality. I had half a mind to tell you somewhat,—but I never should stop if I once began. In the meantime I am more ready for something to do.

A Radical and Labour Organ

When the Trades-Union leaders established their organ the *Beehive*, the editor of which was the Carpenters' Secretary, George Potter, Professor Beesly and I wrote constantly in it—but mainly on general and foreign politics. We were neither of us at all careful to conciliate the opinion of Governments, Parliament, or Party; and for my part, I kept no terms with the Palmerstonian and Old Whig régime—the essence of which was a foreign policy of diluted jingoism—its motto being *parcere superbis et debellare subjectos*—its home policy being a crafty resistance to any kind of reform.

I look back on the Palmerstonian reign from 1862 to 1865 with wonder at the meek resignation of the nation to the old diplomatist's autocracy and his consummate skill in keeping Parliament impotent and submissive.

As an ardent Nationalist and keen reformer I poured out my wrath to working men in the *Beehive*—against the apathy of the Commons—"the busy idleness" of Parliament in the midst of the terrible Cotton Famine—for intervention in the cause of Poland—in protest against the

bombardment of Kagosima in Japan—in support of Parliamentary Reform.

At the opening of the session of March 1863 I wrote:—

Those who consider that the end of civilisation is to obtain the smallest amount of State interference are the only politicians who ought to-day to be supremely happy; and they who hold that the best of all Governments is the feeblest, may go and celebrate their millennium. The Queen's Speech is read, and her loyal subjects are informed that her Majesty's Son is about to marry, that she is not at war with any of her neighbours, and will be glad of a little money—the amount is not stated—but we know it will be seventy millions or so, more or less. The session has begun.

It will not do to be impatient; there are matters of importance to be disposed of; it is "too early in the Session" yet. There is the case of the discontented tide-waiters, and the grievance of the superannuated waste-paper basket clerks; and then somebody has called somebody else by an unparliamentary name, and a lively evening is spent in exchanging insults and apologies. Then a member hot from Ireland has challenged a brother member, who instead of sending for a friend and his pistols, goes and tells the Speaker, or an outsider has given his mind to an hon. member and is admonished at the bar of the House, and we have ocular proof of the majesty of the British Constitution. So they go on playing at Hampden and Pym and acting Pitt and Fox to their hearts' content.

The middle of the session arrives, and it is found that there is so much to do, that nothing can be done. It is now "too late in the Session" for anything. Everybody "implores" everybody to "withdraw his bill," or not to "press his motion," which everybody is quite willing to do. The session ends as pleasantly and abruptly as the pairing business at the end of a comedy, and exhausted legislators rush off to shoot grouse or to dawdle in a German bath-room.

This is how the Palmerstonian Parliament of 1863 struck an impatient Reformer, and this was hardly a caricature of the way in which the Old Obstructive hypnotised an unreformed Parliament.

Even the commercial treaty with France was the work of Cobden, not of the Ministry; and Mr. Gladstone's budget had no important novelties. In 1863 nothing was being done to redress the pitiable condition of national education. Nothing was attempted in reform of the law and consolidation of Equity and Common Law. There was no reform in the Army, and Ministers seemed only anxious to hide its abuses. I wound up a furious indictment of the Old Whigs thus:—

> There is a blight of helplessness upon our governing classes, a taint of the backstairs on all they touch. Secure in their hereditary position, and habituated to do nothing, and to think the art of Government consists in giving excuses for doing nothing, they have ceased even to pretend to be usefully employed. Our aristocratic rulers judge the nation by the standard of their own tenants, and imagine they are working so long as they continue to chatter. Gloom lies on the nation, a vast industry is paralysed by the Cotton Famine, almost a social revolution is silently going on, a noble part of the population is at the point of starvation, and is being goaded by ill-treatment into resistance; and not an effort to meet these dangers comes from Government or Parliament. The working men of England must make their influence felt till exclusive power has passed from the hands of a class too selfish to feel a sense of the nation's greatness and too timid to face great national duties.

Certainly things are different in the first decade of the twentieth century from what they were in 1863. The working men of England *have* made their influence felt; and the House of Commons is not apathetic. All the great reforms we then called for have been dealt with; radically, if not always skilfully. I have lived to see that the demands we made forty and fifty years ago were inevitable as well as just, and we only now complain that the complicated conservatism of our country should have delayed them so long and should have satisfied them in ways so meagre and so grudging.

In May 1863 I again appealed with passion in the *Beehive* for English support to the efforts of France on behalf of Poland. There was deep enthusiasm for that fine people and indignation at the secular oppression it endured. I urged how often

Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William III. had made the weight of England felt without involving us in destructive wars. If through mutual suspicion or blundering timidity the nations of Europe could not be united in one grand effort for the rescue of Poland, if active intervention were needed, must it necessarily be another Crimean War [then only a few years concluded]? The country must be fallen indeed, if it can squander millions in wars with Caffirs, New Zealand natives, and Chinese, and can look on a subsidy for Poland as a wanton and unbearable extravagance.

France perhaps will act alone, to the dishonour and detriment of England. She, even if she fails, will have the honour of seeking to give form to the indignation and hopes of Europe. France, like ourselves, maintains preposterous armaments, but at least sometimes she uses them better. England is content with the burden of incessant martial preparations, and the dishonour of using them only in bad causes.

I kept on furiously urging the workmen to press for co-operation with France in doing for the people of Poland what she had done for Italy. The Polish insurrection, I said, was a struggle which had gone on for nearly a hundred years, and was a perpetual menace to the peace of Europe. Meetings were being held in this sense, and Liberals, apart from the Peace section, were willing to join with France in obtaining a European coalition to force Russia to recognise Polish autonomy. The British Government and the Peace Radicals were too much afraid of France to do anything. But Prussia was the real danger to European progress even then, not France. Bismarck had become Foreign Minister in 1862, and the

rise of Prussia to the hegemony of Europe had begun.

In the following year was the abominable act of bombarding Kagosima in Japan. I wrote passionately in the *Beehive* and also in the extinct *National Review*, January 1864, then conducted by Walter Bagehot. The violent irruption into Japan by the Western Powers has had extraordinary results, such as no man could have foreseen. But I still believe that the story of the Kagosima outrage forms a shameful page in our history and the annals of the Navy. I look back with disgust and horror at the way in which Lord Palmerston, the Government, and Parliament justified and approved this barbarous assault on a defenceless people.

I poured out my rage to a friend thus :—

To tell you the truth, this Japan business quite oppresses me. It seems to be like standing by and seeing, or rather being an accomplice in, a barbarous murder. I really look on this massacre at Kagosima as the act of an Attila or Timour. I feel for those innocent victims as if it was done in our own homes. . . . One is utterly powerless. I read the cold-blooded common-sense of the Press with a creeping of the flesh. I know it is the gospel of 99 out of 100, or 999 out of 1000 of those in power. My indignation, shame, and despair are so great that I am too much excited even to do anything if I had the means. I will try to get some articulate expression of my grief and wrath.

The worst of the Japan business is that the people quite coolly agree that it is very wicked, but they seem to think that Providence has imposed on them the sad duty of committing a few crimes for the good of mankind. I have slowly and somewhat unwillingly come to think that the "religious" ground is the stumbling-block beneath everything as respects our dealings with non-Christian people, and that no conclusive protest can be made that does not formally disown that very treacherous basis. When I see the resolute way in which people maintain their *right* to commit wrong in the name of Christian civilisation, I see no

way but to go to the root of the matter,—the *humanitarian* as opposed to the "civilisation" or "Christianity" theory. On the Christian theory, the Japanese are *absolutely* inferior. On the human theory, they are *relatively* our equals, occasionally our superiors, and essentially our brothers.

My correspondence ran :—

Have you time to read of all that is going on in the world? Dark times, are they not? First, this massacre in Japan. I have been turning it about to see if it is possible to view it in any favourable way,—to see if there is not some horrid mistake, it sounds almost like those recollections of murders we have committed in our dreams. Alas! I fear it is only too real and plain. I have come to the belief that it is the most wanton and shameless outrage which has stained the English name for years. I feel as if we were at once cast down to the level of Russians and below the level of South American ferocity and filibustering. How do people take it? I shall be surprised if a push is not made both by Cobden and Bright, and also by Buxton and Forster, in the House to denounce it. The *Spectator*, the *Star*, and some other papers have attacked it warmly. Goldwin Smith has written a really noble and sweeping protest against the Japanese and New Zealand war. I find many men are quite fiercely indignant.

It is enough, indeed, to make one's blood boil to know that acts black enough to degrade England in history, to pervert and pollute the national sense, are being perpetrated to please a few of the most unscrupulous trading adventurers that the world contains. I wish some way existed of reaching them. Nothing would satisfy me but the signal punishment of all the authors, direct and indirect, of the massacre. I have been urging a friend of Goldwin Smith's to get him to collect and head a knot of men who will try to work together on the subject and influence public opinion in different channels. I really think his position, reputation, and earnestness are such as to enable him to bring a force to bear strong enough to stem the tide, or at least to utter a protest that will sink deep.

Then there is the war in New Zealand,—but why speak of that, it is all of one piece. Unfortunately, English policy cannot but lead from one outrage to another among the weak, and from one meanness to another among the strong, it is

all based upon the pitiless gospel of mammon, and has no idea beyond the pocket. I don't know a spectacle more cutting to the spirit of a man who cares for his country than to see the shameless course it is pursuing all round the world, hypocritically pitying the Poles whilst playing the game of their tyrants, cheering on the conspiracy of slave-dealers, exterminating a harmless race of savages from the earth, taunting and thwarting France in feeble envy of her superior position, overturning two great and honourable systems of civilisation in the East, wringing tribute from the Indian peasant, bringing convulsion into the Chinese Empire, tearing the Japanese to pieces, burning, destroying, and slaughtering the weak and the unoffending, and bending with craven selfishness before the strong oppressor, covering the whole earth over sea and coast and island wherever base gains can be wrung out of men by craft or violence. Nor is there much consolation in turning to look at home. Everywhere the old social wrong and struggle. Lancashire left to starve in silence, strikes and lock-outs in every direction. Can anything be more iniquitous than the act of this "*Love*," the coalmaster in Durham. Oh! how we want a new theory of labour, a new *Wealth of Nations*, for the old is perverted into the gospel of all evil. Why, it seems one can do nothing now but complain. Yet what is one to do? The English world is all poisoned and polluted with this one mad passion for lucre, and in the break-up of every belief, idea, hope, and joy this vile craving remains supreme.

The ferocious attack on Japan in 1863, contrasted with the apathy with which the Old Whigs and the official Liberals treated the wanton conquest of a Danish province by Germany and the cruel persecution of Poland by Russia, formed a typical example of the Palmerstonian policy. He applauded Napoleon's *coup d'état*, bullied Greece on behalf of a Maltese Jew, swaggered and then did nothing to save a nation, was always ready for an Indian, Chinese, or Japanese war—and could crow over the blunder of an American sailor, when that country was in the throes of a desperate civil war.

The War with Japan

We have too soon forgotten the affair of Kagosima. Perhaps some day the Japanese will recall it to our recollection. I will try to recall it to another generation.

In September 1862 some English merchants at Yeddo were out driving when they met on the high road the father of the Prince of Satsuma, a powerful and almost independent feudal chief. The Japanese armed escort, after signalling in vain to the Englishmen to dismount whilst passing a great Daimio, attacked them, wounded two, and killed one. The British envoy demanded redress —an ample apology and a sum of £100,000. Both were at once given. They further demanded of the Prince of Satsuma the execution of the principal offenders (*i.e.* his own father and his officers) and the payment of £25,000.

According to international law, the Japanese Government had satisfied all claims. But as Satsuma still declined to slay his father and pay £25,000, a British fleet of seven ships was sent to Kagosima, the principal city of Satsuma, to deal with him direct. The fleet shelled, destroyed, and burnt, we were told, the "whole of the town of Kagosima, having 150,000 inhabitants, and the palace of the prince." The Japanese ships, town, and factories were burning for forty-eight hours. And the admiral told the Japanese envoy, "this is how we encounter barbarians."

As I urged in the *National Review*, the British Ministry, after exacting enormous reparation for a personal incident from the Government of Japan, had proceeded to make war on one of its feudatories on their own account, to destroy a city of 150,000 persons, and commit wholesale massacre in revenge

for an attack on three British traders who had defied the ancient custom of the land.

We all knew how King Bomba had earned his name. But suppose an English tourist had been seized by brigands in Calabria, and the Italian kingdom had given full compensation, what would have been said if a British fleet had shelled and destroyed Naples, on the ground that the banditti had not been caught. The "treaty" to which we appealed had been extorted by force. Yet, when it suited them, the British Government based their claims on Grotius and Vattel; and then, when it suited them, they deal with a native chief as if he were a negro savage on the Congo. "We appeal to public law," I wrote, "when it serves our turn, and violate it when it stands in our way."

I pointed out that the Japanese were a nation as large as our own, with 300,000 soldiers trained to European tactics, as warlike as Afghans, with vastly superior organisation and skill. "War with Japan," I said, "would be a very serious undertaking, neither short, nor easy, nor uncostly." This was a just forecast in 1863.

Here is a fragment of my article, which was entirely approved by Walter Bagehot and R. H. Hutton:—

> It would be a libel on our power and our enlightenment to tell us that it is impossible to carry on peaceful traffic with an industrial people like the Japanese without war. We do not confine ourselves to trade. We insist on the subversion of the whole Japanese system at once. We burst in, without the smallest self-control, on a very peculiar race, of whom we are profoundly ignorant. We trample on their most inveterate habits, without caring how many scruples and prejudices we are wounding, and then we wonder that collisions occur. We annihilate the privileges of a very ancient class, and then we are surprised that they dislike us. We expect the Japanese to abandon their social system without any equivalent, and we regard the uprooting it as a mere

preliminary to trade. We force a great constitutional change on a nation, of whose laws and government we are so ignorant that we make treaties with the wrong official. Settlers spread over the land, of course the most adventurous and pushing of their class. Our blue-books are full of complaints of their unscrupulous restlessness. Our admirals and our envoys are ever reporting their misconduct. No efficient control is ever exercised over them, though they are provided with so dangerous a privilege as "extra-territoriality," which they are practically permitted to interpret for themselves. At home our statesmen play out the detected farce of the "treaty of friendship," as though it were as real as our treaty with France. That treaty, we well know, was equivalent to forcing the Japanese through a social and political revolution.—(*National Review*, January 1864.)

Forty-seven years have passed since these words were written. Japan, by a social revolution as marvellous as any in modern history, has indeed accepted the situation which Europe and America forced on her in the interest of their traders. She has accepted, at any rate, the military system of the West, as one Western nation has learned to its cost. For the moment, both Britain and the United States seem delighted with the result of their action. It remains to be seen if that friendly *entente* is to be permanent, if Japan may not yet dominate the East.

Palmerston's Career

When in 1864 Bismarck manœuvred the war against Denmark and secured Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia, the English people and Government were more willing to assist the Danes; but Napoleon, rebuffed about Poland, was unwilling to risk a war with Prussia. I continued to urge the critical danger to the peace of Europe which the ambition of Germany was causing. Mr. Gladstone, the Peace Radicals, and the general

public were blind to the vast and sinister power which was gradually being built up by the great Prussian statesman. Cavour, the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century, was gone ; Palmerston was in his decrepitude, and actually favoured the aggrandisement of Prussia ; Gladstone, Bright, and Cobden, the economists and the parliamentary reformers, were in the ascendant ; the working men were absorbed in their own trade struggles and interests. I cannot say that appeals to them on European politics roused much enthusiasm. Perhaps we attributed to the English democracy the political aspirations of the French. And my passionate tirades in the *Beehive* were spent in vain on the sordid self-complacency of the "Old Whigs" of the 'sixties.

Our Foreign Policy in 1867

In the volume of joint Essays by some of my friends and colleagues entitled *Questions for a Reformed Parliament* (Macmillan and Co., 8vo, 1867), I summed up in an Essay on "Foreign Policy," p. 233, the views which I constantly had urged in the Press in the years 1859-1867.

We can imagine with what shame an Englishman who remembered the reign of Elizabeth, the days of the great Defence and of the grand Design, must have watched the humiliations endured by her dastardly successor; how one who had heard the just voice of Cromwell ring across Europe must have witnessed the vassalage of the later Stuarts; how the contemporaries of Marlborough must have groaned over the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. But the process of humiliation, if less violent than it was then, affords now less ground for hope. Our foreign policy, in earlier times, has been perverted by the folly of a king. It is now paralysed by the blindness of a class.

During the whole generation, our influence on the continent has been steadily narrowing and sinking. No man can say

what is the policy which this country represents. It has sunk, through failure after failure, into spiritless confusion. It fostered the jealousy of France, which had been its watchword in the Coalition wars, until France broke loose in convulsive defiance. It passed from insolent oppression to petty menaces, and ended in a feeble alternation of cordiality and distrust. It encouraged the progress of Russia, so as to place her for years in the central councils of Europe. This fatal blunder it next undertook to redress in a war which began in imbecility and ended in waste. Year after year it bolstered up the fabric of the Austrian Empire, when that Empire was as obviously destined to decay, as it existed by flagrant oppression. It was deaf to Italy and her claims, so long as it was decent to be deaf, and then it contented itself with patronage and words. The oppressions of Poland, the plague spot of Europe, it meddled with and talked about, meeting ever unbroken discomfiture from the oppressor, whilst being looked on as faithless and pusillanimous in the eyes of the victim. In Denmark it muddled and talked again more eagerly and angrily than before, till it met with a still more galling rebuff. Towards the people of the United States it has acted with a yet more fatal spirit of perversity, and it brought us far nearer to much greater dangers. Towards uncivilised people, it is true, our conduct has at least been consistent. It has been consistently imperious. Towards the civilised it is a tale without coherence or result.

When Europe settled down at the Peace, our country was by common consent the first in moral position and in material power. She had a definite policy to pursue, and an organised Government to wield it. Her word was trusted, feared, and obeyed. In half a century she has seen another, it may be others, pass steadily and surely before her into that place of lead, and for a policy in continental affairs she is governed by prejudice or chance. Her diplomacy, like her policy, has been stricken with inward paralysis. She promises and does not perform, enjoins and is not obeyed, threatens and then loses heart. She is without purpose, without influence, without allies. She stands irresolute and uneasy, watching half in jealousy and half in alarm her great rival by position, and her great rival by race, not daring openly to resist either, not sympathising with either, not combining with either. It is a policy which may be cautious, but which certainly is not glorious, and not altogether safe.

The article then dealt with the intemperate way in which Palmerston treated the United States in the Trent affair, and with the terrible prospect of a war with America—from which we were saved by the good sense of Queen Victoria, of Gladstone, and of Bright. My remarks on this incident have been cited in my *George Washington*, etc., 1901, pp. 34-36.

Here was my forecast of the European situation:

The condition of Europe at this moment (April 1867), by common consent, is truly ominous. The dying throes of Turkey and the ambition of Russia threaten commotion in the East. Germany is forming herself into a military empire; France is vying with her in the rivalry of arms. No man can say from whence the greater danger to order may arise. The confusion in the East is such as to tempt the Western Powers to constant interference, but since they act without concert, and usually from self-interest, their interference does little but aggravate the confusion. The barbaric legions of Russia weigh like an incubus on the civilisation of Germany, which, by causes both direct and indirect, is forced to a development in a military form. The attempt of Germany to effect a premature unity by violent measures arouses the pride and even the fears of France. The unwise though natural desire of France to hold her ground in the race for armaments reacts on all her neighbours, and especially on the military and national jealousies of Germany. Who can say from what quarter aggression may first come?—whether from France, to maintain her ancient rank in Europe, or from Germany, to justify her new pretension to supremacy in arms?

For an imbroglio like this there is but one sound solution. It demands a genuine alliance of England with France; an alliance of which the avowed aim should be to promote, by peaceful and moral influences, the progress of Europe towards complete resettlement, to guarantee her against simple anarchy or aggression in the East, against violent and selfish disturbance of the existing order. The distinct purpose of such an alliance would be to throw the whole moral and material weight of England against the actual disturber of peace, whilst placing it on the side of orderly and permanent resettlement. Such an alliance must be

offered first to France, because the sudden aggrandisement and immense power of Prussia have deeply alarmed the French people, and have given them a sense of insecurity, which is intensified by the novelty of the danger and their apparent isolation in Europe.

This was a reasonable policy. It was proposed forty-three years ago, between the German-Austrian war and the Franco-German war, one year after Sadowa, and three years before Sedan, and we must remember what was the relative strength of Prussia, France, and Britain in the year 1867. We have at last in the Twentieth Century, under Edward VII. and George V., gradually drifted into a policy of the kind, as being both practical and prudent, if not almost inevitable and essential for national safety.

CHAPTER XV

POLITICIANS IN 1860-1870

DURING the ten years from the commencement of my literary and political work in 1860 to my marriage in 1870, I was occupied with various articles, essays, and volumes; I served on several public bodies, and I was associated with some leading politicians. I was a member of the Committee which succeeded in returning John Stuart Mill to Parliament for Westminster, and also of the Jamaica Committee, which endeavoured to bring Governor Eyre to trial for the murder of Gordon. During these proceedings I was in constant touch with Mill, Bright, Herbert Spencer, Thomas Huxley, W. E. Forster, Professor Fawcett, Charles Buxton, Thomas Hughes, Goldwin Smith, and Fitzjames Stephen. In 1867-68-69 I was a member of the Royal Commission on Trades-Unions, and served there with Lords Lichfield and Elcho (now Earl of Wemyss), J. A. Roebuck, Sir W. Erle, Herman Merivale, and Tom Hughes. In 1869 I was Secretary of the Royal Commission for Digesting the Law, of which Lord Westbury was Chairman, and Lords Hatherley, Cairns, Penzance, Selborne, and many ex-Judges served. In 1866 I was editor of the joint-volume entitled *International Policy*, to which I contributed the second article, "England and France," since

partly published in *National and Social Problems* (1908).

In 1867 I wrote the article on "Foreign Policy" for *Questions for a Reformed Parliament.* The *Fortnightly Review* was founded in May 1865. I wrote in the first number, and at least one article in each year succeeding, and I wrote articles in the *Westminster Review* in 1860, 1861, 1863, 1864, and also in the *National Review,* in the defunct *Parthenon* and the *Leader*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Daily News.*

I used my long vacation for foreign tours, joined the Alpine Club, and ascended Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Wetterhorn, Aletschhorn, the Grivola, and did the great glacier passes round Mont Blanc, Zermatt, and the Oberland. I visited Rome in 1865, Venice in 1866, Genoa and the Riviera in 1867. I heard Ristori in 1863 in *Medea, Rosmunda,* and *Lady Macbeth,* etc. Ristori was, next to Rachel (*longo intervallo*), far the greatest actress of my time. I heard Patti at her débût in 1861. Patti was undoubtedly the most perfect singer of all. At a ball at Hatfield House, wherein the second Marquis of Salisbury received his guests, standing under the portrait of his ancestor, "the little Beagle," whom he curiously resembled, I saw the late Duc d'Aumale in the long gallery lead off the Roger de Coverley with all the grace and *bonhomie* of one of his royal ancestors. I cannot imagine the statesman, the third Marquis, being seen in such a predicament!

Mr. Mill

In every matter connected with his election to Parliament, his conduct in the House, and in the Chairmanship of the Jamaica Committee, John Stuart Mill bore himself as the very ideal of the

justum et tenacem propositi virum, the dauntless, indefatigable, conscientious citizen, who exhausted every possible argument for every case, and then held firmly the decision which was dictated to him by his sense of duty and justice. Of these things Mr. Mill has left us a full and true account in the last chapter of his *Autobiography*. And I wish to bear witness to the perfect faithfulness of the picture which he has there drawn all too modestly of his public life. The patience, courtesy, self-effacement of his bearing to others were but the cover to the strenuous spirit of his conscience, and his burning indignation against every form of cruelty, falsehood, or injustice. To have known such a man, as I believe, the most self-devoted and most scrupulous of all the politicians of his age, is indeed the honour of a lifetime.

Though I could never count myself amongst his immediate followers, and in several important points was keenly opposed to him, as in the case of Comte, Women's Suffrage, Proportional Representation, and the like, he treated me with very great generosity and friendship. I had endeavoured in 1862 to obtain his support to our efforts to second the London builders in their great strike against the long-hour system; and in 1865, when he entered Parliament, and thenceforward to his death in 1873, I had frequent relations with him. He was good enough to invite me often to be a guest at his table at Blackheath Park, where I have met George Grote, Professor Cairnes, Professor Fawcett, and others, and where his conversation was memorable indeed to a young reformer. I have many letters from him between 1865 and 1873 on public questions, on the Jamaica trials in the case of Governor Eyre, on the Trades-Union Bill of 1869, on the Paris Commune, on the Women's Suffrage question — whereon he wrote (June 1869)—

There are few persons whom we should all be more glad to see even partially with us on this subject than yourself.

When I announced to him my engagement to my cousin, he drove over to my father's house at Eden Park to see my intended wife, invited her to visit him and his daughter at Blackheath, and presented us with a copy of *The Subjection of Women.* I was keenly impressed by its picture of the legal disabilities of women and of the domineering tone then too common in men of all classes; but my wife has ultimately convinced me that bad laws and bad manners can be mended, and have been mended in these last thirty years, without any radical revolution in the political functions and the domestic equality of the two sexes.

Mill entirely approved of my Six Letters on Martial Law—published by the Committee in 1867; and he was good enough to write (June 16, 1867): "your aid and counsel are of great value to the Committee." He shared the indignation which I expressed in 1871 for the savage conduct of the Thiers Ministry in suppressing the Paris Insurrection. "The crimes of the *parti de l'ordre,*" he wrote, "are atrocious, even supposing that they are in revenge for those generally attributed to the Commune." Mill also entirely supported the Trades-Union Bill of 1869, founded on the Minority Report of the Commission, and he told me that he would have taken the chair at the meeting to support it if he had been in England.

The last time I saw Mill was but a week or two before his death at Avignon, 9th May 1873. He was on the point of leaving England in April, when he asked me to dine with him at the Albert Mansions to meet Mr. Fox Bourne, editor of the *Examiner*, to which Mill intended to give increased circulation and to make it an organ to appeal to

the best working-class thought. "Your co-operation," he wrote to me (13th April), "would be very valuable." I spent an evening full of interest, and now tinged with sad memories of the close of a noble life, discussing the new and popular character he wished to give to his paper, wherein he offered me a leading part. I was then too far committed to the advocacy of the Positivist system to accept so flattering a task, even if I had not settled objections to engage in any journalistic work. He met my refusal to help with the same generous, tolerant equanimity which marked his whole life, public and private.

With what a shock I heard but a few weeks later of his unexpected death! On the Sunday following I was lecturing at Chapel Street, and expressed the poignant regret at his sudden death, and my profound honour of his life-work in a passage printed in No. 78 of the *Fortnightly Review*. John Morley asked me to return the fine letter which he had written to me on his parting with Mill for the last time at Puttenham, a letter which is published in his collected essays. And in my essay on Mill—now in the volume entitled *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill*, I have embodied all that I have to say about the personal and public life of one of the finest characters and one of the clearest thinkers of our time. As I wrote at his death (*Fortnightly Review*, vol. xiii. p. 699):—

> The great brain and heart of him, whom these pages recall to us, now rest in peace beside the Rhone, near her who ceased not to live in his life, as his too will be continued in the lives of many more hereafter. His thought and spirit inspire generations now, and will continue their work to the end, as potently as they did when his heart was beating. For us he lives and acts; we grow yet in his learning; we are kindled by his enthusiasm; we ponder over his reasoning. He sleeps there in the body, but his soul is not sleeping.

Mr. Bright

John Bright was certainly the finest orator of the second half of the nineteenth century. I did not hear his speeches in the Commons during the Crimean War, but I remember the thrill with which they affected London society, amongst those who heard them or who only knew their effect at second-hand. And the same may be said of his speeches on Irish coercion. I recall the excitement at Lady Stanley's assembly, as members who had listened to this speech came up from the House. I shall never forget his impromptu speech in St. James's Hall, at a Reform meeting of Radicals and Labour men, when Mr. Ayrton, in an after-dinner mood, had used rude language about Queen Victoria. The hall was filled with excited workmen who were in theory Republicans, and were suspicious of Court influence; but Bright, as Chairman of the meeting, saw at once how mischievous was such language. He sprang to his feet, and poured out a reproof in indignant eloquence so full of pathos, generosity, and fine feeling that it electrified the audience. The meeting broke out into cheers, and dispersed chanting "God save the Queen." And, before I knew what had happened, I found myself towards midnight marching up Regent Street, arm-in-arm with a column of joiners and masons, shouting, "Confound their knavish tricks!"

"God save the Queen!"

I was present also at the reception in St. James's Hall of the American abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, which Bright's magnificent speech had made quite a religious gathering. That was the peculiar note of Bright's great orations—the in-

tensity of simple feeling which made his speeches tell as if they were the sermons of an impassioned missionary preacher, and yet quite inspired a sense of awe by their perfect homeliness of tone, as did the famous speech in Parliament about Quaker burial in silence.

The wisdom, good sense, and tact which he showed in meetings of committees gave him a natural leadership, of which I recall a curious instance. When the first hurried gathering of Radical politicians was called in a hotel room to consider the formation of a Committee to act in the Jamaica question on the murder of Gordon and the slaughter of negroes, Charles Buxton took the chair, and we sat in rows behind each other, facing him. The question was in itself a difficult one to treat, and was certain to meet with angry opposition. All sorts of proposals were made and rejected, until a plan of campaign was settled. There were no formal speeches, and men flung out suggestions without rising, and too often speaking together. Bright, who sat with his back to the rest, in the front bench, was not recognised, but made constant suggestions and criticisms, keeping his seat. One after another, men in the back rows called out, "Hear! hear! our friend there on the left is right," or, "What does the gentleman in front advise?" not at all knowing who it was, but quite ready to follow his lead. And it was Bright who ultimately steered the Committee and put Mill into the President's office. Although Governor Eyre was never brought to trial, the charge of Chief Justice Cockburn in the case of "Reg. *v.* Nelson and Brand," afterwards published as a pamphlet, forms one of the landmarks in Constitutional Law.

Bright was an admirable talker in general society, and a genial and easy companion, who never would appear as anything but the simple

"Friend" he was proud to be. In political gatherings, in committee, in London society, at the Reform Club, he was always the stalwart citizen whose whole thought was fixed upon the people; and he would serve to give one an idea of what Oliver Cromwell might have been in his farmer days at Ely before he had become a soldier. I believe that Bright never really recovered his mental force after the long and wasting collapse of his nervous energy; and the later years of his life were in melancholy contrast to his prime. For my part, I never could forgive him for being even for a time a member of the Government which, by the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, saddled us with the mischievous Protectorate of Egypt. And we had no joint work after that. It is not usually known that he occasionally amused himself with composing verse; and he admitted that some apposite lines of poetry that he had cited in a speech were not real quotations at all, but had been his own composition, *pro hac vice*, whilst preparing his speech. His great orations were often fully written out, and I have seen the manuscript pages handed to the reporters as each sheet was turned over. His great speeches were undoubtedly written out and learnt; but he often spoke even better without preparation. I have been told that before a set speech he could not bear to be spoken to, and would sit through a public dinner without exchanging a word with any one.

Mr. Cobden

I have heard Richard Cobden speak, but I lost the only chance I had of making his personal acquaintance, for I foolishly declined to leave my home in the country to be presented to him. He was present in the old Divinity School at Oxford

during the mediaeval ceremony when I took the Master of Arts degree. But I wondered what he thought of it all. I was at the meeting at the Hall of the Freemasons' Tavern when he won as extraordinary a triumph of oratory as any of our time. When, in 1857, Palmerston suddenly dissolved Parliament, and challenged Cobden and his friends to hold a public meeting in London against the Chinese war policy, Cobden met a most hostile audience, who refused to hear him, and who drowned his voice with hooting. Cool and smiling, Cobden stood his ground, patient after each burst of opposition, till slowly, sentence by sentence, he overcame their hostility, satisfied them at least of his own honest convictions and the justice of his cause, and he sat down amidst the hearty cheers of his friends. I have never seen or heard of an angry meeting in the hour of a war fever silenced, if not convinced, by words of justice, honour, and good sense. As a speaker who could *convince* his hearers, and, not so much astonish and delight them as change their opinions and convert them to his own, Richard Cobden stood alone in our time.

Lord Derby

In all the trappings of oratory of the old school, Lord Derby, the late Prime Minister and Chancellor of the University, stood without a rival first, though I know that Lord Houghton gave that place to the late Duke of Argyll. The noble person and bearing of Lord Derby, his sonorous voice and trained elocution were beyond any comparison, if it were not with Lord Lyndhurst, the Lord Chancellor. I remember a curious evidence of the permanence of hereditary likeness. Those who knew both men would certainly agree with me that no two men could be more unlike in

countenance than Edward Geoffrey, 14th Earl of Derby, the Prime Minister, and his eldest son, Edward Henry, the 15th Earl. One dark November evening, about the year 1869, I was leaving the London Library in St. James's Square, when I passed a man whom I took to be Lord Derby, the former Prime Minister. It gave me a shock, for I knew the Earl was dead. I was so much interested in the ghost-like double that I turned and watched the man round the Square. He stopped at No. 33, let himself in with a latch-key, and the ghost was obviously the son, the 15th Earl. Such is hereditary likeness, in spite of the most striking differences of physiognomy, and in a man twenty-seven years younger.

Disraeli, Roebuck, and Charles Stewart Parnell

Disraeli was more effective in the House than on a platform, to an audience of trained politicians than to a miscellaneous body; for his manner was eminently that of the House, conventional and inelegant, and his force lay in brilliant sarcasm and memorable epigram. Roebuck once told me that the reason that he himself enjoyed so fully the ear of the House was, that he made it a rule never to speak for more than twenty minutes, and "they knew he would not weary them." Certainly, Roebuck was listened to in the House with breathless attention, though his rasping criticism was seldom to the mind of any but a small minority. I stood beside Parnell during the only platform speech he ever made in London. He was nervous, deliberate, apparently cool, but curiously devoid of oratorical gifts. I sat beside him too at the trial before the Special Commission of 1889, when Sir Charles Russell made his grand speech in Defence—a speech by the way in which Russell had asked me to assist

him with historical references and citations. As Russell continued to enlarge on the story of Parnell's political career, the defendant bowed forward on the desk and buried his face in his hands. It was a dramatic (or melodramatic) moment, and I am not sure that it was not premeditated and artificial.

Personally, Charles Stewart Parnell was the most elegant and distinguished figure amongst all the public men of his time. But he left on me the impression of a sort of superhuman and Satanic pride and thirst for personal victory. He studied little, and cared nothing to improve, the condition of the Irish people. To him it was a matter of personal honour, pride, or revenge to bring England and its Government to their knees, and to prove what a deadly enemy an Irishman of Plantagenet race could be. I say this though I am in principle an Irish Nationalist myself, and have never wavered in my hearty support of the Home Rule cause. Nor did I ever fail to do justice to the extraordinary power and masterly will of the Irish leader. Parnell had nothing Irish about him, except his race-hatred and his beauty. He was intensely English—or rather the pure Norman aristocrat. But he ruined the cause by his selfish passion and insolent pride.

After the ludicrous exposures in the Divorce Court, and his repudiation by the Catholic world, it was obvious that he must cease (for a time at least) to be the head of a party in British politics. Gladstone did not depose Parnell from the headship of the Irish party. He simply refused to act with him as his colleague. Had Palmerston or Melbourne, Lord Derby or Gladstone ever figured in a Divorce Court to the derision of the public as a back-stairs adulterer, no one of them could have remained leader of a political party until the laugh

had subsided. Parnell imagined that his beauty and his arrogance made him a law to himself—above public opinion and ordinary custom. I expostulated with him in a long letter which I wrote to him after the trial, and urged him not to risk the cause of Ireland, but to go abroad for a season, marry in due course, and wait for a favourable opportunity to recover his place in public life. But one might as well ask Milton's hero to resign his "Throne of royal state," where he sat "insatiate to pursue vain war," and "by success untaught" displayed "his proud imaginations."

Lord Salisbury

The late Lord Salisbury, I suppose, was the last of our politicians who, by dignified presence and oratorical impulse, carried on the parliamentary traditions of former generations; and, with Mr. Gladstone, he was the only orator whose speeches gained greatly in power by the form of delivery and the personal impression they left on the hearer. The speeches of Robert Lowe, of Lord Granville, of Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Forster, with all their keen reasoning and lucid criticism, gained little by being heard, and were often better followed in *verbatim* reports. There is no reason to regret the passing away of the fashion of formal oratory, and its replacement by pointed argument on specific grounds, which can be tested by facts. Political practice, on the whole, has gained. It is a shallow fallacy which asserts that men are made rulers of the nation by glibness of tongue. Glibness has to be, and can be, acquired by practice. But to-day in Parliament each party urges its policy by definite arguments which the public understands and weighs. It is the proper business of the politician, not to please nor to persuade, but

to convince. And to *convince* well-informed and thinking men, nothing is needed but that practical and useful measures should be lucidly explained to them.

Mr. Gladstone

Of Mr. Gladstone I have said so much in a previous book that I will here not enlarge on his extraordinary powers as a speaker and his impressive, fascinating, and inspiring personality. The *Life*, by his friend and colleague, John Morley, though it shows the world more fully the religious, conscientious, and indomitable nature of the man, adds nothing, as I read it, to his character as a great statesman or wise director of his country's destinies. In all questions of finance and of parliamentary government he was supreme; or inferior only to Sir Robert Peel. In Foreign Policy he had no thorough mastery, and he made many fatal mistakes and acted with strange inconsistency, for he was constantly dominated by racial, accidental, personal, and even religious sympathies. As Prime Minister he had the dangerous defect of throwing himself with passion and absorbing interest into some immediate question, leaving things even more urgent and important to be settled by others. In this way, as in the American Civil War, in the Egyptian question, the Franco-German war, the Russo-Turkish war, and the Armenian question, he showed no insight. And in Home Rule he overrated his own power to command the nation, and even to carry with him his own friends and colleagues.

I was always treated by Mr. Gladstone with the finest courtesy and kindness, though I never could profess myself as his unhesitating follower and disciple. He quoted me once by name in the peroration of one of his great Reform speeches in the

House of Commons; I received from the Whip an offer of assistance to enter Parliament; and I frequently found myself a guest in a country-house when he was spending the week-end as Prime Minister. At one time it was perhaps open to me to become one of his parliamentary followers. But I have never dreamed of being anything but a strictly independent politician; and our Positivist principles could not be reconciled with permanent allegiance to any one of the recognised parties. The only occasion when I ever offered myself for election, or indeed ever considered seriously the offers made me, was when I stood in the test election of 1886 on Home Rule against Sir John Lubbock, to represent the University of London. Even then I took no part in the contest, even so much as by paying the trifling expenses, and I hardly considered the candidature as serious or more than a protest in support of the cause of Irish Nationalism.

I threw myself heartily into Mr. Gladstone's policy for Ireland, as I had done in his splendid efforts towards parliamentary, Church, and economical reform. But I was radically opposed to his policy in the Franco-German war of 1870, in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, in the Egyptian and Soudan campaigns of 1882-1885, and in his later demand for intervention in Armenia,—on all of which I spoke, wrote, and lectured in public in resolute condemnation of his action. I was naturally entirely out of sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's religious interests, always perhaps the dominant spring of his life. The letters and facts recorded in the *Memoirs* of Madame Novikoff (1909) show how completely Mr. Gladstone's Eastern policy was stimulated and coloured by Christian and anti-Mussulman sympathies. With some of these Russian and even some of the Anglican enthusiasts

for the bag and baggage scheme of purifying Europe from the Koran, politics degenerated into a sort of Crusade between two forms of monotheistic Creed.

The Jamaica Committee of 1866

In 1866 I took an active part in the Jamaica Committee which was formed to bring to trial the authors of the atrocities committed in the previous year, in suppressing the negro riots, and in executing and torturing men and women who were taken prisoners. In particular a body of Liberal politicians endeavoured to bring to the bar of justice Governor Eyre and the civil and naval officers who had wantonly carried out so-called Martial Law, and put the leaders to death without trial, in defiance of Constitutional Law. The story of the formation of this Committee, of which Charles Buxton was the original President, till he was succeeded by John Stuart Mill, is excellently told in Mr. Mill's *Autobiography*. I was a regular attendant at the Executive Committee—leading members of which were John Bright, Professor Fawcett, Professor Huxley, Thomas Hughes, Edward Miall, Goldwin Smith, and Herbert Spencer. I wrote a series of letters to the *Daily News* (November and December 1866), which were afterwards published by the Committee as No. 5 of their papers, and entitled *Martial Law*, 1867. I believe the legal doctrines upheld in that volume are entirely on all fours with those laid down by Chief Justice Cockburn in his charge to the Grand Jury in "Reg. *v.* Nelson and Brand."

These Letters of mine on the history of Martial Law were warmly approved by Mr. Bright, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Goldwin Smith. They were the result of a great deal of legal study, and were, I

believe, as just and as useful as anything I ever wrote. They met with bitter and unscrupulous attacks, often anonymous and fiercely vituperative. I was denounced as a lawyer who was trying to prejudice a case *sub judice.* A personal friend of my own attacked me in an anonymous article in the *Morning Post*, and then called on me to discuss it and see how I took the attack, but without disclosing to me that he was himself the writer. The legal principles of these "Letters" again came into review during the Boer War, when monstrous doctrines about the legality of Martial Law were enunciated in the House of Lords by Lord Chancellor Halsbury. I repeated the substance of these views in speeches, lectures, and a paper published by the South African Committee (No. 92, 1901), and partly reproduced in my *National and Social Problems* (No. X. p. 229). I seriously believe that no more momentous peril to law and order has arisen for centuries than when, in 1900-1902, the Imperialist and Constitutional party asserted the legality of Martial Law. It opens the way to anarchy and horrible reprisals.

CHAPTER XVI

ROYAL COMMISSION ON TRADES-UNIONS
1867-1869

DURING the years 1867-68-69 I was principally occupied with the Royal Commission on Trades-Unions, of which I was unexpectedly made a member, and with the parliamentary and public discussions to which it gave rise. The crimes of the Saw-grinders' Union in Sheffield (1866) produced a violent excitement, which led to the appointment of a Royal Commission by Lord Derby's Government in April 1867. The Home Secretary, Mr. Walpole, was pressed by the organised Trades to place a workman on the Commission in addition to Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., their principal spokesman in the House. After some negotiations and interviews, Mr. Walpole agreed to appoint a lawyer of their choice. They named myself, but without giving me any notice of their intention or of the interview, of which I knew nothing. The Permanent Secretary to the Home Office vehemently protested against my appointment, on the ground of what he told Mr. Walpole was the "revolutionary character" of my articles in the *Beehive.* But (Lord) Thring, then the parliamentary draftsman, undertook to guarantee my good character. Mr. Walpole announced in the House the list of the Commissioners, and it was accepted in the debate

by Mr. Forster and Mr. Hughes on behalf of the workmen.

I knew nothing of my appointment (nor even of any suggestion to that effect) until I read it in the *Times* the next day. My father was justly indignant, and pressed me to refuse to serve on the ground that it was most injurious to my professional prospects. It was possibly a stepping-stone to Parliament, though certainly not to a lucrative practice. But I felt that, as the appointment had been accepted by Parliament and the Government as the settlement of a hot party and class struggle, I could not decline to serve. I knew that I could do some service to the Labour cause ; and I had no ambition—I may say no hope—to succeed as a lawyer. The whole story of the Commission and my part in it has been admirably told in the book on *The History of Trade-Unionism*, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, 1894, largely from documents supplied them by John Burns, myself, and other friends, so that it would be quite needless for me to do more than refer to what they say, in a spirit, I fear, too friendly to myself.

It is difficult to-day to imagine the bitterness of the hostility to Trades-Unions common in 1867. The discovery of the crimes of Broadhead, the agent of the Sheffield Saw-grinders' Union, was made the occasion of a concerted attack in the Press and on platforms against the system of Trades-Unionism ; and those who defended and justified it were denounced as the advocates of assassination and crime. In particular my friend Professor Beesly, who had made an admirably wise and moderate speech at a meeting of Trades-Unionists at Exeter Hall, was singled out for attack. In urging the workmen to crush out the spirit of crime, he told them to repudiate the accusation that this was a normal incident of Unionism. As

a member of the Royal Commission I could take no part in the meeting; but to a journal which was conspicuous in the attack on Mr. Beesly, I wrote the following letter. I reproduce it as a specimen of the acrimony of the time, and of the charges which friends of the Unions had to meet.

There was a serious attempt made to deprive Mr. Beesly of his professorship and to expel him from the Headship of University College. The idea of silencing the academic friends of the workmen by social and professional penalties was a deliberate policy, which affected myself and many of my friends and colleagues. I stated this case in a public letter, which I now reproduce as a typical example of the bitterness of the industrial struggles of 1867-1869.

Mr. Beesly and his Censors

Sir—As you have been the foremost in the attack upon Mr. Beesly, I trust that you will give a hearing to a word from one who really knows what his conduct has been from the first. Of the severest criticism of his words, so long as they are fairly stated, and with no desire to inflict an injury beyond (and such your criticism at least has been), neither he nor I would complain. But when I see an organised effort going on to inflict on him at once actual social and professional ruin, stimulated as this is by constant misrepresentation, I, for one, will not leave him to meet it alone.

I say at once that the words which he used at Exeter Hall are not those which I should have used. For obvious reasons I declined to attend that meeting, and for the same reason I must forbear any comment upon the questions there discussed. But there is one subject upon which, as his friend, I feel myself free to speak. As I understand it, the substance of the charge against Mr. Beesly is this—that he has given to the Unionists immoral and mischievous counsel. What is the counsel he has been in the habit of giving them I know perhaps better than others, and I therefore feel bound to give my witness of what his influence has been.

Now of Mr. Beesly I say this deliberately, that in the

whole history of Unionism in this country there has been no man (I cannot even except Mr. Hughes) who has exercised over the best Unionist leaders a personal influence so wholesome, so moral in spirit, so disinterested as his. To the public he has advocated their cause upon conviction with an energy only too plain-spoken; but privately to the men themselves he has brought to bear the same plain-spoken zeal to point out faults and shortcomings, to appeal to a higher standard, to extirpate vices. Far from being the blind partisan of Unionism, he has over and over again insisted (though never so fully as to them) that he looked forward to a state of industry based on far more peaceful systems, on moral and not on material force. I could fill your sheets if I were to say how often to my knowledge he has exposed a job, or detected a dishonest act; checked an act of haste, or stopped a threatened strike; saved the men from some designing favourite, argued, lectured, one might almost say preached, on the uselessness of unions or leagues alone to raise their order, without a wider education and higher moral aims.

Why, the very thing which has distinguished his advice from that of most is that he incessantly urged moral, and not material, remedies for social disorders! The very best of the Unionist leaders, men mentioned everywhere with respect, will not forget how often the same plainness of speech and the same uncompromising judgment which the public now find so distasteful have been turned impartially on them. It would be easy to quote from his signed addresses in their own organs some of the truest rebukes and some of the noblest appeals to right that an independent and high purpose ever dictated. I well remember about this time last year a strenuous remonstrance (as they then felt unduly harsh) against the too prevalent neglect into which self-education was falling amidst the absorbing fight for Unionism and Reform. They were somewhat hurt at the time, but they knew that the man who could so counsel them was no dangerous, no time-serving friend, one who on that occasion, as on others, spoke from conviction and from a sense of duty, never afraid to oppose them, never courting their good-will, never seeking anything of them.

So far as to his conduct towards Unionists generally. With regard to the particular matter of trade outrages, no man can use plainer or stronger language than he has uniformly held. Those who choose to read his letters in the *Daily News* (and no one who has not read them has a

right to judge him) will see how completely he proves that; whilst other men have at most been engaged in using strong language, he has been earnestly engaged in active measures of remedy. The *Daily News* contains, beside a vigorous appeal to Unionists, published with his name in the *Beehive*, in 1867, to root up this Sheffield iniquity, a letter which he recently addressed to a powerful Union to point out the method of punishing an outrage which was suspected to have been committed by one of their body. There will be also found the evidence from one of the promoters of the recent meeting, that the course then pursued by them, and the admirable language they used, was actually suggested by this very man who is now charged with the contrary design.

But I will as little think of defending Mr. Beesly from a charge of palliating these infamies as I would from a charge of committing them. For I say this, that there is no man living who has so strenuously appealed to Unionists and working men of all ranks to tear up by the roots not only this particular form of outrage, but the very spirit of oppression, selfishness, and lawlessness, wheresoever a germ of it was to be found.

It is men who have laboured like this whom the foul tale which we have heard strikes down with its most sickening weight. It is easy for those who listen to it as to the tale told about some other or distant race of men, in whose sense of horror there may be lurking some mixture of triumphant justification, to run over the phrases of well-regulated indignation. But it is the men who have given some of the best hours of their lives to the task of battling with this evil temper in one or other form who really suffer at the revelation of its enormity and depth—men who foresee how the hard task of winning justice will be made harder; how the half-won cause will be thrown back; how unjust suspicions will be multiplied; how the innocent many will be confounded with the guilty few; how the brood who swell the passing gust of passion will give tongue. I wish your readers had before them, as I have now, a private letter to a friend written by this very man fresh from the story of Broadhead's villainies, that they might read the grief and horror it expresses; the fierce desire to drag this cancer up by the roots in the sight of all men; the plan suggested there to track up a recent suspected act of violence; the cry that it contains for some power capable of giving a moral tone to the future of industry. The apologist of murderers forsooth!

Conscious that he and those around him had done their duty fully in this matter, and knowing the use to which men were seeking to turn the story of these crimes, Mr. Beesly was unexpectedly called upon to speak. In effect, he said this: "All that has been done by you in denouncing these crimes is right. I can add nothing more, for I have been the foremost in counselling you not only to denounce but to extirpate these crimes. But beware that whilst protesting you do not accept the imputation which many desire to fasten on you—that there is a criminal spirit inherent in Unionism itself, that you may be each of you possible Broadheads in germ. You know that as a body you are in nowise tainted with the least portion of this hideous vice. Speak, then, like men who will not tolerate the insinuation that you are."

Now, I say it advisedly, such a warning was only too necessary. There are men who lose no chance of filling the public mind with the belief that unionism and terrorism are akin. They desire nothing better than to drive the whole working class to put on an aspect of contrition. Why of contrition? Men talk as if masses of our fellow-countrymen were but the half-doubting accomplices of assassins; and are nervously anxious not to disturb what they call their "proper spirit" of remorse, as though they had been arrested on the verge of crime by some sudden awakening of conscience. Mr. Beesly spoke to his hearers like a man who knows that this is false, that their conscience is as free and as healthy with respect to this enormity as that of any class in the community, who need no one to coax or urge them into indignation, and are conscious that they have nothing to excuse in themselves. He warned them against those who long that they should place themselves in another light and "confess and avoid" a guilt of which they are free. And it is a warning which I, for one, am ready to repeat.

Then turning to the public outside he said in effect this: "You who stand pointing—some of you not without secret exultation—at the crimes of men of another class, are you so keen to mark crimes done in your own class? Crimes and criminals take many shapes, and the assassin differs somewhat from the tyrant; but the murderous spirit fomented by class passion is not peculiar to this order of men or to that. Are you always clear-sighted enough to detect it under its many forms? Have not some of you turned a deaf ear to the story of men who lately fell victims

to this very spirit in crowds, the same spirit under an official disguise, and shielded and succoured those whom we charged with it? [Company promoters' frauds.] Cease to point the finger like Pharisees at any order of men! Crimes like these are not sectional, but national, which in every class appear in other shapes. Lay not the guilt of them on one set of men, for the same spirit pervades all class feuds alike, and the battle of industry everywhere. Unequal rights, uneven administration of justice, laws which make the same act a crime in men of one class, and no crime in the men of another class, spring in their roots out of that same wild selfishness and class fanaticism which has just been laid bare in its vilest form." Again I say this warning was very necessary, and is one which I am ready to repeat. Had it come from a pulpit under different phrases it would have been looked on as having something of religious truth, and would have met with but passing notice. Coming from whence it did, from a quarter where it may mean a reality, it came upon us with startling force, which may not be without its effect.

The real meaning of that speech as a whole, I know, on excellent authority, was perfectly understood by those who heard it. No one of them saw in it, as those who do not know them imagine that they might, the slightest extenuation of crimes they were all met to denounce. The speaker knew his hearers, and they knew him. And they knew that in this matter, as in others, he was incapable of giving them any sinister counsel. They will form, they are now expressing, their own judgment on an attempt to inflict practical ruin on a man on a charge of which they best know that he is innocent. Men like Mr. Beesly, who bring the knowledge and the training of another class to the side of the labourer, who see how far short is Unionism of what is needed for the full regeneration of industry, yet who seeing its weakness and its evils desire it still to be strong in the existing emergencies, are not the worst advisers and advocates they may find. It is a short-sighted policy to endeavour to crush them for undertaking such a task. They do not care overmuch for what can be either given or taken away by the opinion of the hour, and they have chosen their side with their eyes open. But I can hardly think that these vexed questions will be much advanced by an appeal to what one side at least will regard as the well-used weapon of social oppression.

Personnel of the Commission

The Commission, which lasted two entire twelvemonths, occupied my time very seriously; for it took me away from Lincoln's Inn to Westminster two or three days a week, and involved an immense amount of correspondence, interviews, and composition. As my principal client in Lincoln's Inn pleasantly remarked at this time—"So, I see you have left us!" I denied the kind impeachment; but it was too true. Sir W. Erle was a dogged adherent of the obsolete doctrine of "restraint of trade," individual contracts, and the orthodox plutonomy of his day. His prejudices prevented him from seeing that he was constantly unfair and one-sided. He even could not always control his temper, and was quite incompetent as a Chairman. Lord Elcho, now Earl of Wemyss, completely dominated the Commission, and he led his brother-in-law, the Earl of Lichfield. Roebuck was tart, angry, and purely negative, for he could not master the legal and administrative points in dispute. Herman Merivale was independent, critical, and orthodox. Hughes was too busy with many things in Parliament and outside to give regular work to the Commission, which he was very willing to leave to me, and no man could have a more loyal or more genial comrade than he proved to be throughout. Sir Daniel Gooch, of the Great Western Railway, and Mr. Matthews, Chairman of the Midland Ironmasters' League, were business men of great energy, and keen opponents of the tradesmen.

They were well supplied with facts and figures by the masters' agents, but not nearly so well supplied as we were by Applegarth, Howell, and Allen, the Union Secretaries. The drastic draft

report prepared by Mr. Booth, at the instigation of Sir W. Erle, would have bound the Unions as bondsmen to their employers, had it been the foundation of legislation. We fought it line by line, and succeeded in deleting about nineteen out of every twenty clauses—mainly, I must say, by the vigour and good feeling of the two Peers who were the only truly impartial members of the Commission. Lord Elcho's ability and Lord Lichfield's sense of justice, with occasional help from the cool intellect of Merivale, bore down the majority; and the Chairman's weakness, coupled with his natural desire to get some report agreed on, led to clause after clause being thrown overboard, to the rage and scorn of Roebuck, who told them that they did not know their own minds—"as that man opposite does."

In the result, we drew up a minority report, signed by Lord Lichfield, Hughes, and myself. To this I prepared a long and elaborate appendix, examining the whole evidence and arguing each point in proposed legislation. This was signed by Hughes and myself, and ultimately became the foundation of all subsequent debates in Parliament and the Press. It made repressive legislation impossible, and when a Liberal Government succeeded, Sir John Coleridge, Solicitor-General in 1868, told me that our views would prevail. I may fairly claim that this appendix of mine has been the foundation of the Trades-Union law between 1868 and 1906; and it is probably the most permanent work in which I have been engaged in politics.

Ireland

In the same year (May 1867) was drawn up, after a meeting in my chambers in Lincoln's Inn, the petition to the House of Commons in favour

of the political prisoners in Ireland. It was presented by Mr. Bright, who had cordially approved of it, after furious opposition and a discussion which lasted for two hours. I have the correspondence with Bright on the subject. The petition argued for palliation of the offences of Fenian rebels on the ground of the historic oppression of Ireland as a nation by England, for mitigation of the severe sentences passed on them, and for their treatment as political offenders and not as ordinary criminals. The petition was signed by Dr. Congreve, Dr. Bridges, Professor Beesly, Henry Crompton, Charles Cookson, myself and some others, and we styled ourselves "citizens of England"—a phrase which was taken to be rank republicanism.

This petition was part of a movement in favour of Irish Reform by the "Irish Society," the objects and principles of which are set forth in the admirably clear and statesmanlike essay, "Ireland," in the collected volume of Dr. Congreve's Essays, 1874. As I read this paper, with its programme of legislative remedies after an interval of forty years, I am again impressed by its justice, truth, and wisdom, and I feel a thrill of pride in having taken part in a movement which anticipated by many years the great series of reforms carried out by Morley, Gladstone, and their colleagues during the last forty years. Our Ireland Society was formed nearly twenty years before Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. It was a plea rather for Irish Nationalism than for a Parliament in Dublin. And it is noteworthy that the four remedial measures advocated have all been more or less carried through since 1868. They were—

1. Abolition of the Irish Established Church.
2. Settlement of the land question by giving cultivators proprietary rights.

3. Primary and gratuitous education for the poor.
4. Grants to develop the resources of Ireland.

The Fortnightly Review

It was in the year 1865 that the *Fortnightly Review* was established by G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, J. Cotter Morison, Walter Bagehot, and others connected with the great publishing house of Chapman and Hall. It was designed to be an English *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was the first attempt at a first-class review which was to appear *twice* in the month, and was to be strictly signed with real names. Lewes was editor for a year, and was succeeded in 1866 by John Morley, who gave the *Review* its real vogue and success. It was soon apparent that neither English writers nor the English public could sustain a fortnightly issue, and so the *Review* speedily resorted to a monthly issue, without changing its name, nor did its imitator, the *Nineteenth Century*, change its name in the twentieth century. But its novel principle of signed articles has been a success, and has forced nearly all other periodicals, even the Conservative old *Quarterly* in its centenary, to do the same.

I was asked by Lewes to write in the first number, and I chose to deal with the great strike and lock-out in the iron trade of the Midlands. My article was warmly approved by Lewes and George Eliot, but the editor told me (no doubt with editorial euphemism) that its length had forced him to set it up in smaller type. I wrote three long and elaborate essays on economic questions in the year 1865, and I continued to write some two or three articles each year from 1865 to 1875, when the *Contemporary Review* was edited

by James Knowles, and the *Nineteenth Century* was founded by him in 1877.

I find that between the years 1865 and 1905 I have written in all in eighty-eight different numbers,—rather more than two articles in each of the forty years, about half of which have been reissued in published volumes of mine; but about forty of the articles have not yet been reprinted. In 1873 and 1874 I wrote in each number the Summary of Public Affairs for the month. But Morley and I took different views of Bismarck's May Laws against Rome, and I ceased to be responsible for the monthly *résumé*, which was dropped. Events have shown that he was wrong and that I was right, when I condemned Bismarck's attack on the Church as unjust and futile. Although I wrote frequently in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century*, of which James Knowles was editor, I continued to write in the *Fortnightly Review*; and during the years 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894 the *Nineteenth Century* was closed to me in consequence of my differing from the editor about the restoration to Athens of the Elgin Marbles.

CHAPTER XVII

THE YEARS 1861 TO 1871

THE years 1861 to 1871 were the years of my life in which I had the greatest strain of work, and in which I undertook the most varied occupations. I was careful of my health, for I had a horse and rode almost daily; for six months my home was in the country, in my father's delightful house at Eden Park in Kent. Each year I took from four to six weeks' holiday in the autumn, mountaineering in the Alps and travelling in Italy, or in walking tours in the English Lakes and the Yorkshire Moors. I wrote essays in the *Westminster Review* on Italy, Law, and the Science of History, on the Lancashire Cotton Famine, and Alpine mountaineering. Altogether in those ten years I published more than twenty articles in monthly reviews. I published also the essays—*Meaning of History*, and *England and France*, since reissued. I was editor of *International Policy*, and wrote the essay on *England and France*. I engaged in controversy on my *Neo-Christianity*, and on the *Science of History*. I lectured at the Working Men's College during three or four years, and at Cleveland Street Hall on history, and also at Chapel Street,—the first Positivist Hall. I was occupied with the Building Strike in London, and with the Iron-founders' lock-out in the Midlands. I wrote with my

name in the *Beehive* regularly and in several other newspapers, and served on the Royal Commission on Trades-Unions, and on the Commission for Digesting the Law. I worked on the Executive of the Jamaica Committee and published the volume on Martial Law. In 1869 I was appointed Examiner to the Inns of Court at Lincoln's Inn. During the same years I was pretty closely occupied with legal work in the Equity Courts, in the Committees of Houses of Lords and Commons, and in conveyancing drafts. In 1863 and 1864 I was the reporter for the *New Reports* of the civil law and foreign cases in the Privy Council. My professional income never exceeded £600 in any year, and rarely amounted to more than half that sum. But it occupied me about half of my whole time, and I was seldom without briefs or papers in Chambers for more than a week or ten days. My work in chambers ceased when I had a regular salary, first as Examiner and then as Professor to the Council of Legal Education.

Legal Work

About the years 1867-1868 I was involved in a series of very heavy cases in the Equity Courts and in the Committees of Lords and Commons. Besides a regular stream of conveyances on mortgage and sales, I was junior counsel in the long litigation of Bovill's Flour Milling Patent against the Millers' National Association. The obstinate litigation took various forms both at common law and in Chancery, (Sir) W. Grove, Q.C., (Lord Justice) Mathew, and G. Druce, Q.C., being leaders. In one day I signed more than 200 separate Bills in Chancery, which were ultimately consolidated. We succeeded and finally secured nearly £200,000 for Bovill's Patent. In

Committees I held briefs for the Chatham and Dover Debenture-holders both in the Commons and the Lords. But the work did not please me. I wrote to my friend, August 1867—

> I have now for the first time tasted professional success, that is, the appearance and perhaps the lucre of it. The result is that I am altogether miserable. A life like this would make me cut my throat.

After the year 1868 I had no legal work in the Equity Courts, nor in the Parliamentary Committee Rooms, neither of which were in the least to my taste. Nor indeed had I any need of such business, for I passed into other branches of law work. In 1869 I was appointed Examiner in Jurisprudence, Roman Law, and Constitutional History for the Council of Legal Education, the Chairman of which was that kind and courteous gentleman Mr. Spencer Walpole, former Home Secretary under Lord Derby, by whom I had been nominated in 1867 on the Trades-Union Royal Commission. I held this office of Examiner for some years, and found it a congenial mode of study.

As Examiner for Call to the Bar

Many were the curious results of examining the work of students from all parts of the British Empire, from East and West, men of many languages and of various races—French Canadians, and Frenchmen from Mauritius, Dutchmen from the Cape, Negroes from Jamaica, Hindoos, Parsees, Moslems, from India, Buddhists from Ceylon and Siam, Confucians from Hong-Kong, and Shintoists from Japan—and all these mingled with Irish, Scots, and Welsh from the British Universities. I often found that students from the East, Hindoos and Siamese, stood above first-class men from Oxford and Cambridge, and that even in translating

the Latin of the Institutes into English. On one occasion, in a list of nearly one hundred, the first, second, and third men were a Japanese, a Mussulman from Madras, and a Hindoo from Calcutta. One of the acutest examinees I have ever met in any list was a young Siamese. And one of the ablest men I ever met was Mr. Wu, late Chinese Minister at Washington, who won the studentship under his original name of Ng Choy. I was so much struck with his extraordinary powers, for he wrote in the *Times* some very able letters on the Opium Question, that I sent for him to my chambers and inquired into his training and his prospects. Educated in the English Missionary School of Hong-Kong, and nominally a Christian, then having taken his degree in the Chinese school, he spent four years in London; and, being an English barrister, he returned to practise in the international Court in China. He became secretary to Prince Li Hung Chang; and he finally rose to be one of the most successful diplomats and officials of the Chinese Empire. His wit and eloquence made him popular in the United States. It was he who replied to a lady pressing him to explain what the "Boxers" of 1899 really were, that they were in China what your "Christian Young Men's Societies" are in the West. He told Sir C. Lofenglu that he was himself a Positivist, and urged Sir Chichen to become so also. The Chinese Minister, in fact, attended some of my Positivist addresses at Newton Hall.

Another of the young students who came under my notice was the distinguished Judge and Member of Council, Syed Ameer Ali, with whom I have had friendly relations for twenty years, and whose learned books I have constantly used. It gratified me, that a Professor of Jurisprudence from Tokio, Mr. N. Hozumi, came to me at Sutton Place, and

presented me with a copy of the Civil Code of Japan, 1898, of which he was one of the three authors, reminding me how more than twenty years previously he had begun the study of scientific jurisprudence in the Hall of the Middle Temple at my lectures. Another of my pupils was the able advocate and publicist, Mr. Senāthi Raja of Ceylon, and now of Madras, who represented the native landholders of Ceylon at the Royal Jubilee of 1897 in Westminster Abbey.

Like all those of a similar experience I have often been struck by the extraordinary aptitude of Indian students in written examinations. Their receptiveness to the minutest shades of English literary practice is unexampled even amongst the best European scholars. I remember that when marking the papers of a student at Lincoln's Inn I saw at once that he had been trained in an English university. Presently, I noted that this was Oxford, and I could see that his college was Balliol, and that he had been a pupil of Jowett. I called him into my room for *viva voce* examination, and at first was surprised to find that he was a Hindoo of dark colour. But my conjecture was right: he had been for three years at Balliol, and had caught the exact handwriting and analytic method of that manufactory of prize-men. During the twenty years that I acted first as examiner and then as Professor of Jurisprudence under the Council of Legal Education, an immense number of law students passed through my hands before admission to the Bar. The foreign students, Indian, Japanese, and Chinese, often remained in correspondence or in some kind of relation with me. So that I have had a constant succession of friends and readers amongst the cultivated order of Oriental students; and, they tell me, my books are well known in Japan.

I have often noticed a remarkable fact in the correspondence of Indians, from whom I receive constantly a stream of letters, with essays, appeals, and requests for advice and help. Many of these men who have never quitted India in their lives, and have had but slight acquaintance with any Englishmen even there, write English letters not only with perfect accuracy, but with such exact conformity to our handwriting, form of expression, and the *nuances* of letters, that no one could detect the style of a foreigner. Now no European scholar, however familiar with our language he may be, ever attains to this accuracy, which amounts to that required to prove the authenticity of a banker's cheque. I believe the reason to be that the Hindoo (I do not find this with Japanese or Chinese students), feeling himself a British subject, more fully submits to adopt the smallest peculiarity of English habits.

Royal Commission for Digesting the Law

In 1869 I was appointed Secretary to the Royal Commission for Digesting the Law, the Chairman of which was Lord Westbury, then retired from the office of Lord Chancellor. The conception of forming a Digest of the Case-law of England had long been a dream of Bethell, who some years previously had desired me to draft a scheme of the kind during his Chancellorship. Bethell, whose imagination always far outstripped his mastery of materials, and whose industry fell far short of his brilliancy of conception, had impressed his colleagues and the Government with the need of attempting to classify the enormous mass of the Case-law that had accumulated during several centuries. All scientific lawyers agreed that the work was most essential; but few, and least of all Bethell, under-

stood the stupendous difficulties that stood in the way. Lord Hatherley, then Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, nominated a Royal Commission to report on the problem of Digesting the Case-law. Westbury was Chairman; Lord Hatherley, Earl Cairns, Lord Penzance, Sir Roundell Palmer, Justice Willes, Robert Lowe, (Lord) Thring, and Sir Erskine May were members. Various schemes were discussed with no definite result. Three barristers were engaged in preparing specimen digests. The administrative business of the Commission was muddled; and the great lawyers all ended by criticising and contradicting each other.

The truth is that the whole thing was ill planned from the beginning, or rather was not planned at all. The task was one of enormous difficulty, which could only be faced by men in the prime of life, wholly detached from every other duty or interest, who would work patiently for twenty years under the direction of a lawyer who had the learning of Eldon and the genius of Bacon. Retired chancellors, judges, and statesmen at the close of their careers, with various interests and duties and with no notion of scientific jurisprudence, were quite unable to grasp such a problem. Veteran judges, accustomed to have every knot lucidly unfolded to them at the bar, have no longer the industry to conquer puzzles unaided, nor the sense of principle to clear up antinomies. These famous pundits did not trust or respect each other's opinions; and they had little enthusiasm for the business they were on. Most of all, Bethell was discredited and even distrusted by his colleagues. He was in the last years of his life; his fall had been a scandal; and his mental force was exhausted. He had no real knowledge of Case-law at any time. And as an administrator he was indolent, "viewy," and

unbusinesslike. As secretary I could do little more than try to cover his indiscretions and extricate him from the pitfalls into which his heedlessness betrayed him. He would not read, and would hardly listen to the memoirs sent in by his colleagues; and when I tried to explain the criticism forwarded by a very learned official he interrupted me with a cry of "the urchin!" He had been accustomed so long to treat lightly the views of others than himself, and was by this time so unfit for systematic labour, that he could not gird himself (in his seventieth year) to such an Herculean task; and none of his dignified and aged colleagues were willing to undertake it. On one occasion Sir James S. Willes passionately implored Lord Cairns to devote himself to the work, which Cairns naturally declined to do. It was wholly beyond the powers of ex-chancellors and judges, or any such men. If Willes and Cairns had both devoted themselves to the task before they were forty, and had used the services of Fitzjames Stephen and Sir Frederick Pollock, had received a grant of £100,000 and a limit of twenty years, perhaps the achievement might have succeeded, and something like a *Corpus Juris Britannici* might have resulted. But then English Law and Equity is not Roman Law; and neither Bethell, nor Hatherley, nor Cairns had the making of a new Tribonian. Lord Chancellors are great advocates—not great jurists.

An Egyptian Code

Another legal appointment of a very different kind had been proposed to me. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling), when he was Ambassador to the Sultan at Constantinople, conceived the idea of inducing the Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, to reform the law and the law-courts in his dominions,

and to promulgate a Code in some conformity to European ideas. Bulwer applied to our Privy Council, and through Sir Henry Maine my name was given to the Ambassador as suggested author of a new Code. I sent out my testimonials, and half seriously declared that I was willing to go out to Cairo for three years at most, and with an adequate position and remuneration for my services. Nothing came of it, and I was not at all anxious that anything should come. I am pretty sure that old Ismail was not seriously willing to act on the suggestion; and I believe that he ultimately turned to the advice of French diplomatists and jurists. I had almost forgotten the incident till a friend returned to me a letter that I had written to him about the matter in a burlesque vein. It ran thus:—

> I have had an extraordinary proposal coming from the Embassy at Constantinople to go out as Vizier to the Pasha Khedive of Egypt, in order to draw up a Code of laws and to reform the Courts of Justice, etc., etc. Oriental entertainment, of course!—and, I suppose, the plunder of a province or two for pay!!!
>
> I am to go down into Egypt to be a new Joseph to this ancient Pharaoh—and to become a Bashaw of Three Tails!
>
> Mussulman Faith, and the peculiar rite of admission to be optional in my case—Hareem and so forth at discretion. And in three years I am to return a Nabob—unmutilated and without domestic encumbrances! What do you advise?
>
> —Shall I go out? or grub on in dusty chambers here?

I fear that a young barrister with various tastes and not too many briefs took most things in a sadly frivolous vein, and had an incurable habit of chaffing his friends and of lampooning his enemies. I was incorrigibly addicted to writing letters to any one I knew, and even to the Press.

CHAPTER XVIII

LONDON LIFE, 1860–1870

Music and Theatres

It is not to be supposed that I took life too seriously in my bachelor days, or that all my literary effusions were severely philosophical or fiercely political. I enjoyed the Italian opera, of which I heard all the masterpieces and all the famous singers in the great decade of the 'sixties. I was a member of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and seldom missed an oratorio at Exeter Hall or a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, even going constantly to rehearsals as well as to the public performances. I remember the *débuts* of Patti, Lucca, Giuglini, and Formes, and of Joachim and Herr Manns—and I cannot withhold my testimony that the opera of those days was a nobler kind of art than it has become in the twentieth century—when Wagner's discords have ruined singers' voices, and the rage for "new" types of art has led to irritating experiments in dissonant affectation.

As to the theatre, the stage in England fifty years ago was immeasurably beneath the standard of to-day. Except in farce, the pieces alternated between vulgar melodrama and conventional tragedy. The mounting and the "supers" were hardly worthy of a shilling booth at a fair. As I had seen Rachel in her prime, and regularly attended the French

plays in London and at the Théâtre Français in Paris, and had seen all the best theatres in France, Germany, and Italy, and keenly enjoyed Ristori and Salvini, in Shakespeare and Alfieri, I felt nothing but weariness and disgust at the conventional tragedies of Phelps, Charles Kean, and Gustavus Vasa Brooke. I had seen Macready; but he left the stage before I was out of my 'teens; and the memory of his Hamlet and his Macbeth was not enough to reconcile me to the British stage.

My pet aversion was the meritorious Samuel Phelps; and I found in an old scrap-book a criticism of his Macbeth which I wrote for the *Reader*, an extinct weekly rival of the *Athenæum* (April 15, 1865). Fraser Rae was then editor, and asked me to send him something; so I fired off two articles on the British Stage. These were duly translated in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, with the editor's good word that "at last a school of dramatic criticism has arisen in England." The paper was hardly serious, and certainly a caricature. But it may be read as a burlesque satire on the worst faults of the mid-Victorian suburban stage.

The Stage and its Critics

Sir—The *Reader* has done so much to promote a really independent criticism of books that I am looking forward to see it deal in a spirit of similar freedom with the stage. How long are the theatres to be closed to persons of cultivated taste, and theatrical criticism remain a branch of the art of the puffer? Hearty condemnation of bad plays and bad acting appears to have been voted indecorous. Authors, painters, and architects have to pass a rigid and impartial scrutiny; but singers, actors, and dancers command a ready flow of sugary commonplace. I take up my pen to implore you, in the interest of a noble art, to send some of the Rhadamanthi of your staff, before whom poets and historians tremble, to measure out the same stern justice to the actors and the theatres of London.

I happen to be particularly fond of good acting, and to have a high opinion of the value and charm of this wonderful art. But, of course, like other persons of any education, I am debarred that pleasure in this country. I have, indeed, a settled resolution never to enter a London theatre, but now and then I get entrapped into seeing a play. Sometimes a country cousin beguiles me; sometimes I am fairly taken in by the boisterous praise of the professional claquers. Well, I go; trusting it will not, cannot, be so bad as on the last occasion. Each time I come home jaded, outraged, and wretched. My ears have been tortured by the sort of talk one hears from a superfine hairdresser. No vulgarism of look, tone, or gesture has been spared one. Fellows, with no more manners than a footman, strut about as Sir Charles and Lord Harry; their insufferable airs leave me sick, weary, and distracted. The women—but I will say nothing of them, poor things. Surely, if an average servants' hall were to play the parts—footmen for the men of fashion, cookmaids for the fine ladies, and the butler for the heavy father—it could not be more unlike the ways and the language of real gentlemen and real ladies. Of course there are gentlemen on the stage. Mr. Kean, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Wigan, Mr. Fechter—to say nothing of others —are as completely gentlemen on the stage as they are off it. What I mean is, that the rank and file—the dukes, counts, and baronets (save the mark!)—might have learnt all they know in a public billiard-room.

This may sound rather hard; but my case is, that the bulk of the actors, being almost without any education or training, have settled into a coarse, conventional routine. Do people ever ask themselves if the whole stage business is not utterly forced and absurd? Why are we to swallow the whole system at a gulp? It may be necessary to rouge the face and walk in long strides, but why say "wurrr-uld" for "world"? and why laugh always with the ha-ha of a sporting bagman? And then the "supers"! What, in heaven's name, is the good of those seedy vagabonds—those gawky ticket-porters in velvet cloaks and fleshings—those scraggy lords in waiting, who all raise the right hand, and stare in each other's faces every three minutes—those berouged, leering, stripped sluts? I sicken at the thought of them. The English physiognomy and form (the admiration, as we know, of the foreigner) happens to be singularly ill adapted to the display of antique costume. Why, then, this greasy crowd

of street idlers, with their boozy faces, their mutton-chop whiskers and ill-shaven chins, their daubed cheeks, their wry knees and feet. The noble dress and trappings of our ancestors are utterly absurd on the backs of ill-favoured ragamuffins. A really good *mise en scène* (such as that of "Faust" at Covent Garden) requires unlimited cost and care. Anything short of this would make the best acting intolerable, and had better be left to a country fair.

The other day, deceived by the critics and a false friend, I went to see the famous Phelps. As Mr. Phelps (to speak plainly) seems to me the type of a bad actor, I venture to give you the impression he left on me. Stilted elocution, without one ray of feeling, taste, or sense, was all I heard from beginning to end. Resonant pomposity alternated with a sort of hoarse howl; a good deal of gurgling in the throat, a stage whisper, and occasional shouting made up the rest. I failed to detect the slightest attempt at character or reality. His sole object seemed to be to deliver the lines with the regulation howl, gurgle, shout—shout, gurgle, howl. His device to express courage is to brandish his sword; his expedient to show alarm is to shake his limbs. That done, every passage—whether requiring rapidity or calmness, passion or thought, ease or transport—is given in one uniform bluster. He may well tell us that he has played some forty characters of Shakespeare. It can signify very little to him (or indeed to any one else) whether he mouths out one set of verses or another. Hour after hour, the same torrent of affectation and noise poured on. But why, if he is simply to mouth out the lines, can he not pronounce the lines like a Christian? Why not say, like other people, "Great Neptune's ocean"? Why need this be, "Gra-ate Napetchoun's aushun"?

I have no sort of ill-will to Mr. Phelps. I doubt not he is, as he told the Stratford Committee, the first Shakespearean actor of our day. I have no doubt he is; and an excellent husband and father. But I wish he would engage himself as toastmaster at the London Tavern, the only place for which nature designed him. On the stage, I take it, he is as bad an actor as stupidity and mannerism can make a man. I have no sort of ill-feeling towards him, except the gentle antipathy one has to a man who has caused one three hours of intense agony. During the last thirty years he has received such a torrent of fulsome eulogy, that he can hardly mind now the flea-bite of one crabbed critic. I must say,

when I reflect on the cataract of noise which in these years has issued out of that muscular throat, and think of the generations of honest playgoers in Islington whose taste he has vitiated, I do feel a little fretful. By the soul of Thespis, sir, I could make an automaton on wheels to speak more naturally.

The others (I don't know their names) were not quite so bad—but only because they had less to say. Of course, they were feeble editions of Mr. Phelps. Of course, like all ordinary actors, they distorted at least two-thirds of the language. We all know what the stage dialect is. "A" becomes "ah" or "ur"; "e" becomes "a" or "u"; "I" becomes "ee"; "o" becomes "aw"; and "u" becomes "oo" or "ou." The reason of this is pretty clear to any one who has considered the theory of sound. As Mr. Max Müller tells us, nearly all our vowels (and indeed more than he thinks) are either short or compound sounds. These cannot be sustained on the voice. As actors, in their love of "elocution," think it fine to spout their words out with a sort of high-pitched drawl, they are forced to distort the words in order to sustain the note.

Thus mispronunciation and "elocution" are convertible terms. An actor who alters the vowels is sure to be doing the stage singsong. When he is spouting his verses we may be certain of having the English speech wrung into that bedevilled English-Scotch-Yankee jargon that sets our teeth on edge when we go incautiously to a tragedy. Shakespeare writes—

> "Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
> That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

This passage is roared by Mr. Phelps in this strain—

> "Ye-urrrr eet naut, Duncan; furr eet ees ur knale
> Thet sam- (rumbling noises) -mauns thee tur haven o'errrr
> tur hale (gurgling)."

Under the effect of this constant burring I found it impossible to recognise the lines. Passages as familiar to me as my own name were drowned in this flood of nauseous declamation; and the play was as utterly lost to me as if it had been ranted in Chinese.

Now, sir, I want to know whose fault it is that the English stage is thus closed to men of ordinary refinement

and education. Abroad, in any country in Europe, I can find reasonable enjoyment on the stage. In every little town in Italy you may see the popular melodramas acted with wonderful truth and spirit. In Germany I have seen Shakespeare and Schiller excellently played, with an ease and careful intelligence which thoroughly interprets the poets. Gervinus shows how very important to the student the suggestions of the stage may become, and how impossible it is to estimate Shakespeare aright until he is seen in actual performance. I remember that I never saw the full force of the scene of the porter in *Macbeth* until I heard the play in Italian (of course, on the English stage it is suppressed). In Paris, at the Théâtre Français, the masterpieces of Molière are played with consummate truth, simplicity, and delicacy. I do not know where a man of education could find a more refined enjoyment. At home, where is he to go? Mr. Fechter, no doubt, is an accomplished actor, but of late he confines himself to *tableaux vivants.* I am told that crowds have been lately flocking to the Princess's to see a house on fire, and to Astley's to look at a naked woman [Ada Menken]. I believe there are one or two French and American people of some merit. But much as I admire French actors, I prefer to hear them in French, not in broken English; and Yankee English to my ears is even worse than actors' English. Abroad the stage is the very best school of language. At home it is the model of everything bad. At the Comédie Française, the performers one and all give us the impression of being well bred and well educated. On the London stage the rank and file are about on a par in tone and language with the average betting-man. I want to know why London is the only capital in civilised Europe in which the stage cannot afford a little rational enjoyment to a man of taste. I do not want to run a-muck against everything alike, and I will say at once that the regular farce, to which one goes prepared for rollicking vulgarity, expecting to see low people in their noisiest and coarsest aspect, is excessively natural and funny. Of course, I have laughed to suffocation at poor Robson as the blackguard street minstrel, and at Buckstone as the vulgar Cockney. I never said that English actors and actresses cannot play low people to the life. They make inimitable footmen and servant girls. But I am not always in the mood to be amused by low buffoonery, or even low wit. I will not deny also that the scenery is often exquisite, and even a pantomime occasionally is pretty. But

unless I am entertaining a schoolboy, I don't care much for dissolving views and spangled fairies. I want to see the great English comedies and tragedies performed with refinement and intelligence. I suspect there is only one way in which this can be obtained. I recommend that the theatres (as hopelessly vitiated) be closed permanently by Act of Parliament. I suspect well-managed societies of amateurs would, with a little experience, do much better. In the meantime I want to see some serious and real dramatic criticism. I wish to see the end of the system of close personal intercourse between actors and critics, under which they have gone on spoiling each other until the business of the one has become a sort of vapid puffing, and the business of the other a sort of vulgar rant.—I am, etc.,

HISTRIOMASTIX.

Carlyle and Nigger-Philanthropists

I plead guilty to the charge of being given to caricature. And in the old scrap-book I found a caricature of Carlyle, which I fired off to a Radical daily during the hottest times of the agitation about the Jamaica Riots of 1866. I was a member of the executive committee which had endeavoured to bring to trial Governor Eyre, and the military and naval officers, who had carried massacre and torture through the island after all signs of riot had ended. Carlyle was an active member of the committee formed to defend and honour the authors of the crimes committed under pretext of so-called Martial Law. In his pamphlet, *Shooting Niagara and After?* (1867), he had attacked us as a "Knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter" (Works, vol. xi. p. 352).

I am ashamed to say that in my wrath I barked in the gutter too. But Carlyle was the last man who could complain of an adversary's violent language. My letter ran thus:—

A New Lecture on Hero-Worship

It may be known to some men (or it may be unknown)—in this purblind generation it matters little—that I, Thomas, have been going about this sad world of ours, my masters, in search of a true Man; and in all these 500 million of non-edible human fungi have up to these latter days found no *vera effigies* of a real Man—only mere meat-assimilating things—*Homines*, or, let us rather say, *Homunculi*. No *Vir* or genuine Male human animal. Now, in these sore times there has become visible, nay, actually in the flesh corporeally tangible to me, at least one living human creature. Him the blabbing mendacities themselves see to be no Phantasm fungus, edible or non-edible, but just a *Man* with Eyes and Hands—very tough, knuckly, altogether not-to-be-trifled-with hands, in good sooth—aye, and Teeth, too, to those whom it may concern. A Man, I say, to whom the unveracious cant that your pettifogging rascals call Law is just so much dirt thrown up by ants or moles—a man who can pat his foot down upon such formicacious sand-heaps and crush them like dust, be the ants inside them—or Not; and say before Gods and Men, "I, this Man present here, did it, and I answer for it to the Immensities. Ha! do the pettifoggers think to blindfold Me?" Aye, a Man who verily does what he says he will, and oftener does it *before* he says he will; and if you stand between it and him, verily he will insert so much indubitable steel into the most vital part of your assimilating apparatus, and leave any unpleasant consequences that ensue to you. Capable, too, is he of gripping any fungus (nay, any hundred fungi) that to his eye (mayhap, good mole, not to your eye) do seem to cumber this weedsome earth, and there and then stringing such fungi upon a rope, like so many rats or onions.

Truly, my friends, a few more such and we may rid the Everlasting Space of all the stuff the parchment-gizzarded fellows call Law and Civil Right and Liberty, and I know-not-what Sentimentalities, Unrealities, and utter Ungeist. Unmistakably (nay, in this gingerbread world of ours most dissonously) the squelched rats will squeal; but let us, and such other non-fungoid animal as will, bow down and honour the Rat-killer. Oh, my friends, I have yet hope. I am old, but there are some brave and young souls yet. One such I mark of a sardonic, grim-humorous, quite unmistakable

plainness of word and deed—a lieutenant or postholder as yet, who shall soon be a captain—a Captain, let us hope, of Men.[1] A youth this who, when he notes unveracity in a man, can say with beautifullest *geistlichest* simpleness, "You lie"; and when he is angry says, with no amphilogisms, "I will shoot you." A leader to be obeyed this, who will say to a man under him, "D—— you, do this." And if he does not, "Give him two dozen." A man of few words, but who in his soul means those few. Ah! scribblers, lawyers, representatives of the People, Morality-mongers, puppeteidolons, and phantasmagorio-histriones, do not your own backs tingle at those small words, "Two dozen"? My friends, let us cherish this youth, and it may be well yet in this bewildered God's earth or Devil's earth—for if it be God's earth or Devil's earth inquire not too cautiously, knowing only that it is meant for the Man who can go his own way, and make whosoever gets into his way go everlastingly squelch.

1867—*The Abyssinian War*

It was in no playful mood that I protested against the Abyssinian War of 1867. It was a wanton act of aggression which cost us ten or twelve millions, and was designed, I truly foresaw, as the prelude to a war in Egypt and the Soudan. I was particularly angered by the tone of the organ of the Church, which eagerly hailed the intended expedition in the name of Christianity and the Indian army. In the early part of 1867 I wrote a reply to their article, which the Editors had the generosity to insert. It ran thus:—

The Abyssinian Expedition

SIR—I read in your article of last week, "The fossil Liberals, men of the Mr. Lusk type, are going to make him (Lord Stanley) pledge the country to quit Abyssinia, and it is so easy to agree, that he may hamper himself irretrievably. We do not want Abyssinia very much, but suppose society

[1] Lieutenant Brand, accused of murder with Colonel Nelson in Jamaica Insurrection.

there goes to pieces"—(an extremely probable result; *vide* the history of our Eastern aggressions, *passim*)—"and the Pasha steps in to claim our leavings, are we to hand over an inchoate Christian civilisation to the Mussulman? . . . We warn Lord Stanley that if he yields he will take the very heart out of the Indians, who hate surrendering anything, from Pekin to Bootan."

The view which we take and that of your paper on these questions, much as we have of common ground elsewhere, is distinctly that of implacable antagonism, and as I differ from you utterly, I will with your candid permission say plainly, that whether it be from my "materialist philosophy" or general indifference to any high Christian aim, the view you express on our Abyssinian war is to my lower sense of justice simply shocking, immoral, cynical and hypocritical. I am not about to discuss the original pretext for the conquest of another defenceless race, from which you so quietly tear off the mask, but I point only to your reasons for supporting a fresh act of imperial aggrandisement. We do not want Abyssinia much; but we may want it. What can Russia, Prussia, France, or any other European buccaneer say more wanton? And then the "inchoate Christian civilisation" of King Theodore and his people, which, by the way, dates from the Eunuch.

Has Nicholas or Napoleon ventured on any more cynical bit of piety? And the heart of the old Indians must be kept up by domineering over half-armed savages. Has a French colonel or a Confederate partisan uttered anything more ferocious? For my part I consider nothing is more necessary than to quench the tiger temper of the Indian Zouave from infecting our English policy. To me the first care would be to curb the growth of that Imperial tyranny. But if I were resolved to crush another helpless race, I think I would rather do it without talking of their souls. We all know that to gain a foothold in Abyssinia has long been a project of the British Government, and was even submitted (as papers in the Foreign Office prove) to the opinion of the late Duke of Wellington. We all know that its object is a future attack upon Egypt. No ambition is too vast or wicked for the English aristocracy, pandering to the English merchant. No disclaimers satisfy me in the face of the grand expedition on foot. I should as soon trust the disclaimers of the *Moniteur* about Rome. But if it must be done, let it be without further degrading the very name of the Gospel. In

the meantime I will beg you to distinguish your case from that of the French Colonel of Turcos, who says, "We don't want Rome much. But it may be convenient to break up Italy. And the Chassepot will make such pretty practice with these Red Shirts. Besides, our Africans must be kept in humour. And then, you know, the Holy Father!"

A religion which sends us to an Abyssinian conquest with such cant upon our lips is as dead as the Temporal Power.—I am, sir, etc., FREDERIC HARRISON.

LINCOLN'S INN.

CHAPTER XIX

I SETTLE IN LIFE

THE last year of the sixth decade and the first year of the seventh were most memorable to me, for I became engaged to my wife in 1869, and was married in 1870. What made these years favourable to matrimony I have never learned; but at least five of my intimate friends and colleagues were married at this time; and at several of the weddings I was present as a bachelor. Mine, I know, was the last of a series; for, though I had long made up my mind to marry my cousin, her youth made it inevitable that I should wait. It was in a rather envious mood that I wished my friends joy and witnessed their good fortune. I wrote to one—

> I am glad to learn that you have advanced the finger of time on the dial-plate of your happiness—odd, but exact metaphor this!—but on mine the index seems to travel backwards, not forwards. It is cruel slow.

The years 1869 and 1870 were to me a busy time, for I was constantly travelling into Essex, where my future wife was living, or to the seaside, to which she was ordered for her health. I was busy with cases in the Equity Courts, with the examination for the Studentship at Lincoln's Inn, with the Royal Commission for Digesting the Law, and with the Bill for reforming the Law of Trades-

Unions. I wrote six articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, on the "Trades Bill," the "Positivist Problem," on "Professor Cairnes and Comte," on the "Subjective Synthesis" and "Bismarckism," and on "Disraeli's *Lothair*," besides several letters in the Press, on the Trades question and the Franco-German question. In both years I travelled to the Alps and to Italy, and narrowly escaped being drowned in the Italian inundations of 1869, of which terrible spectacle I wrote an account in the *Times*, now printed in my *Alpine Jubilee*.

At last, in August 1870, the best and happiest day of my life arrived. At that time no Positivist ceremonies had been adopted in England, and my wife had been brought up as a devout Churchwoman; nor had I ever been separated from that communion myself. Accordingly we were quietly married in the old style, with only the family present, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, by my friend the present Dean of Ripon. We spent August, September, and October in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and saw the rear of the tremendous movements of the great war of 1870—tens of thousands of troops, prisoners, wounded, in huge trains, armaments, and wild transports of joy, grief, hope, and exultation.

1870—*The Franco-German War*

At Freiburg in Breisgau we heard the news of the German victory at Sedan, and capture of the emperor and his army. We were present at the triumph of the people and saw that most typical of South German towns suddenly burst into picturesque festival. Many a time our journey through Germany was interrupted by long caravans passing into and out of France. The train in which we were to travel to Basle was potted across the Rhine

by French riflemen. We witnessed from the German side the bombardment of Strasburg. Often I had to convoy my wife at stations through lines of wounded and dying men. At times we saw huge camps of French prisoners guarded by Landwehr-men. And at Carlsruhe we spent an evening with French officers of cavalry, taken prisoners at Sedan and now on *parole*, and heard from their lips the terrible story of the débâcle at Sedan when the sky seemed to rain down shells on them from invisible batteries, and their thirst could only be slaked in streams choked with the carcases of men and beasts, red with gore and foul with mud.

Here—in 1910, after forty years of perfect and unclouded happiness—I cry a halt, and pause in the simple story I have tried to tell of nearly the same duration. I dare not attempt to put into words the supreme peace I feel in recalling all the blessings which have fallen so amply to my lot. I can only say that all these blessings have been far outweighed and multiplied by the presence of her to whom I owe all that I have of sweetest, strongest, best.

APPENDIX C

Having been all my life an insatiable writer of letters to friends, and having preserved my correspondence from the time I left my father's home at the age of eighteen, I have turned to old letters to explain events and to record my impressions of things, men, and places. My letters to my intimate colleagues have recently been returned to me, and many other letters written to friends long dead. From 1860 *to* 1870 *one of my most intimate friends and correspondents was a lady, since deceased, the wife of a great Northern manufacturer, whose daughter married one of my colleagues. Another correspondent was a lady, who published several dramas and lyrics of much beauty. She was the daughter of a very learned scholar and theologian, and herself was a woman of rare cultivation. She was by many years my senior, and was a successful poet, when I was an unknown student. She was good enough to encourage me in a frequent literary correspondence; and after her death these letters were returned to me by her sister, who shared her taste for poetry, literature, and art. She had begged me to write the letters from Switzerland, Venice, and Rome in Appendix D.*

The Letters in Appendix C are general, at various dates, to various persons.

The Letters in Appendix E were written to my family.

I insert extracts from two letters of 1861 *and* 1864 *respecting Dr. Richard Congreve, as I feel bound to explain how it was that having worked with him and under him for some fifteen or twenty years from* 1855, *I ultimately parted from him in* 1878. *For many years after ceasing to be his pupil at Oxford, I received most valued instruction and inspiration from him, and felt towards him sincere respect and regard, though I never could submit myself to his control or to his principles. Gradually in his isolation from all competent colleagues, and the failure of his far too sanguine hopes, his*

strong nature and passionate convictions became hardened into a despotic arrogance, in which the future of Humanity and his own dominant personality became identified in his own mind as the "Cause," to which everything like friendship, toleration, and common sense had to be sacrificed. He would brook no opposition or advice, nor even any difference of opinion. Those who did not accept his fiat *were his opponents. And at last I found myself in that list. I saw that his mode of presenting Positivism as a new Revelation vouchsafed to Auguste Comte —and ultimately to himself, would delay the acceptance of rational Positivism for more than one generation.*

Such is a degeneration of mind and nature which has often been observed in the history of religious reforms, even in acute minds and noble spirits. It is a danger against which I constantly strove to protect our own body at Newton Hall, whilst earnestly watching against its ever infecting any action of mine.

To Various Friends

Richard Congreve

December 1861.

He was a different man when we first knew him. Then he was all energy, spirit, confidence,—attracted all within his reach, and thoroughly knew and enjoyed society. Now he lives and works and thinks almost alone. His old elasticity and versatility is giving way, and he meditates calmly by himself. It is like the change which came over some mediaeval courtier or soldier when he turned into the priest. I have seen nothing more worthy of reverence than his calmness and steadfastness and endurance in work and hope,—trusting without any outward sign of success, and working with hardly any support even with diminishing vital strength. I feel very sadly how little I can do to help him, or to sympathise with him.

. . . Yet withal, though I know nothing better than his calm, patient, thoughtful self-command, and self-reliance, yet I cannot come to agree with him. Indeed the very completeness of his convictions chills me sometimes and almost paralyses me. I seem face to face with his full-grown system, almost to feel my heart sink within me, and strength seems oozing out. I can honour, admire, support, but I am not attracted farther.

April 1864.

. . . I was especially gratified by your estimate of Mr. Congreve. Of all my teachers he is the one for whom I feel the greatest admiration and affection. I never could do full justice to the systematic and conscientious cultivation through life of all his moral and intellectual faculties. His influence in Oxford the last ten years has been immense,—an influence of the most lasting and worthy character, as derived solely from the wide sense of his uprightness and sincerity. There is nothing about either his mind or his acquirements to fascinate, as some brilliant or learned men occasionally impress young men. His influence is due solely to respect for a man who has a will and a purpose. He has rarely persuaded or convinced any. Men have simply come gradually to feel the native force of his resolute, patient, and unselfish spirit. I knew him when he had friends, reputation, and a career. He was once in the very midst of the luxurious, intellectual, and social life of a highly popular Oxford tutor, almost the head of the liberal party, and with anything he pleased open to him. He has now surrendered all this to enable him to work out his ideas. He gave up his studies to devote his time to a new education, his friends have nearly all left him on his announcing his opinions, and as he has no means of making an income, he is anything but free to carry out his objects. I feel indeed only more bound to respect his purpose, that I cannot say that I share his special convictions, but the world must be in a bad way when he can be regarded by his acquaintances as a man who has committed suicide. I wish you knew more of his writings and of him.[1]

Co-operation

As to the industrial question, I quite think with you that it is the important matter before us. Of co-operation, my opinion is somewhat qualified. When I was in the North I collected a variety of instances of its unquestionable material benefits and services,—it has raised wages here, moderated

[1] That remained my attitude to Richard Congreve for some seven or eight years,—even when we published our joint volume in 1866. When I wrote "The Positivist Problem," *Fortnightly Review*, vol. vi., November 1869, he saw that I took my own view of Comte, that I was not his follower. He never showed me confidence or even friendship after that.

the exactions of a master there, diminished the rates in this town, shut up the public-houses in another, etc. etc. Yet I see and deplore a tendency to treat it as a material panacea. Political Economists,—*pur sang*, or rather *pur vinaigre*,—are preaching it to the people (whose worst enemies they are) as a source of raising themselves by making a little money,—"thrift, thrift, Horatio,"—is their cry. In short, in attempting to remedy the evils of society by extending the worship of Mammon to the labouring classes who have not yet bowed the knee, they think to expel devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils. As, of course, *all* cannot get rich, or if they could get rich would not be a bit better off, it is the abler and better only who succeed. These men, the natural leaders of their class, in pure philanthropy, begin to accumulate and find at last that though they have not drawn up their class with them, they have themselves risen out of it and ceased to have its confidence or sympathy. It is in fact a mode by which the ringleaders of a dangerous order may be unconsciously bought off, and as such the capitalists now support Co-operation loudly and indeed shamelessly—*e.g.* the Mayor of Manchester told a Co-operative Society the other day, "If an angel from Heaven came down without money no one would listen to him, and he would have to go upstairs again." "Therefore, my friends, come by money, etc. etc."

The enthusiastic apostles of co-operation, with no clear notions about property or society at all, are delighted at this countenance given to their views, and repeat it with no other moral corrective than vague phrases about social fraternity. When men take as a motto "brotherly love and 15 per cent," the latter is soon found to be so much the more easy, practical, and intelligible of the two that it may stand by itself. The *Co-operator* journal is full of ingenious calculations as to the amount realisable by a penny if put out at interest A.D. 1. In short, the Co-operation movement, excellent in intention, is now, I fear, going far to rouse amongst the most hopeful of the working classes of the North a sort of speculative mania, a small railway delirium. As to saving society by what is a device for encouraging thrift, it will be sooner saved by penny banks.

On the whole industrial question I have slowly come to accept the ideas of Comte. So far as I can understand them (and they are not easy) they are these. He thinks, to start with, that as the evils of society are moral, the only remedy that

will really reach them must be moral and indirect. He says, whether in the household, the state, or in the management of property, as in all combined labour, if the tone, the moral standard of the members is wrong and the cause of abuse, no transfer of power can avail, the object is not by whom, but *how*, power shall be administered. Hence he sees no way of permanently affecting society except by a universal and a common education, based wholly on a moral purpose; nor any way of maintaining it in health but by an organised body of teachers respected by all alike and confining themselves to moral and intellectual questions only. Until this education, then, can be established, and this body of educators formed, nothing can be considered as safe. In the meantime he would welcome heartily all reasonable palliatives and means while insisting on giving them a moral aspect if possible and keeping in sight their insufficiency.

As to Co-operation specially, he would regard the fact of the natural accumulation of property as a real and ineradicable law of our social existence. If property must accumulate into masses as certainly as men must associate or increase, the only question is the mode in which the material and the power it represents shall be directed. He holds the use of power, whether in the State or as Capitalist, to be identical. The disposal of men's labour in a cotton mill or of their collective public life in a State is, at bottom, the same task. On a pure democratic theory an elective magistrate for the government of a nation, and an elective manager of a property are both intelligible and possible. They are, however, both exposed to the same evils,—fluctuation, interference by the ignorant and least worthy, government by equal votes, and not by the truer unequal weight of opinion. Hence he rejects both. As he would place the power of the republic in the hands of one or two accountable magistrates (though not elected), so he places the disposal of wealth in the hands of proprietors responsible morally but not legally for its use. The frightful evils now seen in a profligate abuse of power either by kings or capitalists must be removed not by changing the form but by regenerating the institution. This he would hope to accomplish by an education, a public opinion and a religion, the sole end and idea of all which should be, the performance of social duty. In the meantime Co-operation like all palpable advantages should be encouraged whilst we remember that a free proprietor must succeed better

materially, and is, when raised by a sense of duty to consider himself a trustee and a servant, a more useful and nobler person than the elected agent of a company. I am ashamed of the length to which I have run. A man with a hobby is a dangerous animal at all times.

University Reform

June 1864.

We held a meeting at which twelve M.P.'s, Dean Stanley, Jowett, and some eight or ten Oxford Professors, Goldwin Smith, Bp. Colenso, Maurice, John Bright, Miall, J. Martineau, P. Taylor, Greg, Huxley, etc. etc., met and spoke, using identical sentiments—Anglicans, Broad Churchmen, Neo-Christians, Non-Christians, Papists, Unitarians, Quakers, and Agnostics all together. The meeting was of course strictly *private*. If it had been public, and they all said what they thought, the business would have been over and settled. I suggested (to a few friends) that a declaration should be drawn up in the following form,—bother the 39 Articles,—and then have it signed by all present. It would have saved much trouble.

Burlesque Epitaph on Lord Westbury, Lord Chancellor

February 1864.

Lord Westbury, Lord Chancellor (1861-1865), carried through measures to establish the Divorce Court, to amend the Law of Bankruptcy, to reform the Law of Landed Estates, and in the Privy Council he acquitted the Essayists who were charged with denying eternal punishment.

Letter by F. H. to a friend (February 25, 1864)—

"The Epitaph on the Chancellor in the newspapers amuses me, because for once I can trace a rumour home. It goes about in all shapes and under all names,—Palmerston, Lowe, Dickens, etc. etc. It was, in fact, said to me at luncheon by a friend (E.H.P.). We were talking about the judgment, and shooting off jests, and in its final form it was written down thus :—

EPITAPH.

Beneath this Marble,
in the calm assurance and serene composure
which distinguished him in life,
LIES
The Rt. Honble. Richard, Baron Westbury,
L. High Chancellor of England,
who gave gentlemen in difficulties
facilities for relieving themselves of
their wives and their estates,
and enabled them to treat with indifference
The Court of Bankruptcy and the Day of Judgment.
He closed a long and successful life
by dismissing Hell with costs,
and he thus
deprived the religious world of its last hope
of Eternal Damnation.

"I give it as it was told to me, but I am not responsible for such profane jests."

Garibaldi in London

June 11, 1864.

The whole of the story had been with infinite pains collected from authentic witnesses, and a most admirable pamphlet was written and printed. But tremendous pressure has been exercised to burke it, and at last Mazzini, fearing to incense Garibaldi himself, induced its recall. It is a wondrous history.

Palmerston, in league with a busybody woman and a journalist in Fleet Street, bring Garibaldi over. He believes he is sent for on political grounds. They arrange a plan for getting rid of him, if he becomes troublesome, *before ever he reaches England.* Lord Shaftesbury undertakes all the dirty work, and goes on Sunday to induce Dr. Ferguson to write his letter, and Shaftesbury, Kinnaird, and Gladstone manage to make Garibaldi feel that the Government insist on his going, without saying anything that might prevent their swearing that a political reason had never crossed their minds till the "infamous" Primrose Hill meeting opened their

eyes. However, all this must be kept silent now. *Sic transit mendacia mundi.*[1]

The Leonids—The Great Meteor Display of 1866

November 1866.

Of course, if you have been studying Astronomy, you have seen the Meteor shower. Did you have a good view? I was most fortunate. I saw it out in the road beside Hyde Park commanding nearly the whole sky. I watched it from 11 P.M. till 2 A.M. It certainly was truly great. It is the only case in which we have ocular proof of the rapidity of the planetary movements and *can see* solids pass across hundreds of miles in an instant. I never realised planetary motion before, for having thoroughly tried to master the theory of it all, previous to the display, I felt myself standing as it were in space, and visibly beholding the planets moving in their orbits, for one could feel alternately the motion as that of the earth, and then that of the meteors. One saw them rushing through space and in the act of visible collision with earth. At any moment during the height of the display, twenty or thirty meteors were seen at the same instant radiating across the entire sky from a single point in the N.E.

The "Commonwealth" Newspaper

1866.

We mean business, and shall utter our minds in the paper there with complete freedom and make it smooth to no one. When I wrote on the Session in the *Beehive*, I did not seek to stir up hatreds, but to make working men feel the real standard of government, to bestir themselves now, and to

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[1] The story from Gladstone's point of view is told in the *Life* (Book V. c. 7); but I know that Garibaldi suddenly left England solely because Mr. Gladstone told him that he thought he ought to go; and Garibaldi understood that to mean that it was desired on *public* grounds. That it certainly was; and the pretence of health was the ordinary diplomatic gloss.

The story is correctly given by G. J. Holyoake, who was in the secrets of Garibaldi and his English and Italian friends (see *Holyoake's Bygones*, i. 245). And it is accurately told in the *Birth of Modern Italy*, papers of Jessie White Mario, 1909, pp. 335-337. Madame Mario, through her intimacy with Mazzini, had the most complete knowledge of the whole story.

insist on taking part in it. I want to make them feel they are not safe whilst so feeble and reactionary a system exists. If there were any real revolutionary spirit in activity, if language like that could have any inflammatory effect, I should not use it. But the time is one of apathy. The governing classes think they may do anything, or nothing. The masses don't see what they can do. I want the former to know there are people in the country who are not prepared to be silent, and I want the latter to feel and to show some real indignation.

International Policy, by Seven Essayists

1866.

We have in hand a sort of political "Essays and Reviews" dealing with the leading international questions from a Positivist basis. I have had to be "whip"; and to whip a team of seven in various parts of the country, who have their own ideas on everything, is something to do. I do not suppose the Press will do anything but ignore us; but if they do say anything, they will handle us savagely, for we conflict with every prejudice of the journalist Briton, national, literary, political, and religious. They may think it worth while to nip this thing in the bud, and if they do, they will try their worst. For the rest, the book will have little literary merit. The general view in it is so complete, consistent, and practical, that many quiet people will see the basis of sound sense which the doctrine maintains.[1]

A Christmas Holiday

January 1868.

Where was I at Christmas? Why, where I should be —at home; a calm family party, as speaking for myself, taking my pleasure sadder than most, is my way. I went to Manchester and had a conference with Trades Unionists. Then I proceeded to investigate the coal-trade and the miners' unions, and went down a coal pit, and saw the whole process at work practically, and was nearly blown up, as I carelessly sat down on some powder sacks, holding a candle alight. I am going to start a new club like the Alpine Club, the Coal Pit

[1] This was published by the above title by Chapman and Hall in 1866. Second edition, 1890.

Club. There is as much excitement to be had in *descending* into the earth as in *ascending* from it. Only, I admit the air is not so pure. Why did I go to the North? Amusement? No, on *business* of our Commission. And now the wheel comes round full circle. Our term begins, *redeunt Satania regna.*

Work at the Commission

February 1869.

Sorra-a-bit of Fairyland for me. Neither thither, nor any other whither have I been, save for a gasp of fresh air on a Sunday. No! I have not been in Fairyland, but in Blue-Book-land, a very different and ogre-like country. I have been harried out of existence by our Commission. For months past we have had constant, daily fights, and I have had to write volumes of notes, and memoranda, and letters.

"A non-letter-writing phantom," am I? Why! I am a letter-writing machine, all steel and iron, or, if a phantom at all, I have been worn to a phantom by letter-writing. Indeed I got quite ill once by having to talk all day with bronchitis setting in.

A Child Poet

February 1864.

Pray do not think I don't know Pet Marjory. Haven't I laughed, shrieked, and done twenty extravagances over her? Why, she is delicious, so wicked, so solemn, and so impetuous. Real genius about her. Did I not bring her into our House, and was I not found over the diary chuckling, shouting, and rolling off my chair in incommunicable ecstasies. One after another my brothers took up the book, and the same phenomenon was observed to the annoyance and wonder of those who had not tasted the exhilarating draught. One after another we were seized with paroxysms of internal suppressed and yet irrepressible fun. Some one was telling me that she had met Dr. Brown whilst he was writing it, and describing the faded diary, the relics, the hair, etc. What a little darling! As to poetry, though, I have some lines written by a girl aet. six, Katie Gooden by name, which I think extraordinary. There is a music and a feeling in them that make them really poetry.

To the Violet

Pretty little modest flower
Hiding in thy leafy bower
Where even the most curious eye
Cannot in thy secrets spy
And thy leaf so broad and tall
Serves thee for a parasol!
There from fear thou mightst be free
But thy scent betrayeth thee
Thou grow'st not in the Tulip's bed
Thou liftest not with such thy head
Thou shrinkest from the sun away
And shunnest e'en the glare of day.
Fair flower I will not break thy stem
Thou art to me a priceless gem
Still mayst thou live unhurt amid
Thy shading leaves so coyly hid.

(Worthy of Burns's lines to the daisy.) Is not this an Eugénie de Guérin in bud? Then for feeling, think of this. She is, I said, only six years old.

On the Death of a Child, her Playmate

And is she dead and is she dead
  The fairest of the fair
My heart it felt as heavy as lead
  And a dull pain was there.

I fled to her favourite haunts
  My heart was full of care
The flowers they hung their heads
  They knew *she* was not there.

As I gazed on the drooping buds
  A sobbing broke on my ear,
'Twas her favourite little brooklet
  I'd forgotten it was so near.

Oh! exquisite, the "pathetic fallacy" as perfect as in the song in "Maud"!

A STANZA TO A LILY OF THE VALLEY

Thou art happy, thou art happy
  As the summer days are long
And thou sendest up to heaven
  A low and murmuring song.

Is there not music in that? I vow that this child of six shows not the promise but the reality—of a poet.

APPENDIX D

The Alps

The following letters, written to a literary lady from Switzerland, Venice, and Rome in 1864, 1865, *and* 1866, *are inserted as* impressions *of a tourist forty-five years ago, when Alpine mountaineering was in its infancy, and give a suggestion of what Rome was under Pio Nono and the French occupation, and what Venice was before the Austrians had left it. The Alps and palatial hotels are now entirely different things from what Zermatt and Ouchy were in* 1864. *Venice too is more or less modernised and is being rapidly spoiled. As to Rome, in the forty-five years since my first visit, it has been transformed, rebuilt, and restored more rapidly and utterly than any other city in Europe. It is difficult to imagine what the old Papal city was in its mediaeval squalor, its deserted wastes, when even the ruins we see to-day were shapeless mounds of rubbish, but when everything was picturesque, antiquated, and decaying.*

Of course, much of the heated invectives in these random letters was the one-sided extravagance of an impulsive scholar, bred up on Ruskin's Seven Lamps, *Juvenal, and Tacitus, and preparing to break out in his diatribe against Neo-Christianity. I have long repented and recanted my juvenile prejudices, but I cannot in common honesty deny or suppress them.*

OUCHY, *September* 1864.

MY DEAR MISS . . .—In the total absence of any clue to your movements or your impressions I can only send the poor return of my own experiences. These have been small indeed. The weather has been dead against me, and after wasting time and money to no purpose, and spending my last Napoleon on guides, I have been forced to give it up. The morning after I wrote to you I was off at 4 by one of the loftiest and finest of all the glacier passes (the Adler) from Zermatt to Saas. The weather was magnificent and the sky cloudless:

clear. The next day we returned from Saas to Zermatt by the Alphubel, a still loftier and if possible finer pass. As you ask for some details of these great passes I will give you a little sketch of one of these days. At 3 A.M. we were called and found the sky densely overcast, night pitch-dark, chill, damp, and foggy. A council of war was held and we decided to start. Much running about and bustling to leave no necessary behind.

About 4 the "caravan" starts, stumbling through the mud-lanes and into the watercourses of Zermatt, painfully struggling through stones and ditches by the light of an impromptu lantern, a candle dropt into a bottle knocked in. Some work on through the lower hill-sides and up the ravine in long file, silent and rather gloomy, the head guide in front with his axe and 100 feet of thick rope round his shoulders, the rest with wine-skins and knapsacks full of provisions, bread, butter, and honey curiously mixed in a tin pot, a square lump of beef, some bottles of cold tea (my only drink), hard-boiled eggs, and raisins to suck up hill. We blunder up hill in the dark expecting the worst. By degrees as we rise day dawns. It gets brighter, the clouds become a dense white fog, whiter and whiter until it is clear daylight. Suddenly a cry is raised. We look up and see a dim red orange mass as yet shapeless above us in the clouds, and some one mutters—The Matterhorn! We push on, and in another minute we find ourselves through the fog in a cloudless sky and the exquisite and vast shape of the Matterhorn stands out in the blue sky clear and hard, glowing with amber and rose tints in the sunrise. It was a wonderful effect and quite overcame us. It had been only a valley fog which had overshadowed us below. Suddenly the veil was swept off and left us in a glowing sky.

Immensely elated with this change we pushed on and were soon high up in the midst of the great Zermatt range of snow mountains, all over 14,000 feet and forming an amphitheatre about thirty miles in circumference. Then the dreadful business of walking the moraine begins, loose blocks of granite poised on ice or steep ledges, cutting the feet, legs, and hands in a way that after two or three hours becomes almost unbearable. At last the great bugbear of the glacier-walking, the moraine, is over and a rough breakfast is taken. Then begins the ice and the real work of the guides. Our head guide goes to the front, Melchior Anderegg, the most famous guide in the Alps, who has ascended more new peaks

and discovered more new passes than half the rest together. Imagine a man who might have sat for Sir Walter Scott's Rob Roy, a figure uniting great strength with singular activity, a vast chest round which the coils of rope hang like a mere toy, very long arms and a strange swinging gait, a face like that of an old pilot, habitually grave, with fits of humour, very plain and ungainly, but with a look of sagacity, determination and "devil" such as you see in a fine portrait of Holbein. Taciturn and monosyllabic—"Yaw, Herr," "Nein, Herr,"—"Ich glaube," were his chief remarks. Soon his wonderful skill comes out. The glacier becomes crevassed and torn up inextricably. But he winds through it, now taking to the rocks, now plunging into the crevasses, cutting steps in the ice here, trying a snow bridge there, and quickly guiding his party up what looks an impossible tangle of débris and ice-ruin, a sort of frozen cataract. Presently the ice being no longer passable, he takes to the rocks and climbs a precipitous face, some 100 feet, which to an unpractised eye would look utterly hopeless. But up the broken course of a snow stream he works, trying every rock for hand and foot, for the fragments are loose and go toppling down thousands of feet when shaken loose. So the whole party works up zigzag to avoid the stones torn up by the men in front. Now and then he gives a hand to one of the party, now and then tries back to a new line, now and then takes to a steep snow slope, lying almost perpendicular, which may require the use of the axe to give foothold; but in a very short space the whole party is placed on the top of the broken cliff and looks down over the ice torrent below. That is if the rocks are not "schlecht," *i.e.* covered with coats of ice and filled up with snow, in which case it is very slow work, the rope must be used, and a guide apiece is often needed, for one slip would probably be the last. Then come snow slopes getting steeper and steeper, all carefully roped together, for the party is passing snow bridges and crevasses concealed. At length comes the crest of the pass, which consists of a sort of wall of ice about 300 or 400 feet high, and nearly as steep as snow and ice will lie. Here the steps have to be cut deep into hard blue ice, and each step up is taken with care. No one moves till he has buried his axe deep in the ice to hold him if the foot slips, and has to watch his neighbour's steps as well as his own so that two do not move together. Progress is very slow; a few hundred yards may take an hour or two, during which, sticking like flies on to a

pane of glass, one has full time to enjoy the scenery and also to get cold, the thermometer being below freezing, the wind often violent, and the fragments of hewn ice flying up into the face; and on these places, in order to see better, veils and spectacles are often obliged to be taken off. The wall of ice once won, one is at the top of the pass looking down on both sides over vast fields of snow.

The day we crossed, the Adler was magnificently clear. The Strahlhorn, the peak next to the Rosa in the chain, stood above us connected with us by a ridge. We determined to ascend it, and another hour placed us on the top. Thence, more than 14,000 feet high, we had a wonderful panorama. The vast chain of the Zermatt group was the foreground, facing us the Rosa, seen from this one point on both its eastern and its western sides at once. Beyond, the entire Alpine range, southwards the whole Italian plain, rivers, cities, and woods, encircled by the range from Monte Viso to the Bernina, a circle of some 200 miles. It was a wonderful sight. Melchior knew every peak like his home. Not one that he had not ascended. From the Tyrolese-Alps to Mount Blanc he called them over as if they were a flock he had tended. But we did not give it more than half an hour. The wind and cold were intense, and we had still much to do. We hastened down to the top of the pass and opened the knapsacks for luncheon. Then begins what is for the guide the difficult part of the day's work. We find ourselves in vast fields of névé (upper glacier), some ten or fifteen miles in extent. There the snow-world begins on a scale of which the lower region gives no idea. The most tremendous Atlantic billows are small to the roll of this ice sea. The crevasses are chasms 100 feet wide and miles long, bridged often with snow vaults that would span a river. Here all the skill of the first-rate guide comes out. Sometimes he tries with his axe cautiously the hold of the snow, sometimes opens in a smooth field of snow a chasm into which we can look down hundreds of feet, and directs and assists the jump across, sometimes he winds round and round and we seem buried in a labyrinth of toppling crags of ice and snow out of which exit seems hopeless. But outlet there is, and after several hours of winding and working, now and then cutting steps in a hard slope, now and then tumbling up to our heads in crevasses, now and then glissading at full swing down a snow slope, we come again to the rocks, often harder to descend than to ascend, more of the cruel moraine scrambling,

crawling down gullies, at last the upper meadows, the pastures, and a race and run down the grass slopes and through the wood down to the valley stream. Such is a day in a high glacier pass, such as it is hard to conceive.

I see my account of a glacier pass has run prosing on to a ridiculous length. But you ought to conceive what the upper mountains are, and nothing but an exact story can give it to you. Some people think the great passes simply consist of walking up one side of a hill and down on the other. From Zermatt I went off to the Aegischhorn at the back of the Oberland, intending to go up the Jungfrau and Finsteraarhorn, but Melchior assured us that the season was too late and the ice was in so dangerous a state that we must give it up. For three days we stayed at the Aegischhorn in fog and snow and at last bid farewell to Melchior, and turned our backs on the mountains. The weather and my friend's illness had spoiled all my plans. I had spent all my leave and all my money, and it was time to go home. I had not a Napoleon left, and was obliged to come and wait here till some money was sent me. I have got it now, and shall go straight home to-morrow. It is very annoying to do so, but it is "kismet," and I submit to my destiny.

The scenery of this lake has a delicious purity and calm which not even Maggiore or Lucerne surpasses; less wild than Lucerne, it is sweeter. Less rich than Maggiore, it is, I think, purer in its feeling. One is never awed as at Lucerne and never enervated as at Baveno. And it is something to taste a perfect palace or Italian villa in a beautiful garden. I am sitting now writing in a delicious terrace in the shade, surrounded by flowers, with the lake before and below me, and the most refined and complex of mountain ranges rising round it. This hotel is now full of Russians. There are about four royal personages and about twenty princes, and I know not what transparencies and highmightinesses. Their toilettes are *éblouissantes*, and I never saw such a profusion of ruinous dresses. But they don't flout anybody, and the highmightinesses are perfectly quiet and affable. There are hardly any English, but one or two stray families and a few dirty knapsack-and-shooting-coat tourists like myself who hustle the transparencies with perfect English coolness. I believe it would take thirty pages of the Almanac de Gotha to go through the list of visitors in the hall. We have a band of music for dinner, fireworks on the lake at night, a concert in the reading-room, and dancing in the

marble hall afterwards, in which the transparencies condescendingly join. And all these luxuries at the low price of 2 frs. for a room per night. With all my horror of luxury I don't mind being forced to stay here a couple of days after a month of life in cowsheds. I spent yesterday a glorious day on the Col de Jaman near Vevey. If you come anywhere here, do try the walk up from Vevey to or *towards* the Col. It is the perfection of pastoral beauty and sweetness.

I am reading at your desire the Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. It is certainly charming, but is it quite genuine? Is there no self-consciousness and false sentiment as of a clever French girl? Is she not too good, and does she not feel good? I never could get to like good people, and then she is *dévote*. Piety like that is only an affectation of sentimental and feeble minds. However, remember these are only the first suspicions of my devilish cynicism of nature. I shall read the book through, judge it as fairly as I can, and I have no doubt I shall be made to repent of my unworthy doubts. I don't for a moment really *believe* they are just, for did not you like it and tell me to read it, which should be enough.

Venice under the Austrians

VENICE, *September* 29, 1866.

MY DEAR MISS . . .—Yes, I am in Venice, but in Venice as yet not free. You will perhaps be indignant that I should have come here under the usurper and not have waited till the new time began. Alas! I could not wait, and besides I came here expecting to see the act of liberation and the first expression of relief. But it is not to be yet. Everything here is still buried in profound secrecy, the old régime is carried on to the last, not a newspaper, not a spark from the outer world penetrates here. Croat patrols still watch the city; the piazza is still commanded by loaded cannon, the Austrian officers still move through the streets shunned like men with the plague, no military band can play in the square, no theatre can be opened, there is the same strong hand and the same defiance as before, the Austrian will play out his part of stern exaction, the Italian his part of proud resistance, but one sees that both feel that it is but playing out a part between old enemies to the end. There is calm hope and confidence with the Venetians, and a dignified admission of defeat with the Austrians; but the dawn is visible, and I see at least the daybreak of Venetian freedom.

But politics being suspended, and politics or political signs there are none, there is at least the poetry of Venice to fall back upon. It is my abiding belief that Venice is the most poetical, weird, fascinating city in the world, one which wholly fills and even transcends the most ideal and romantic conception ever yet created to express it. Just at this season, just as I see it now, it unites in itself everything which we conceive makes life poetic and delightful. Imagine all that you have heard, seen, or read of Italian scenes, your own recollections of the Lago Maggiore, Turner's pictures, Shelley's lyrics. There is the warmest and brightest of summer weather, warm, quite hot if you are unprotected from the sun, but with a constant fresh sea-breeze; the balmiest of evenings, fit to lie upon the marble benches and stairs and to look up at the stars and listen to the ripple on the pier, the most glorious of heavens, first the stars, Jupiter the brightest reflected in the sea, then the softest and richest of full moons, making a long flood of light across the lagune, and throwing a sort of spell over the towers and domes and arabesques until they seem to rise like buildings of crystal out of the sea.

There is something purely magical about this group of buildings round the Piazza of Venice, the ducal palace which seems to belong to no age and no art and no people in particular, but to be a supernatural embodiment of the beautiful, varying in its colour and tones, sometimes grand and massive, sometimes rich and fantastic, sometimes looking unreal and simply a vision or a phantasm building, beside it the vast grand campanile, the most stately dominant sovereign tower on earth, the Duomo enriched within and without with the treasures of all the East ransacked for centuries to adorn it, until it is one great casket of precious jewels and stones, itself a huge opal in architecture, glancing fresh hues and beams of light at every step one makes around it and within it, and the old Piazzetta with its columns, fragments, and traditions, every stone full of some story of the Venetian Republic and its doges and its ships,—there is about all this something more fascinating to me than any other spot I know.

At all hours and in all lights it is beautiful, but in this full-moon time it is simply marvellous, the double tier of arcades with their exquisite tracery standing out white in the moonlight against the deep shadows of the colonnade, the wall it supports above delicately diapered and tinted

with every rosy and russet tone ending in the quaintest of arabesque fringes against the sky, this reflected with a line of lights in the piazza, the gondolas gliding like weird black swans over the sea and darting black across the columns of moonlight, the distant domes and campaniles rising from the islands round and poised like clouds of white mist upon the sea, the distant line of lights from the quays and ships, and a chorus or a single song from the boatmen softly borne across the waters rising and falling, coming and ceasing in snatches, the chimes of many bells, the cries of sailors in the ships far off, a song accompanied by a guitar or a violin on the quay, and this with a glassy sea, a balmy evening, and a mellow moonlight, far exceeds everything that one can conceive of bewitching and fairy-like.

I have an interesting gondolier. He is an old man, and was born under the old Republic. He remembers all the political events since then, and has seen all the great men. He is an ardent patriot, and fought in '48 against the Austrians, and is never tired of telling of the battles which he says history never will credit. He remembers Byron going every day to ride on the Lido, and the scene when Margarita Cogni threw herself into the canal. He can recite all the principal cantos and episodes of Tasso and some of Ariosto, which he does with true fire and spirit, and he also repeats some sonnets of Byron written here in Italian. He knows every picture in Venice, and is full of stories of Venetian history. He says: "Quando io era giovane tutti i miei studii erano di Ariosto e di Tasso."

Life here is too intelligent to be called simply luxurious: but delicious it is. I will give you an idea of how the time passes here. The window of my room looks over the city and lagunes to the east, and every morning I see the sun just rising or just risen out of the waves. I breakfast and read or write a little or sit in the balcony overlooking the grand canal, watching the changes of the morning. The hotel is an old Gothic palace of the Giustiniani of the fourteenth century, with foliated capitals and carved balconies rising tier above tier. Then I take my gondola and go out for my bathe and row. After the Alpine exercise some action is absolutely necessary, and I have learnt to row these gondolas. A gondola is the most lovely thing that ever floated. It just rests on the surface and glides along, turning and moving in the most graceful undulations. To see them at night gliding silently under the Bridge of Sighs

in that deep canal which separates the palace from the prison, or shooting across the glimmering reflection on the glassy surface is a marvellous sight; it looks like some unearthly funeral boat, such a boat as carried Elaine down the stream upon her bier. But in the morning it is to me simply a boat.

I go out for an hour or two round the lagunes through the channels to the open sea or to some of the islands. The Adriatic is lovely, as blue and bright as the Mediterranean, and with a breeze fresh from the mountains of Friuli. Then when the tide seems most deep and fresh, I jump in; it is delightful to bathe in the fresh sea waves of the Adriatic—"impiger Hadria"—and then as one rolls and splashes or rises with the swell, it is delicious to see Venice in the distance, with her marble palaces refulgent in the sunshine, and her domes and towers cleaving the deep blue sky—Venice which seems to be floating on the waves as freely and lightly as oneself, as if the Adriatic waves buoyed her up too. Then taking some church or island in the way and hearing stories of the Austrians and Italians from the old gondolier, I row back and feel that I have earned by two or three hours of work the right to lounge for the rest of the day.

I read or write and then stroll into the piazza. I am always in the Cathedral or the courtyard of the palace or wandering slowly under its colonnades, sometimes dozing on the marble benches, sometimes strolling down to the Rialto and the fruit market, sometimes into the great hall of the Council and the Hall of the Council of Ten, sometimes going in the gondola to a church or a gallery, but just for an hour to see one or two pictures, sometimes taking a little corner of the Cathedral to be seen in detail. Then after dinner I am again on the water, to see the sunset and the domes and towers standing out against the glowing sky as in M'Callum's picture, and then the stars and then the moon, and then more strolling under the empty colonnades of the piazza and more wondering and thinking and hoping and remembering—And you ask me why I want to go abroad—why indeed!

There is something about this pile of building round the Piazza which has a charm no other has. There may be buildings as beautiful, but the ensemble of this group gives one the delight of beautiful music, in which one is ever hearing fresh beauties. The ducal palace is beyond question the most beautiful secular building extant. Some think it the most beautiful in the world, with its two strong lower colonnades of stone, grey, cold and keen, the lowest tier

massive and broad, the upper springing up in strong and sweeping curves with arch and disk, then above them the light upper story of marble faintly traced in a pattern and glowing with every orange and russet tint to be seen in an autumn forest. The cathedral of St. Mark's beside it, if not the most beautiful, is at least the most strange, and rare, and solemn church existing. It is formed within and without, every nook and corner of it, entirely of coloured and precious marbles and mosaics. For centuries the Venetians ransacked the East to fill it with rare works of art, and it is perfectly fretted with carved alabaster and marble and bronze, medallions, mosaics, tombs, altars, and statues.

The effect of precious substance and precious labour it produces on the mind reminds me of one's old idea of the temple of Solomon (though no doubt that in reality was a tasteless affair), as if the whole nation for ages had laboured for the glory of God to store up the most rare and precious materials, and with the most unwearied ingenuity to form an offering of priceless value and rarity. The reflected lights under the five domes of mosaics on the variegated marble walls, and the patterned marble flooring, are most strangely beautiful. Every dark aisle has its chapels, and every chapel is a sort of store of rare works, the rarest of all the marbles of the East, carved alabaster capitals from Byzantium, a Madonna of the earliest Greek Christian art—a slab which once formed the tomb of some contemporary of Chrysostom, the sword of some heroic doge, a bronze door of Pisano, a medallion that may have adorned a palace of Justinian, a mosaic picture of the age which forms the link between ancient and modern art.

In some quiet nook here I sit hour after hour and see continually some new effect of light and shade in the glow of the sunbeams reflected from the marble, or I rest in the gloom of some secluded chapel, the lamps dimly burning before the altars, the boatmen and the market women constantly moving and passing, kneeling or bowing. Every now and then I catch some traceried panel, some artful pattern, some quaint carving, some majestic figure of saint in mosaic, which had never caught my eye before; there I sit all day listening to service after service, high mass and low mass, the droning of the priest, and I scent the incense. There

> "I hear the mutter of the mass,
> And see God made and eaten all day long"

with the true feelings of a devout Catholic, a calm but vague sense of general satisfaction. Ah! that such beauty, such grace, such thought, such devoutness and solemnity of purpose, such religious surroundings should be to me so much art and no more—. But it is more.

I have just found a political friend of mine here who knows the people both Italian and English. Layard is here, and with the consul and some others is trying to get the Austrians to abstain from carrying off the archives of the old Republic! I wish I had known of their being here before. The other day I managed to go into the museum of the arsenal, which contains many remains of the old times, the armour of the doges, fragments of the Bucentaur. They were packing these up to send them to Vienna. I made a loud protest and sent my card to the officer in command, to tell him that I should send off an account of this to the English newspapers, which I have done. But I shall now see if Layard and the others cannot stop this contemptible outrage. The Austrians, beyond driving a hard bargain, and to this hour keeping the prisons full of political prisoners, —a lady has just been let out after six years' imprisonment, —are behaving with a sort of dignified silence, and there is little personal ill-will.

I must tell you of a little scene I saw coming here at Verona. The train was half full of wounded Garibaldian prisoners going to be restored, still in the tattered red shirts in which they had been taken, with their heads, arms, and legs bound up, a sorry and broken set of prisoners. At their head was their captain, a splendid-looking young fellow, who did his best to keep up his men's spirits and discipline in presence of the Austrians around. A wretched set to march through Coventry with they looked, and it must have needed faith to do it with good grace, when Coventry was full of the smartest Austrian uniforms and spruce young subalterns. However, he got them down to the station at Verona, where they were expected. Then there came to meet him his own family, his mother and sister, and young brothers and sisters, also a priest, evidently another brother. They were all in deep mourning, so it was plain that one, the father or another brother, was killed, and he was meeting them for the first time after their loss and after his captivity —he, too, still a prisoner, and still in command of his captive company. And all this before a crowd of gaping officers and before the guard which conveyed him. He behaved

nobly. His look expressed sorrow and joy, humiliation and pride, in the most moving manner. He stept aside and kissed his family all round, evidently said a few words to his mother apart, and then, with a sort of instinct of military duty, paraded his men as if on full service, and marched off followed by the Croat patrol. The sense of mixed personal emotion and the subordination of it to public and military duty was very touching. I looked on, and I confess should have been touched, but I remembered how many a time that scene had been enacted in this war from Berlin to Verona, and I thought what a drop in the ocean of human suffering, what a trifle in the drama of political life were the yearnings or the pangs of the young soldier. You see the difference between a man's view of these things and a woman's, or between an unfeeling man's and a feeling woman's. Now I almost think you could make something of that little scene in verse. I think it was a moment worthy of your genius. Now show me that you have quite forgiven me, and let me, when I return, see two poems, companion pieces, one on the young Austrian ensign I told you of, and one on the young Garibaldian captain I saw. Or do I ask too much?

Rome under the French

ROME, *October* 18, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS . . .—You most kindly said that some account of my journey would interest you. How often have I wished that you had seen some of the things which I have seen, and had visited the places that I have been standing upon: the battlefields of Livy, the sunsets on the Campagna, the markets of the peasants; how often I have wished that you could have, as I have, watched and scanned the hills and plains, the temples and the forums where Senates and Comitia met and Fabius wrestled with Hannibal. You would have seen it as it is in reality, as poets and historians and artists have seen it. It would have been revealed to you and would have been absorbed in your recollections, in the imaginations which have so long built themselves up in your mind.

To me, a prosaic, scrambling, restless *tourist*, these things are not shown. There is no poetry here, no faith, no feeling. I see it all as the stout, fussy man in *St. Ronan's Well* saw—"From Jerusalem to Jericho, sir? Why, twelve miles—and

a very bad road, sir." Do you remember that inimitable scene of Scott's—the busy traveller who has seen everything and *into* so little, the poet, student, and dreamer who has seen nothing, but lived in a world of bright and clear imaginations and images. We are like those two, and I feel how little I ought to burst into your calm study with a few stupid facts about the Forum or the Sabine Hills, which a courier could tell you. What am I to tell you, how am I to tell you, how can I avoid spoiling and jarring on all your illusions and conceptions, truer and more real than the jotted notes of an excursionist, as—"Corioli, scene of the exploits of C. Marius—filthy little inn—bad wine." "Tarpeian rock—*mem.*: in butcher's backyard,—so find a commissionaire who has the key." "Tomb of Augustus, Germanicus, and the Caesars—*now* a circus for performing dogs and monkeys—can be well visited and combined with this curious entertainment." Now, can I write you such a diary as this? And yet this is my experience. You have seen Rome rather than I. You have seen and do see the Eternal City in its majesty. I have seen more palpably, but less truly, the dust and cinders, the feeble and unsightly piles which degenerate ages have heaped upon her fragments, and the grinning skull I have seen chokes in me all fancy of the living face and form. You have seen Rome, not I; and you shall tell me what Rome is; you have told me, and told us, and I will not willingly mar your ideal—in *Hannibal.*

The simple material difficulties of writing are immense, to a person scrambling over half Europe in a month as I do, seeing everything, associating with everybody, going everywhere, "doing" everything, devouring the wonderful and the beautiful and the famous with an incessant and increasing voracity, thrusting into my wallet all that comes and can be reached,—Alps, lakes, glaciers, waterfalls, sea, cities, country, antiquities, pictures, statues, catacombs, churches, sunsets, peasants, processions, requiems, cafés, operas, aqueducts, studios, ruins, picnics, cemeteries, fox-hunts. It is not easy to digest an intelligible whole of such a medley, more mixed than the jottings in an artist's folio, the meaning known only to him, and as often as may be forgotten even by him. I have therefore reserved for you my impressions that they might get a little coherent and transparent. And you cannot conceive how difficult it is to give them shape. I give it up. They do not clear. I *cannot* keep my resolution. I cannot write you a letter from Rome, and I send this only to say so.

Till I was here I felt it would be quite a mistake to write. When I got here I hardly knew what I thought; and now I am going, I hardly know now what can succeed in interesting and pleasing you to hear of. I could write by the hour of Switzerland, of celestial visions over endless snow-fields, of precipices which seem to grow and rise and stand up to threaten you as you look at them, glorious whirls down the snow walls, and of paths hewn out of a chaos of ice, a scrambling life with the chamois-hunters and days of infinite zest and delight, drinking in health and force and joy, nights under the stars upon the rocks full of awe and wonder and silence. But you know all this, and will hardly care for this old tale. Most of it you have seen for yourself, but the mystery and glory of the highest ice region you have not seen, and no one but the writer of *Manfred* has ever imagined it. I will write truly only about Rome.

Now know that Rome is to me infinitely, cruelly melancholy. *Ipsae periere ruinae.* It is a great unclean charnel-house, strewn with the bones of successive generations and types—but a charnel-house, twice ten times desecrated, abused and transformed. The bones are not cast out and strewn, but they are set up in monstrous derision and used with a sort of sardonic wantonness which makes everything a mockery. It is the triumph everywhere of the ignoble over the noble. There must be something grand about the mere absence of every vestige where Babylon stood, there is something touching in a ruin so long as one stone stands upon another in its decay. But fragments of beautiful old buildings, the sites of the most illustrious deeds in the world's history, are neither beautiful, grand, nor touching when they are smothered up in piles of feeble and pompous superstructures, when they are overlaid with infinite filth and tawdry makeshifts and adaptations. Stonehenge is a grand spot, but imagine Stonehenge set down in Wapping, with a gasometer in the middle, two or three of the piers painted and stuccoed up into a Bethesda chapel, a George II. church on the other side, dealers in marine stores under the beams, and the columns placarded with Day & Martin's blacking and a large portrait of Mr. Spurgeon. Stonehenge would lose as a place of interest.

Well, in Rome you have first every vestige of the republic swept away by the empire. Then the later empire superimposed on the earlier, then the barbarous dungeons of the feudal ages piled on them, then the mediaeval church heaped

on these, and last and most, full-blown papal Rome in all the ostentatious inanity of the Renaissance ugliness, overwhelming everything with shapeless cupolas, false façades, sprawling statues, and whirlwinds of extravagant painting. Almost all the remains in Rome belong to the enormities of the later empire or else to the age of actual decline. You may hunt for the walls of Servius and the bridge of Horatius; but what you will find will be the amphitheatres for gladiators, and the baths of the later corruption. Nero, Caligula, Caracalla, Aurelian, Constantine, and Belisarius have left vast piles here. One tries to find the rock of Camillus and the death-spot of Virginia, and one finds only these memorials of Rome's degradation and fall. But there is worse. Rome not only became brutalised and fell into ruin, but she became Christian, and Christianity here means coarse pride—and in the fulness of time a sort of leprosy of pompous inanity infested the whole city and ate into the very bones of the ancient remains.

The temples of the gods are not overthrown so much as furbished up into hideous churches, the imposing colonnades tricked off with Christian and papal devices, the exquisite Greek fragments plastered over with vulgar ornaments and cupolas, crosses and porticoes, vile in taste and unholy in their origin. The Colosseum is defiled with flimsy chapels, the Mamertine prison, the most ancient authentic work of Rome, is turned inside out with a pile of trumpery oratories, here and there a Greek portico is bricked up to make a church front with the saintly restorer's name and style pompously inscribed. You go to the Forum and try to conceive what it was when the Gracchi addressed the people, or when Caesar climbed the sacred way and the path to the Capitol. But the whole ground groans under shapeless churches, affected statues, and pompous or superstitious devices. The air is heavy with the jangle of incessant belfries and the droning of the filthy friar who whines out his *mumpsimus* to nobody, whilst he spits on a mosaic of the Caesars.

I can quite enter into the feelings of the men of the Renaissance, such men as the father of "Romola," and their intense hatred and contempt for everything mediaeval. I understand the irritation and disdain of the great Romans for the new religion. In Rome it presents itself to you associated with everything that is bigoted, mean, insolent, and selfish. There is over the whole city an air of "proud

priest," false taste, avarice, and extravagance, vainglory and narrowness which crushes out the remnants of early Christianity just as completely as that of old Rome. *Nothing* in modern Rome pleases me. St. Peter's is a mountain of pompous extravagance, its majestic conception as a plan by Michael Angelo destroyed by the gross inflation of the execution. Never were such persevering and ingenious efforts united to destroy and neutralise a great conception—and they have succeeded. The pictures I take no interest in. They are all far gone in the degradation of art, all but Michael Angelo's and Raffaelle's, even the Sistine chapel is a sort of Sibylline oracle in itself, wild, dark, and terrible, not art, or art in its dying agonies only. And Raffaelle in every stroke shows us how Rome and an age of *conoscenti* ruined him, and how he ruined all succeeding art. Then every turn of the city recalls the Papacy, for one thousand years in all its selfishness, cowardice, meanness, avarice, cruelty, obstinacy, worldliness, ostentation and hollowness. I feel like Boccaccio's Jew, who came to Rome from Paris and was convinced of the truths of Christianity by finding it exist in spite of the abominations of its centre.

But leaving Papal Rome, there is the ancient city. With difficulty driving out of the mind all traces of Christian Rome, one can by diligent search, study, and much controversy build up something like the ancient city in its various ages, and make out the sites, if not the remains, of the great buildings and spots. Here the plough of Romulus ran to mark the city walls, here the centuries met, here Horatius kept the bridge, here Virginius snatched the knife, on this mound Cicero, Caesar, Maecenas had their houses. One can point to hillocks and piles of bricks which a willing faith can believe to be the probable sites of possible events, and the supposed haunts of not inconceivable personages. However, it is no use talking about all this. It is all in Byron. *Childe Harold* gives to my mind the noblest and the truest picture of Rome, and embodies *all* the impressions. There is nothing more, nothing else to be said. I have read it again and again here. In spite of the doggerel, the twaddle, the morbid self-seeking, in spite of all its defects as poetry, it is a collection of grand thoughts which ought to have been put in prose except for one or two magnificent bursts of live inspiration (over five or six lines). I never so thoroughly understood the saying of a cynical friend—"Byron—not a poet—a mere rhymester—but one of the greatest of men."

Here it is all Byron. People talk Byron, think Byron, and feel Byron (that is, when they don't talk, think, and feel Murray), indeed, often the Byron only quoted in M.

But it is rather outside the gates than inside that old Rome is truly felt. I have ridden all round and about its walls. I have been to see many of the battlefields of the early books of Livy, the wars with the Latin and Etruscan towns, have tried to trace where the Horatii fought the Curiatii, the site of Corioli, and Veii, and Alba Longa. Here, with nothing to disturb the mind, one can call up visions of the old stories. And how those scenes are associated in my mind with the earliest ideas. All my first notions of public virtue, and the duties of a citizen, and national greatness centre in these spots. I can remember my first picture history book of Rome, with the wolf, and Cocles, and Brutus, and Camillus quite vividly. Mutius Scaevola holding his hand out in a regular bonfire and Camillus brandishing his sword at Brennus. And then for fifteen years came a classical teaching, and we made maps of Latium and spelt out the chapters of Livy and the lines of Virgil, so that one's whole education centres round these hills. It is wonderfully strange.

There can be but one thing like it, and that is going to see Jerusalem and Nazareth, walking round the walls of Jericho, and sailing on the lake of Galilee, and in my present frame I very much prefer the interest and memories of *this*. I don't know that anything impresses me more than the extreme smallness of everything. The Forum would go in our kitchen garden, the Palatine hill is about the size of the Bank of England, the Via Sacra, the scene of a thousand triumphs, might be taken for a gutter. Others may talk of the size of things in Rome; what strikes me is the smallness. There are vast "baths" of Caracalla, and so on, mere trifles to our great Exhibition; and the aqueducts are toys to our North-Western Railway. What impresses me is the pettiness. Gracchus could not have addressed a thousand men. Veii, the rival of Rome, might be Sydenham, and Alba Longa might be Chiselhurst. Fancy the wars of London against the villages of Surrey. Imagine Beckenham fighting pitched battles with Elmer's End. Think of our terrace as being the Capitol, and the ditch you call your river, at the end of your garden, the fountain of Egeria.

What strikes me, in all this, is the grandeur of the human qualities, the virtues, gifts, and powers which could

ennoble these petty things, the splendid characters which could shine on such a narrow stage. The names of these hillocks and ditches, of these heads of rustic clans, of these victors of villages now mean the symbols of all that is great and powerful. "Palaces" are so called because a few herdsmen named this mound "Palatium." "Czars" bear the name of a tribe of yeomen from Alba Longa, and so on. Size makes nothing, it seems, in the greatness of men and nations. And the majesty of the Roman character stands out greater when one sees the sandhills and the marshes which it has immortalised as household words in all the civilised world.

That which I most enjoy is the old Via Appia. It stretches for 11 miles nearly entire across the Campagna, the old pavement and footpath worn by eight centuries of Roman armies is in many places entire. All along are remains of tombs. Some are identified, many are still visible. Here there is nothing to jar on the impressions; the Campagna stretches on like a prairie, for 20 miles girded with ranges of Apennines, and marked with long lines of aqueducts and the fragments of broken towers, tombs and villas and temples. The tombs, some of them, remain nearly entire, with their inscriptions on them, sometimes with their statues and carvings; all are respectfully preserved. Here the long line of the walls and towers of Aurelian shut out from sight all modern Rome, and one passes on silently and alone along what seems to me a file of Roman citizens and soldiers. You may read the great names of the Roman families on the tombs, and see often the grave simple busts which so admirably mark a Roman tomb. They seem to rest there in a silent, stately way as, the story used to say, the senators sat when the Gauls came to Rome and thought they were the gods of Rome. Oh, I remember my picture-book had them sitting in rows like wooden images, with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands.

Here in this Appian Way, along which all the armies, generals, and governors went and came over the east and the south of the Empire, here is ancient Rome visible. One goes on from tomb to tomb, wondering, by the name or age on inscription, whose such an one might be; whether he had fought with Hannibal, or followed C. Gracchus, or talked with Virgil; whether such a bust, with its powerful calm look, is the portrait of some one famous in Roman story or of one whose only honour was to be a simple Roman citizen. Here

is the place to come and think of Rome on the very stones worn by her soldiers, with the bones of her heroes at one's feet, and the images of them as they lived looking down at one, and the plain story of their lives carved upon the marble—*siste viator*—truly. Indeed one must stop—"they hold me with their glittering eyes." Every rise upon the range of hills round, memorable for some story of Livy or Virgil, every swell in the heaving Campagna marking some site of a city, or an event, or a battle of the ancient Latin confederacy, the modern world wholly shut out or existing only in some tottering fragment of the mediaeval robbers, and the dim outline of St. Peter's dome in the purple haze. The colour and the landscape of the Campagna is amazing, endlessly changeful and beautiful. Dreary as the waste is, it grows quite fascinating, and about the setting of the sun it changes through a glorious succession of orange, crimson, and purple lights utterly indescribable, but lovelier and more solemn than any sight I ever saw in the heavens. When I am not there I go up to the Pincian to watch the sun setting behind the Etruscan hills, and beneath the cypresses and ilexes of the Monte Mario.

One word more about the only modern and living thing I can endure in Rome—the Romans. They are glorious. Ah, the Roman women are something like women, with such eyes, such voices, such hair, such a look, such a gait, such manners. There seems to be a sort of nobility about them, a grace and a force, a dignity and a tenderness at the same time, sculpturesque simplicity and picturesque fire. They all have splendid black hair, combed and braided like a Greek statue, skins like Titian's and Giorgione's portraits, and they walk like leopards, and they have eyes like—like Roman women. They are glorious, and the people must be a fine race yet, the mothers and daughters of which have such a noble uncorrupted look and mien. It is not that they are so handsome. Some people do not see their beauty at all, but they look like the remnants of a superior race, and so they are. In a morning's walk through the Trastevere you shall see ten heads which might have served for models for the busts of the Roman matrons in the Capitol and the Museum. The men too, if not so uncorrupted, are a fine race yet. Nowhere have I seen such grace, and courtesy, and dignity, such life, such breeding, such refinement. The Romans seem to me as far superior in grace and richness of nature, in courtesy and self-respect to the rest of the Italians,

as the Italians, as a nation, are to the other European people. What unkempt, ungainly barbarians we seem beside them.

I must now conclude this long letter abruptly. I have had to bring it with me unfinished. Late and scrambling as it is, it will serve to show you I have not forgotten your wish to give you some sketch of my impressions of Rome. It will serve to do this if it only lets you see how crude, confused, and chequered they are. I have jotted down a few random thoughts. Rome is too multifarious, with its three thousand years of history and ruin, to reduce to order. Here is my budget of notes :—

APPENDIX E

TO MY FAMILY

I

Pio Nono's Capital

ROME, *September* 30, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I reached Rome yesterday, and having been here about sixteen hours, I have of course "seen everything" (!), and I proceed to give you my first impressions. Well, I have no first impressions at all. My impressions were all formed long ago. Rome is so utterly, exactly, mathematically just what I had conceived that it produces no effect on my mind at all,—that is, no new effect. What with books and photographs and pictures and descriptions and poems and the rest, Rome is so perfectly known to us that there is no use in going to see it. I cannot bring myself to feel that I am looking at anything strange. The whole thing—ruins, churches, streets, palaces, and gardens—just comes to me as naturally as if it was London, and I had lived there all my life. It seems like looking at a picture of which I had long been familiar with an exact facsimile. Colour, size, position, and appearance are all precisely what I thought. I have worked up the ancient and modern city so thoroughly, and have read and heard so much all my life about these places, that I feel as if I could go all over the city in the dark and not miss anything, and when I see a building I know what it is without any questions or looking at guide-books or maps. It would be absurd to say that one feels any disappointment in finding everything exactly as you had pictured it; but this literal realisation of one's anticipations is a trifle prosaic.

I believe myself that nine persons out of ten *must* feel disappointed with the Eternal City, if they confessed the

truth. I fancy most persons are a little taken aback when they first see the extreme beastliness and dinginess of the modern city, the dead-cat wilderness of the ancient city, the pettiness of the Forum, hills, and temples with which the world's history rings, the dunghill squalor of one half of the city and the foetid lanes of the other half, the tawdry display of the churches and the Asiatic barbarism which seems to infest the whole place. At times you think you must be in Bagdad. There seems to be a total absence of all that is associated with civilisation in Europe. You can't get a quiet look at the Palace of the Caesars or the Colosseum for the unutterable stench of dead dogs and other abominations with which they are strewn. You step backwards a step or two to get a better view of the Arch of Titus or the Temple of Minerva Medica, and you are ankle deep in a sort of natural cesspool. Anything like the defilement of the graves of their fathers which is perpetrated by this beastliest of all the nations of the earth the sun never looks on, though he does a good deal in that way in many places.

However, all this was just what I had thoroughly hammered into myself. The dirt, the small scale, the jumble of ruinous fragments, the wilderness all round, was precisely as I thoroughly expected. I knew exactly what I was going to see, and I knew exactly what I wanted to see. On the whole, the scale and the relation of the parts was precisely as I had looked to see them. But one or two of the main things did seem a little small at first. Rome itself looked a little less in extent than I supposed (till I began to walk across it); the Colosseum I thought looked little, but by degrees as I walked about it it became its natural size. Of course St. Peter's looked small, very small, at first, and gradually grows on the eye. But I think the painters have a little exaggerated the effect. The exterior is a vulgar, senseless pile of stones, and the dome a mere dish-cover, the parent of all the other dismal dish-cover domes in the city, to my eye an utter wanton mistake, too low by half and far inferior to that of Florence or our St. Paul's, and I think producing no more effect than Fowke's soup-tureens at Kensington.

However, I was quite prepared for all this, I knew thoroughly what it would be, and therefore I feel none of the disappointment which most persons *must* feel, if they spoke the truth. Now I will just tell you plainly what there is to be seen in Rome. First, the ancient ruins. Well, take out the Pantheon and the Colosseum,—and these are very few,

very small, and lie in a very small space. What remains of the temples and Fora of Rome would really interest the ordinary traveller very little if he saw it at Milan or Verona, and would be easily "done" before luncheon. Except the Pantheon, there is no ancient building in Rome even moderately preserved, and none whatever of the best architectural periods. Nearly everything belongs to a debased style, and of that there are scarcely fragments left. So that for ancient temples there is nothing which approaches the Greek remains, as at Athens, Sicily, or Paestum. For remains of buildings, as I say, they are all third rate to the artist, and could all be put into the British Museum bodily. Ruins there are, miles, regions, mountains of ruins, but they are mere huge brick mounds, almost all *foundations* and cellars of baths, of great interest to the antiquarian and the historian, but to the ordinary traveller utterly unintelligible piles and heaps of rubbish at which he can only gape as he might at the ruins of Nineveh or Babylon.

These are mere mountains of brick and rubble, with here and there a vault. There are two intelligible and grand buildings—the Colosseum and the Pantheon. Everything has been said about the Colosseum. And that has exactly expressed what it is. It is undoubtedly, and I suppose always will remain, the most colossal and stupendous building on the face of the earth. It is not so perfect and not so beautiful as that of Nîmes, and to any one who has thoroughly explored and studied that, it can add very little. Unluckily it is impossible to see it to advantage. Like all the buildings of Rome, it is smothered in rubbish, which covers all the ancient city some ten to twenty feet,—so that all the remains lie in *pits*, which is fatal to their effect. The Pantheon I take to be far the finest thing in Rome, ancient or modern. The effect of the dome, with its open centre, is profoundly beautiful and grand. I put the Pantheon far before everything else in interest, first for its own originality and beauty, secondly for its being the oldest building in the world still perfect and still used for its original object, and thirdly that it influenced art and produced a greater revolution than any single building perhaps in the world ever did. It is the sole author and source of all the *domes* which exist in the world, and I am disposed to think, is far the grandest and most imposing of all. It is to my mind the profoundest and most daring conception which was ever produced in the whole history of the art of building. The porch is not

faultless, but its effect is stupendous, and the porches of St. Peter's and St. John Lateran are not to be named beside it. So much for ancient Rome.

The modern city is, most of it, the most dirty, dingy, foul, unsightly, uncomfortable city in Italy,—as crooked and as close as the worst parts of Verona, Milan, or Venice, without their colour. I don't think much of the modern papal edifices and palaces. Most of them are in the most barbarous taste and tawdry, a vile hash of poor ornament. I am not sure that, as a modern city, Rome surpasses Milan or Genoa, and in an artistic sense cannot compare, as a city, with Florence. The palaces are often stately castles or dungeons in themselves, but I think none are so beautiful as the Strozzi at Florence, or the Spedale at Milan. The churches, one and all (the whole 364 of them), are the vilest collection of gewgaw trash and mountains of deformity that the corrupted taste and brutal pride of man ever devised,—and heaven forbid that I should set foot in one of them. Everything connected with papal Rome, with cardinals and the like, the churches, piazzas, palaces, libraries, fountains, statues and the like, is to me utterly loathsome, an endless tissue of senseless ostentation, and all the worse here because it has effectually corrupted the taste of all modern Europe. Bernini poisons the whole air, the city is full of his base absurdities. You can't turn your head in church or palace, outside or inside, it is all Bernini or his scholars or his imitators. I suppose the whole history of art can show nothing so pitiable as the influence of this delirious posture-master.

In fact I take it that all modern Rome subsequent to Raffaelle and Michael Angelo (and I am afraid some parts of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo themselves), and this includes almost the whole, is the very headquarters and seat of the whole series of artistic abominations, and I suppose students of art are sent here to know what *to avoid.* I include the whole *exterior* of St. Peter's in this. The dome *outside* is utterly lost, and, as I say, is not to be compared in effect to the domes of our St. Paul's or Florence. Both these domes seem to float over the city. That of St. Peter's is totally lost. The *interior* of St. Peter's is certainly, in its design and its original form, very noble, and I am inclined to think it *is* the grandest of modern churches, both Florence and St. Paul's being utterly out of the question here. But I confine this to the ground plan and conception, I mean to Michael

Angelo's part of the work. As it is, the interior is so Berninised and be-Canovised and be-devilled, that the effect is greatly destroyed. The whole of the paintings, sculptures, and ornaments are wantonly bad. Still, it is a fine and amazing building,—nothing can destroy the symmetry and grandeur of the original conception. If I had a gang of navvies in there for a month I would make a noble building of it, for I should just sweep out every bit of mosaic, painting, statuary, ornament, tomb, and marble, Canova, Bernini, giant cupids, pictures, altars, baldachino, and all, and pitch them into the Tiber. When I had scraped it down to the walls, it would be a grand church.

Of course there are the museums and galleries. I have not seen them, but after M. Angelo and Raffaelle there is not much. Guido, Domenichino, and the rest may all go hang for me. I shan't go to see the "Cenci" and the "Aurora" and all that. There is sure to be some Bernini about, as thick as the dead cats in the Forum.

If you want to imagine what Rome is to the visitor, conceive an unusually foul, gloomy, cramped Italian city without a paved street, with scarcely a lamp, with a few cellars of shops, without cafés, without newspapers, without gas, without promenades, without public gardens (or only one), without any centre or point of meeting. Imagine this city loaded with stupendous, dreary, tenantless, dungeon-like palaces or rather castles covering acres and touching each other, and studded at intervals with about a dozen of Bernini's fountains, statues, places, and monuments, vast walls all round, on to which you can't get, and about two-thirds of the city a sort of no man's land, half sewer, half dunghill, half waste, here and there a crazy convent, here and there a vineyard, here and there a pile of brick-rubble, here and there a smithy or a stable, here and there a cadaverous garden, and everywhere a refuse of dead dogs, garbage, ashes, and filth of every kind. They write up in many places "Immondezaio," which in plain English is—dunghill. There ought to be "Immondezaio" written up over the whole city.

Now and then you come upon a sort of waste sandhill, which you would take to be in Constantinople, and again you may walk for miles through what looks like Wapping, only you discover from some mountain of brick-rubbish, and the guide, that it is the Palace of the Caesars or the Baths of Caracalla that you are passing. In fact you are fairly in the middle ages. Other cities present you with fragments, specimens, fossils of

the middle ages,—but in Rome and in the country round you are actually *in* the middle ages. You have the waste tracts, the portentous feudal pomp and castles, the absence of roads, the filth, the discomfort, the gloom, the insecurity which were general in the middle ages. You may leave the gates of Rome, and go for forty miles through country as barren as the Rocky Mountains. You may see in the Forum wild horsemen of the Campagna who might be Cossacks from the Don. The peasantry from the mountains are, I take it, precisely what they were five hundred years ago. In many ways, Rome is the most melancholy city in the world. Nowhere, I suppose, can you see such memorials of stupendous pride, ferocity, and selfishness, such utter disregard of the people, such profligate waste, destruction, and coarse pomp, such a total absence of everything that constitutes a city or a nation or a government or a political society. It is like Constantinople or Bagdad, not European at all,—all is Asiatic apathy and rapacity.

I cannot understand what brings people here except habit. I can't believe there is any pleasure in spending winters here. What people do I can't conceive. Of course for English people who dearly love sight-seeing there are endless *sights*, enough for ten years. But all this is mere love of fidgeting about. The art chatter is maddening. Raffaelle and Michael Angelo apart, I suppose there is less good art in this city than in any city of Italy. Statues there are, but few men and no women understand or care for these to speak of. All the other art, churches, piazzas, monuments, etc., is vile rubbish. Then they go pottering about the antiquities and "cram up" the ruins. Utter folly! Not one in a hundred of these people who talk glibly about hypocausta and frigidaria have the least knowledge of Roman *history*, or have more than a schoolboy's smattering of what Rome was and is and means in the story of mankind. Fools! Well! you will say "Que diable voulez-vous faire dans cette galère!" Why am I here? Do I find no enjoyment here? Is it a mistake to come? Am I disappointed?

No! certainly not. I come here, first and foremost, because I want to see the spots which to my mind are the scenes of the greatest succession of events, and have been trodden by the greatest succession of great men in the whole history of the world. My interest in Rome is almost wholly in its ancient history. I want to see the spots which are associated with my earliest ideas, and which are marked by what I most venerate and admire, just as the pilgrim wants

to see the spots which are memorable for events in the life of Christ or Mahomet. (Happily here the spots are a little better authenticated.) This is an interest which nothing can destroy or diminish, and I don't care if these spots are clean or dirty, beautiful or tame, grand or pretty. I stand on the Capitol and try to abstract from the vision all the modern city and all the churches, palaces, and towers, and conceive it simply as the citadel of Romulus; I try to fancy how the Janiculum hill looked as Porsena's army came over it, where Horatius kept the bridge, where Coriolanus addressed the people, where the Gauls pitched their camp, where Hannibal had his standard, how the Forum looked when Cicero spoke in it, where the triumphal car came up the hill, where Caesar, Augustus, Trajan, and the rest lived. All this is what I can do quite without any reference to the present splendour or squalor of the city, and without much trouble whether a certain heap of bricks is the hypocaustum or the frigidarium of the baths of Caracalla. This is a city of tombs, and it is tombs that I wish to see. A city which has the tombs of the Scipios, and the Caesars, the Antonines and Trajan is richer than all other cities together in this way. It is all this that it is my great longing to see, with the indulgence of which nothing can interfere.

The other things, or some of them, I shall go and see some day. Of course I shall see Raphael and Michael Angelo, but I am afraid both of them sold themselves to the Devil. When I saw the Transfiguration (or rather the copy) in St. Peter's I declare I thought it was half Bernini. I am afraid it marks the decadence of art. The statues are no doubt fine, and these I *do* enjoy. I went to St. Peter's to hear Vespers (on Sunday). It was not so good as Arthur Wagner's at Brighton. I think I saw Mustapha's (the male soprano's) fat face too, but I thought the voice odious. The Pope was coming out as I went up the steps, a man rushed up in an excited state to tell me. I said Va Bene! and walked in. I would not turn my head to see the old fool. (I trust the police will read this.) I gaped at the beefeaters, whose dress is really quaint, but as to popes—ugh, I really shall spit at some of these friars some day. The sight of them turns my stomach, as they say. You see you need not be anxious about my religious principles. I am not likely "to go over to Rome!"

There is only one thing which really disappoints me in Rome, viz. the view from it is not fine, or rather there is no

view at all. I was under the impression that the line of the Apennines round was really beautiful. Now there is hardly anything to be seen, the near hills are extremely tame. I think it is far behind Florence, Pisa, Verona, Milan, and Turin, all of which have lovely mountain landscapes.

I will tell you what really delights me, that is the women. The women of the *people* have the most noble heads I ever saw. It is not here and there; it is universal. Beauty apart, they have splendidly shaped heads, fine expressive eyes, and noble features. I don't say they are exactly handsome. But for dignity, character, freedom, and life I never saw anything like it. They have all splendid black hair, which is universally wreathed in classical braids. They all wear Etruscan gold ear-rings and coral necklaces. You will scarcely see a vulgar face in young or old. This at last struck me as so remarkable, that I went about specially looking out; and I do not think that in an hour I saw one face which you would set down as distinctly mean or gross. The hair is most perfectly trimmed and braided up in the most graceful forms, the shape of the head is thoroughly statuesque. Their scarfs, head-dresses, and ornaments are full of a strange grace. They have very fine figures and are generally tall, and they have an air of dignity and freedom about them which is most striking. Some of the men are fine, not many. Some of the children and boys are lovely.

I see now why artists live here. There are certainly no such noble heads and forms elsewhere. My chief delight here at present is to saunter about the market-places and see these Roman and peasant people. The next thing is the language. It is glorious. Every moment I am reminded of some look or tone of Ristori. I walked all along the Trastevere yesterday, and nine heads out of ten would, I am sure, have come well to a painter. I am bound to say that they seem far from badly off. They are all well dressed, seem well fed, and there is an air of freedom, self-respect, refinement, and vigour about them which I don't know that I ever saw equalled. The Normans of Bayeux perhaps are as handsome, but they have not got the fire, life, and majesty of manner which is often seen here in the markets. This only applies to the people. The shopkeepers and the upper classes are just like other Italians. (P.S.—On further consideration and inspection I retract this. F.H.) The "basso popolo" really seems another race. The grace of the head-dresses, of the bands of black hair and the coral necklaces on

their clear olive skin is the most picturesque thing possible. The swells drive about with magnificent creatures as *bonnes*, exquisitely dressed in the people's dress. They look like pictures of Titian. There must be something great about a people who can retain such a noble and uncorrupted look.

The weather is delightful. I am convinced *this* is the real time to come to Rome. It is not too hot; fresh, clear, and warm. The gardens and the country are now in perfection. The days are long. And altogether it is in every way better than January. We have the whole place to ourselves. The Romans have come back and there is quite a show of carriages in the Pincio. In fact it is just the time to come. Only there are *no English*, which is exactly what one desires. This makes the beggars and the flies and the ciceroni desperately hungry. But, bar them, *this* is the season to see Rome, and if people don't come, it is simply because a lot of fashionable people come to Rome from habit, to kill time, as they went to Bath, and a lot of unfashionable fools follow them. It's perfectly healthy, and climate delightful. I am hardly sorry that I am alone. My way of seeing Rome is so very peculiar that I don't think it would suit any one else who had not the same object in view. And the amount of reading required to keep up as one goes on is portentous. I am at work here at night till twelve with books, and even now I am all behind.

II

Rome not Modernised

ROME, *October* 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER—I have now had time to go nearly around the principal things in Rome, and I do not know that I find much to alter in my first impressions. The climate is delightful, bright, warm, mild, and strangely *light* in its effect. It has, however, now begun to rain very heavily, which will spoil everything outside the walls. Rome, modern English Rome, I am now firmly convinced, is the most filthy, dingy, uncomfortable, dreary town in Europe, without views, walks, drives, public places, shops, amusements, or anything human. There is nothing to be done,

and you are cased up in a fortress and mured amidst vast black fortresses called palaces. The picture galleries are rubbish. The churches are abominations, the piazzas are wildernesses, the streets are sewers, and the shops are cellars. It is a mystery to me what pleasure people can find in living here. There is no doubt a fine though a very *treacherous* climate, extraordinary variations of light and colour in the sky, and enough to interest a person of taste who knows when to shut his eyes. But the superstition about "wintering in Rome" is a wretched piece of fashionable cant, and there are only a few persons properly prepared for it to whom it can afford a real pleasure. All that Rome can offer to the general public is a climate rather finer (though less safe) than that of Torquay, and an endless ground for sightseers and idlers and gossipers.

Ancient Rome takes a long time to dawn slowly on one; and I suspect there are very few on whom it ever dawns at all. It requires a very steady study both of books and of the ground to make head or tail of the ruins, and even then they can convey little true impression except to a classical scholar. Most of the ruins are mere heaps of brick or scraps, bricked and plastered up into hideous modern churches. It is not sufficiently understood that there is *no* building, *no* fragment, almost no column or cornice in Rome of the first class in architecture. I think there is only one truly fine thing—Trajan's column, and even that would have made Phidias shudder. All the temples, all the fragments are late restorations of very inferior work. The Pantheon, which I still think the noblest work in Rome, ancient or modern, is far from faultless or free from barbarisms, even if we could make out what it was originally. All the rest are late, corrupt, and monstrous.

The Colosseum is undoubtedly tremendous. It looks like the gigantic *skull* of the great skeleton of old Rome, extended and strewn over the western hills. The baths are vast piles. But a great deal of nonsense is talked about these things. Why, they are nothing to our great Exhibition which we put up one year and pulled down the next. Why, Kelk would run up the Baths of Caracalla in six months, and turn you out the Colosseum in twelve. There is nothing so astounding in the fact that men with unlimited command of resources should build aqueducts and palaces which are after all baby's toys to our railway works and main drainage. What nonsense these tourists come home and tell us. Why, the

famous gardens of the palaces would be poor at a tea-garden in Hackney; never were seen more scraggy, weedy wildernesses. And as to the Borghese and Pamphili villas and parks, they are mere fallows covered with dried-up weeds, and are not to be compared with the poorest corner of the humblest of English parks, except, by the way, for splendid ranges of cypresses, stone pines, and holm oaks. The dome of St. Peter's is a mere dish-cover, which utterly fails in effect. The interior of this and all the other churches—I except but one, St. Paolo—is utterly mangled by brutal exhibitions of coarse affectation in stone, marble, fresco, paint, or mosaic. There is the mark of a bloated, tasteless, heartless, mindless pomposity about everything in modern Rome which poisons the whole air, and throws a sort of ghastly grin over the finest and grandest works.

The effect is so sickening that when I go into these churches, knowing that there is some fine old work in them, I can't look at it or care for it with this outrageous din of artistic extravagances all round. It is like trying to listen to an anthem with a brass band trumpeting out the "Trovatore" close beside one. The Pietà of Michael Angelo is hedged in with candlesticks and beslobbered with gold crowns. The Moses is stuck in a sort of canon's stall. The Colosseum is defiled with a lot of tawdry altars, and the majestic dome of the Pantheon is tricked off with painted *screens* for statues. Everything great or antique is vulgarised, distorted, mangled, or smothered by some tasteless monstrosity of the popes. Over the door of the Lateran is written: "Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput"—the mother and head of all the Churches of the City and of the world. I would read "monstrorum"—abominations—for "ecclesiarum." One feels inclined to wish that Peter and Paul had quietly mended their nets and sails without ever coming here to turn things upside down. I really believe that Trajan and Hadrian and Aurelius would have set things straight by themselves if they had been left alone. The feeling which is uppermost with me at Rome is that Catholicism, in its material phase at least, is the wickedest, grossest, and most unnatural abomination which ever flourished on the earth. At every turn there is some fresh mark of cruelty, rapacity, selfishness, terror, vanity, and pride. I almost wish the French had bombarded the whole city and cleaned it all out, pictures, statues, churches, and all together, and then, as Gibbon says of the burning of the Alexandrine

Library, these ponderous piles might be ultimately devoted to the service of mankind. It sounds a Goth's speech, but I say it advisedly, that all the buildings of Rome, Forum, Colosseum, and all, look a great deal better in the photographs than they do in reality; that is, of course, that we rarely catch them in such favourable lights as the artists do.

It is a fact, I do assure *you*, as the Yankees say. The truth is, I have been talking with a Yankee, a real shoddyite, a most amusing creature. He says "He'll do up Rome in two days or he'll eat his head." He never saw the city he "couldn't do up in two days!" "Why, sir, your Tiber isn't a 'circumstance' to our Potomac." "Cuss me, sir, give us this Rome *over our side*! and we'd clear up them ruins in six weeks and run up a fine city on the top of them." "Have I seen Adrian's tomb (Hadrian's)? Wal! I guess I saw the statue at Frankfurt sitting on a wild cat" (Dannecker's *Ariadne*)! "What do I think of the Panthe-*on*? Wal, now, did I see that? I'll ask my commis*sary*, you see I've rather jumbled 'em up." "Oh, sir, is that the place with the round roof and a hole in the middle? Wal, it's a *fine room*, it is." "Ah, yes, then there is another place beginning with a P and a lot of statues in a row—Parthenon, do you say? well, may be it is—I know I saw it all; my commis*sary* said we'd done it up," etc. etc. He intends to be carried through the *Vatican* in one of those sedans that you go up the Righi in.

Well, now, there is a great deal of truth in all this, though he is unnecessarily ignorant. There is nothing in miles of brickwork and mountains of precious marble. But the statues; ah, there is something different. All the might of Diocletian and his millions of slaves, all the prodigality of the popes, all the learning of all the academies in Europe, cannot produce so much as the hand or the foot, hardly the little finger of one of these Greek statues. I confess (and I say it with some regret that it is so) that that which gives me the most unmixed pleasure in the way of art is the Greek statues. You feel that these have an infinite, incomprehensible, perfect beauty, without a trace of effort, failure, indecision, affectation, or mannerism. The highest class of Greek statue is, I presume, the only work of art in the world which is faultless, complete, and utterly satisfying. Conception, execution, effect, idea, association are all quite harmonious and equal. A Gothic cathedral is constructively feeble, and somewhere always weak. The grandest pictures are short either of perfect execution or of true solemnity.

Raffaelle has either the mannerism of the convent or the mannerism of the academy peeping out of his greatest works. Michael Angelo seems always heaving with some thought too grand to be revealed in full, or too fearful to be told aloud. But a great Greek statue is faultless, perfect symmetry. The most captious and scrupulous judgment can find nothing in it which jars on the effect or mars the harmony. It is absolute beauty.

I had no idea how many grand statues there are here, or rather I had no true idea how utterly all casts, drawings, and photographs fail to give the effect of the best. The statues which gain most by being seen in the originals are, first—far the first—the Laocoon, next the Capitol Venus, far finer than the Medici. The Belvedere Meleager, the Antinous, the Apollo, of course, which is an exquisitely beautiful creation, but not of the highest class. And all the busts, which are a gallery in themselves. The busts of the Romans are most grand. If ever there was a race born to rule, to act, and to do, it was the Romans. Every quality of action and of greatness is wonderfully expressed in these heads, which are a precious history in themselves. And of all the Romans the Caesars and the other emperors are the grandest. It is ridiculous to believe all the trash the chroniclers have written about the emperors. The evidence of fifty busts of each of them, in every kind and variety of age and style, leaves no doubt that we have the true men before us, most of them marked with everything that is great in a human countenance. Never before or since has there been such a succession of great rulers and statesmen as these emperors from Julius to Constantine, notwithstanding an occasional break in the series by a few ruffians whose absurdities have been grossly exaggerated. I think the busts of M. Aurelius and Antoninus Pius express most profoundly perfect wisdom and goodness, above every other historical countenance which has been preserved to us.

There are two things which I find in Rome truly first-class, that is, the women and the bulls. The fine look, gait, bearing, voices, eyes, and heads of the people are quite marvellous. It is as hard to find a vulgar head in Rome as it is to find a fine head elsewhere. There is a look of dignity, character, and *breed* about the people rather in the shape of the head than the actual features which is universal. The hair is magnificent and always well trimmed. I certainly never saw a race of people who show such marks of self-

respect, independence, comfort, and refinement as these Romans. I don't see that the Roman ladies at all equal them. They are generally extinguished by the magnificent *contadine* (the *bonnes*) who sit in the carriages with them. No painter seemed to me (not Raffaelle himself) to have caught the air of dignity, modesty, and grace which the women have. But it is easy to see where he got his Madonnas from. I think the whole race, of all ages and degrees—women, children, men, bulls, dogs, and donkeys—have an air of breed, exactly what a horse-dealer calls "clean-bred 'uns," that beats everything hollow. Your Roman dandy is, I know, the most fatuous puppy now going, but there is a sort of Derby race-horse look about him, clean-groomed, fine, a sort of "blood" which is unmistakable. I take it the Romans brush their hair more and better than any people of the earth. The priests, the very barefoot friars are (occasionally) clean, neat, sometimes quite refined, shaven, brushed, and well combed. You now and then see in their cowls splendid faces from the Apennines, the heads from which Angelico and Francia took their St. Francis and St. Jeromes.

This air of refinement and breed dignifies everything, the most wrinkled old men and women, poverty, rags, even ugliness itself are made striking by it, and there is an obvious air of material comfort and health. I am inclined to think that the papal government, bad as it is externally, is far from bad for the people of Rome. I am not sure but that our modern industry is so injurious to the health and well-being of the working-classes that the Roman system is good for them simply because it checks industry. I doubt if the crowded alleys of Paris or London can show such comfort and well-being as those of Rome. Perhaps I ought, to be fair, to confine this to the women and children. And I do say that for them I am not sure that the papal is the worst of existing governments. On the contrary, I see many points in which it seems to me ahead of all other governments. You will say that this is my love of despotism. Well, at any rate this is the only government which seems to think it has any business with the general welfare and morality of its people. It makes fearful mistakes, but in design it means well. Now I will give you an instance. A number of the Roman models here the other day permitted themselves to be photographed (*en Grec*) for the use of the artists. Whereupon the whole twenty-five of them (including Pascuccia,

the *Juno*) were seized and flung into prison by the Pope's government, and they are to stay there for a year. Now, no government in Europe would do that.

There was a fearful row here the other night. I woke up and heard the whole hotel in movement, room after room, floor after floor seemed all astir, banging, knocking, rushing about. In a half dream I thought the Goths were at the gates; and literally I fancied I heard cries of "Alaric is on the walls." Then I got a little more awake and thought it must be that Garibaldi had begun the Revolution, and listened for the cannons. But the knocking and banging still went on, and I thought, being now wide awake, that the house was on fire! Well, what do you think it was? Why, Cook's lot of excursionists, thirty-seven in number, who arrived from Civita Vecchia at four in the morning! and went on the next day to Naples! who did up Rome in a day and a half, and beat the Yankee by fifty minutes. Well, I am only a little better myself.

I think I have not told you of my adventures in getting here. I walked over the St. Gothard, carrying my knapsack, and I could not help thinking it was the strangest way in which any one had ever travelled to Rome. I was all in rags, my boots and everything knocked to pieces, and was taken for an "armer reisender" or tramp at one hotel, where they seemed very unwilling to take me in. I certainly looked a very suspicious character without a coat, with a ragged red shirt, and all covered with dust and mud. I then fell in with a certain German and his wife who was not otherwise than well read. He informed me when we parted, with a sublime air of conscious humility, that he was the Mayor of Cologne. We luckily avoided politics. How I hate those ya-yas, and more in Italy than anywhere. What a set of noisy, overgrown, overfed babies they are. And their nasty language. And as Beesly says, they speak the jargon to one's very face. I went straight on to Genoa, having a glorious day on the Lago Maggiore (or My-gory, our Yankee calls it). At Genoa I could not sleep, got up feverish, wretched, and all sorts of things, palpitation, irritation of the lungs, and altogether wrong. I did not know what to do. I thought it must be a fever coming on. I was quite giddy, and had a violent headache. However, I took a boat and went out in the harbour to see about the steamer to Leghorn. I was not a hundred yards from shore when all the symptoms left me, and they came on directly I returned. I felt convinced

it was nothing but the air. They had had no rain for six months, and the air was intensely dry and irritating. I knew I was quite well, and that it must be the place, so I determined to leave that night. It was most singular. It was precisely as if I was being poisoned. And other Englishmen said they felt the same. It left me ten minutes after I was out of the harbour, and I have been perfectly well ever since.

In spite of the confounded *tramontana*, I enjoyed my day at Genoa. What a wonderfully picturesque place it is. And how rich the colour and the life of the lanes and quays. What a city for a painter. There I fell in with an extraordinary couple,—an officer going out to India, just married, who was dragging his new wife across Europe to catch the mail at Malta. The poor bride was dead knocked up at Genoa, having come straight through several days and nights, and over the Mont Cenis. Yet there was no rest. Her monster husband took her ruthlessly over all the palaces in Genoa, and then dragged her on day and night to Rome. At Rome they had one day. They arrived at 3 A.M., in a state of pitiable exhaustion, here, to "do" the city that day and start *the next* at 5 A.M. to catch the ship at Naples. He was the most helpless creature I ever saw, in fact I think he had had a sunstroke. He did nothing but stroll up and down, saying promiscuously, "Eh! Mushu! dove baggage?" The poor young woman did her best to keep things straight. I did everything I could, interpreted, paid the money and played courier for them for some time, but I found this involved looking after the bride as well, finding her parcels, getting her food, and all the rest, which I thought, even though it was in Italy, was a little too absurd. I found him utterly incorrigible, making an exhibition of himself. So I left him to his fate. I was really sorry for her. I thought some idea of the truth (I believe he was daft) began to break on her, and she seemed quite terrified. What became of him or his luggage I do not know, but I will bet 2 to 1 that he loses his passage and also his commission. This is the *overland* with a vengeance! When we got to Civita Vecchia, about 1 A.M., most of us dead beat with the worry and delay, he proposed to have a carriage and drive about to see the town whilst the baggage was fumigated for cholera panic.

You go now from Leghorn to Rome in a day (so that I left Bellinzona on Wednesday and was in Rome on Friday, spending all Thursday in Genoa). But the cholera has made

this a very tedious business. I travelled from Leghorn with some great Roman swells, whom, as they had a crown on their boxes, and the letter R, I set down to be the great "Roastpigioso"[1] family, whom Gran knows all about. The Signore Principe Roastpigioso was a most vacant ass, who did nothing but smoke, even when he was asleep, which was half his time, and whined out now and then, "Ma io non so"; the Signora was a very agreeable Roman lady, a lovely child and a sumptuous *bonne* (see *Tolla*). When we got to the Roman frontier at Montalto, the fumigation began. Montalto is very characteristic. In the midst of a vast wilderness of Campagna utterly barren,—it might be an American prairie,—on which you see nothing but oxen and their wild mounted drovers, who might be Cossacks or Calmuc Tartars, Montalto rises on the hill, a lofty walled city, a literal city of the middle ages. You see how a city in the middle ages was a real fortress, and Montalto is so still. Outside its walls fever rages and neither life nor property is altogether safe in that desert. The city stands up in a splendidly picturesque manner, like a lighthouse in a sea.

When we got there, all the six diligences stopped, and we were turned out in batches and taken, at arm's length, by *sbirri* into a cellar full of chloride of lime. It really is a mere trifle, but some of the ladies screamed and made an awful fuss. There was a French bishop and his suite with us, but their cloth did not save them, and I had the satisfaction of undergoing *purgatorio* in company of a monsignore. I never shall forget the strange scene at Montalto. It chanced to be sunset, one of the most splendid I ever saw, the first southern sunset, intensely rich in crimsons, orange, and gold. The picturesque towers and gates of Montalto stood up black and gloomy in the crimson sky. All round was a motley group of travellers, bishops, canons, priests, friars, police, *gens d'armes*, soldiers all crowded together, the "Roastpigioso" family placidly seated a little apart, chewing the cud of vacancy, like Campagna cows, and all round us the entire population of Montalto, which seems wholly devoted to the profession of mendicity—blind beggars, lame beggars, leprous beggars, old beggars, young beggars, sturdy beggars, cadaverous beggars, felonious beggars, and idiotic beggars; ragged children, fever-stricken women, blackguard banditti-looking men, half-naked children crawling in the mud, girls

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[1] A family jest.

carrying the graceful copper pitchers on their heads, rascaldom, disease, misery, dirt, superstition, ignorance, all in picturesque confusion, all whining in many tones—"Ma date qualque cosa Signorina per l' amor di Dio,"—all under that magnificent sunset, and with the dreary waste of the Campagna in the background. It was a picture which Salvator Rosa and Turner together might have painted, but no one painter in the world.

At Civita Vecchia, where we arrived about midnight, a new fumigation of our luggage takes place. It all has to be first fumigated for an hour, and then searched. Never was such a scene of confusion, no system, no sort of arrangement. No one could find his luggage or knew where to go. And we were thrust backwards and forwards. For about an hour we all struggled together in a sort of Black Hole full of chloride of lime, travellers, priests, bishops, friars, porters, soldiers, *gens d'armes* all plunging and scrambling over the luggage together. I never saw such a barbarous scene of helter-skelter. You had to dash into this seething mass, find your boxes and open them. The poor ladies were nearly dead. I believe I and another Englishman were the only persons in the train (besides the Roastpigioso princes, who continued to chew the cud whilst their various bodyguard did the luggage) who took it coolly and enjoyed the fun. The "captain" mooned about, crying out "Dove baggage"; and I had to keep up the bride, who was now almost in a swoon, with *eau de Cologne* and lemonade. At last we got to Rome, and I will tell you exactly what my first impressions of Rome were.

We were turned out in a rambling queer shed, something like the Woodford branch of the Great Eastern at Bishopsgate, almost pitch dark, only it was full of a stench of paraffin lamps, two of which illuminated the station, and one of them was principally devoted to a picture of the Virgin on the walls (of the station)! There were no cabs and no porters, or almost none. At last I got off and drove over what seemed a lot of sand-hills and dust-heaps, and down a lot of lanes and across a lot of open sewers, and I wondered if there were any banditti about, and whether I was not in Bagdad, and whether I was crossing the chasm of Q. Curtius; and then I went to bed and slept, and was woke up in the morning by a barrel organ playing the Traviata, and I tried to think of Romulus and Remus, and then I thought of the wolf, so I found it would not do to starve, and I went and

had some breakfast. And then I went for a walk and found I was in a filthy dull town, which I had known all my life, and I came upon a few old columns and mounds of brick which I recognised as if they were the statue of Nelson or Charles I. at Charing Cross, and then I began to think what a trumpery place old Rome was, and what a disgusting place new Rome is, and then I went to St. Peter's, which I thought very small and poor, and then I went to the Park on the Pincian Hill, which is about the size of our kitchen garden, and then I dined and tried to get some coffee, but could not find a decent café, and then I went to bed.

It is useless to deny that the evenings in Rome are a trifle dull, with which fact my voluminous correspondence may be remotely connected. There is a very good opera, but as they play the same opera every night, it becomes slightly monotonous. The theatres are fair. I saw a capital skit on the English, the chief point being our walk, a sort of shambling trot, which sends the Romans (who walk splendidly) into roars of laughter. We went, a party (with two ladies) the other day to the Colosseum by night. The moonlight is very grand, and we entered into the true Byronic raptures, and heard the "dog baying beyond the Tiber," as the poet says. It is simply sublime, but an Englishman must have his fun, and our fun consisted in our driver (who was drunk) upsetting the carriage and turning us all head over heels into the Cloaca Maxima or something in the Forum. When I got to my feet, I found the driver lying under the débris of the carriage, lashing the horse, which kicked like fury. We pulled him out and then loosed the horse and got it on its legs; and we left the 300th descendant of Scipio Africanus, calling on all the saints and imploring the French sentinels, who came up at the commotion, to help him.

ROME, *October* 1865.

MY DEAR LAWRENCE—I will continue the account of my doings and impressions. I have found one thing at any rate in Rome which has awakened in me the most lively enthusiasm. This is the *Via Appia.* This is, without question, the most impressive, strange, and sublime scene which I have ever seen. I return to it again and again, and each time it leaves a deeper and more solemn remembrance on the mind. You go out from the S.W. gate, which stands almost as it was built by Aurelian, and you go out upon the

Appian road made by App. Claudius the Censor, long before the Punic War. It has lately been excavated, and you can now follow the actual Roman pavement for nearly eleven miles across the Campagna, through a long street of sepulchres and tombs of all ages. It was the great highway to Southern Italy and to the East, and has been trodden by a thousand triumphant armies and praetors and consuls, generals, lawyers, and poets to and from the Eternal City for six centuries, by Hannibal and Scipio, Caesar and Pompeius, Cicero and Virgil, St. Peter and St. Paul. It is lined throughout its greater part with countless tombs, some simple tombs of vast stone blocks of the early republicans, some exquisite buildings of Greek art, some huge circles and mountains of brick and stone. Several of the tombs are identified, many retain their inscriptions, some are almost perfect, several have statues, busts, and reliefs, in some the interior is quite perfect, all are carefully cleared and properly set up in their places. You go on from one to the other and read the greatest names in Roman history, Metelli, Sempronii, Caecilii. Some of the tombs must have stood there when Hannibal marched past to the walls, and may have held the men who fought with the Samnites and the Gauls. Two vast mounds of strange and ancient form are said to cover the Curiatii and the Horatii.

The statues, broken as they are, are very noble. The busts (speaking likenesses, it would seem) of solid, wise, grave-looking citizens, their wives and children beside them, niche by niche. The effect of these is far different from what it is in a gallery. There stand the tombs and sarcophagi as they stood for two thousand years, the road worn into ruts (the curb and gutter sometimes perfect); the inscriptions are not set up to be scanned by the learned, the busts are not works of art to be admired, but they stand there, just as they did in the days of the consuls, to mark the resting-place of a citizen of Rome. The "stop traveller" of the monumental inscription is in place here. It is impossible not to stop. The stillness and sadness and loneliness is something awful. You look on the hill of Alba Longa, over Corioli and Tusculum, the country of the Volscians, the grand scenes of the early stories of Livy. The road goes straight on, unbending, like an iron way, over hill and down dale, around are the Sabine hills, in the distance the long, winding, gloomy walls of Rome, but all about one is the desert of the Campagna, seemingly limitless

and utterly silent. Not a habitation, not a soul can be seen. Here and there a few cattle, but you may go along the road for hours and see no sign of life. It is a vast, deserted, rifled, ruined cemetery; the monuments, some gigantic, some small, all crumbling quietly away, some torn to pieces in the middle ages, converted into fortresses and houses, but even the fragments of the middle ages have all but vanished, here and there a turret with battlements and machicolated cornices remains, but for the most part the feeble structures of the plunderers and destroyers of Rome have passed away long before the ancient monuments which they tore to pieces to make their foundations.

Over all is the orange and crimson and purple glow of the Campagna, the great, heaving, broken plain seamed with the long lines of aqueducts stretching like bars of black cloud across a clear sky, and studded here and there with a tower or a fragment or an arch, which stand up like rocks in a sea. It is sublime. I have been out and ridden several times about the Campagna, which is beyond everything delightful and impressive. The colours are such as we have no idea of in the North. It is Claude exactly. There is a mellow orange in the middle distance, a purple glow over the foreground, and a sort of opal light and play over the distant hills which is exquisite. I have always thought Claude and his school was affectation. I see what they meant. And no one else, I think, has distantly approached it. I see what ruined the landscape painters of the seventeenth century, and men like our Wilson. It was that they saw the Campagna and tried to paint it.

As to Rome itself, my opinion is unchanged. It is a dull dismal place to live in. The ruins, as ruins, are poor bits of things, and mostly desecrated, disfigured, mangled or built over. Our Yankee says, "Wal! they Romans fixed their diggin's pretty big (this was in the Coloseum or Colysium), but let me tell *you*, they were the d—dest brutes out!" As to the Catacombs and all that, I cannot make up my mind to go there. As to the early Christians, I almost wish Nero had burnt them all alive. They have mangled and ruined everything. The grandest and most venerable things in the world have been turned into trumpery churches. There is nothing but Farneses and Borgias here. Everything hateful in human nature and in art flaunts triumphant and desecrates and vulgarises everything. There is a sort of orgy of wickedness and grossness.

St. Peter's is to me still a huge monument of pride and coarseness. At every turn is some colossal specimen of vulgarity or selfishness. Everything is made a mummery of. The sepulchre of the Antonines is the guard-house of the Pope's cut-throats. The tomb of the Caesars is now a low circus. The very bridge which Horatius kept, the very bridge from which the lofty title of "pontiff" is derived, was broken up by a Pope to make cannon balls. The arches of the Colosseum were carted off by another to build his pretentious palaces. As to the pictures, I say it advisedly, the pictures of Rome leave any one who has seen the earnest works of earlier times, totally cold and unimpressed. I except one only, Raffaelle's "Entombment." M. Angelo's are, after all, more enigmas, dreams, prophecies, frenzies, than pictures. Poems they are, but too superhuman for human art,—obscure and tumultuous. Ruskin is right. "Raffaelle went to Rome and all was lost."

Rome of the Republic

FLORENCE, *October* 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER— . . . It is pleasant to find oneself in this beautiful Florence after that dreary Rome (please don't say so to Gran), and yet I was very sorry to leave it. It will be pleasant to look at the dome of Brunelleschi after that of M. Angelo, and at the Venus de Medici after that of the Capitol. But it's impossible to compare Rome with Florence or any other city. Rome is a site, not a city. The thing one goes to Rome to see is a mound round which a possible person called Romulus is said to have built a palisade 2600 years ago. In Rome I could not care for pictures. Art there seems a frivolous thing to think about, and it is associated everywhere with every abomination that history records. I spent most of the last week in going about round Rome, riding over the Campagna and visiting the sites of the Latin cities. This, with the city walls and the tombs and the old roads, forms the great thing in Rome to my mind.

It is impossible that any one can feel the same interest in this which we do. I mean those who have had it all hammered into them at school. How often have I drawn maps of Latium and plans of Rome, how the geography of the Sabine and the Alban hills was drummed into me.

How I have worked and puzzled, and I daresay cried, over the hard passages in Virgil and Livy. How often have I described in examination papers a triumph, and a Roman road, and a funeral, and a circus, and fagged up all the annotations and explanations to Horace and Virgil. Then how early are one's ideas, long before school even. I think my first thoughts about history are connected with Rome. Romulus and the wolf, Horatius, Scaevola and Brutus, the Tarquins and the Claudii, Virginia and Cornelia, Camillus and Coriolanus. They are all fixed in my mind along with the pictures in the scrap-book, do you remember them,—when you used to read me the account printed beneath, almost before I could read myself. I remember now how fiercely Scaevola was holding out his hand, and Tullia in her chariot, and how heroic Camillus looked in this two-penny child's picture-book. Well, for fifteen years after that, I had the same thing drummed into me, but the old pictures of the Tiber and the Capitol were never effaced. And now I have really seen them. I went to many of the famous battle-fields described in Livy, the sites of the Latin and Etruscan cities destroyed before Rome was a republic, the city which Camillus took, and where Coriolanus fought with the Volscians, and have stood on the spot where Virgil makes Juno descend to survey the battles of Aeneas and Turnus.

No one can feel the same profound interest in this place who has not gone through the same. There is only one thing which it can be like, and that is visiting the scenes of the Old and New Testaments, associated with one's earliest and best ideas. In places like these, art and sights are trumpery and unsatisfying. No one would care to see picture galleries at Jerusalem, or go to visit a palace on Mount Calvary. So I feel at Rome, and I regret I did anything then but study the antiquities there, and one other thing,—the Romans,—who, I insist on it, are the noblest, most courteous, most dignified, most winning race of people I ever beheld, the men thorough gentlemen, and the women magnificent. These, and the wild Campagna, and the sunsets, and, if one must do art, the Greek statues of the Capitol and the Vatican, with the vast and mysterious field of historical remembrances, make Rome, I admit, the most impressive and most entrancing city in the world. After all Rome is a tomb, but tombs are not pleasant to live in.

I again beg it to be understood that the letters from Rome were the crude impressions of a young traveller, who had long known Lombardy, Venice, and Tuscany, their charm and their art, and found himself disenchanted in the dingy, mouldy, ill-managed city of old Rome as it existed in the 'sixties—with French soldiers and retrograde priests at every corner, and the decay of centuries unheeded and unrepaired.

END OF VOL. I

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